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High Times

September '79

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LEGAL POT IN THE '80s

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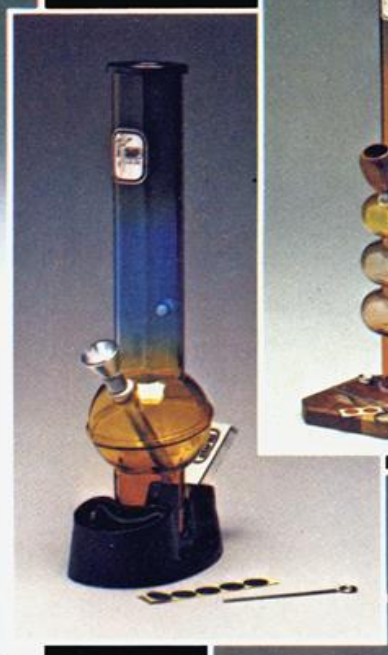
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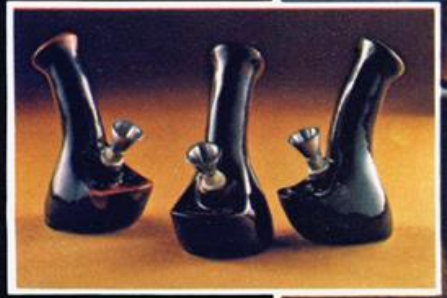


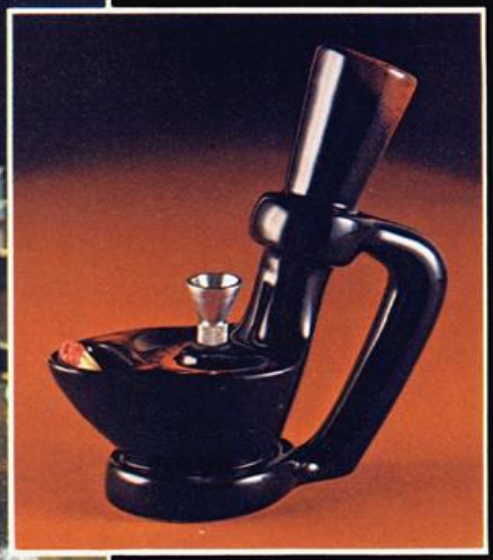




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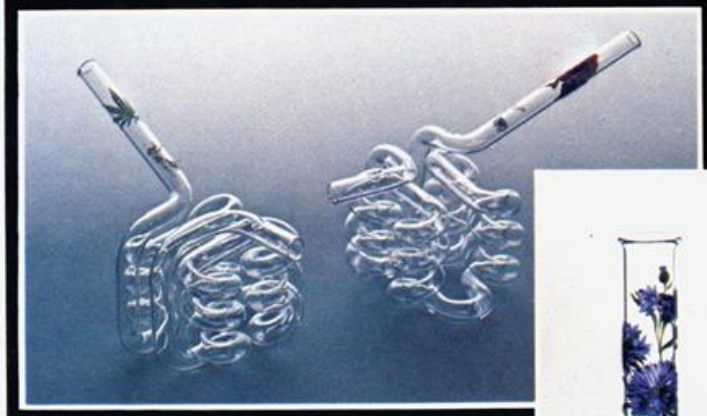






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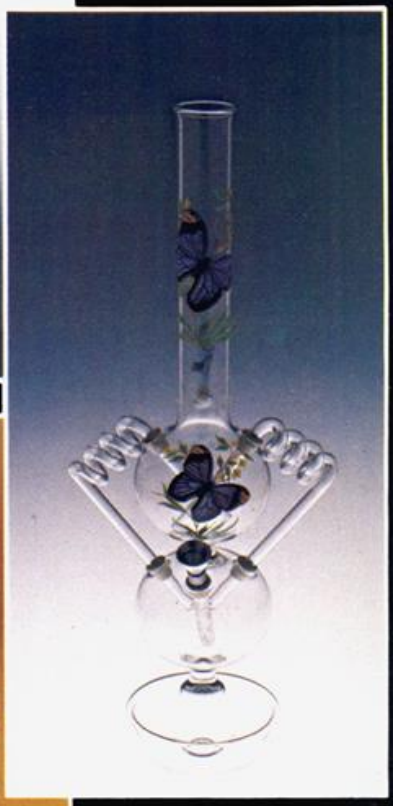


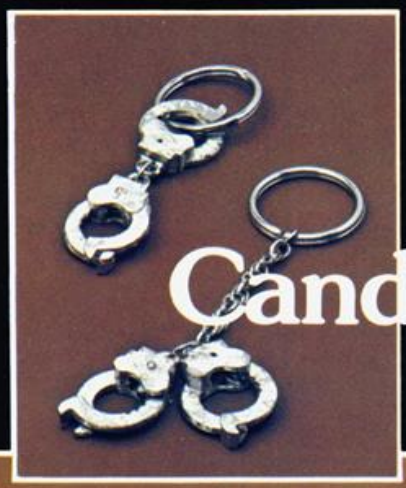




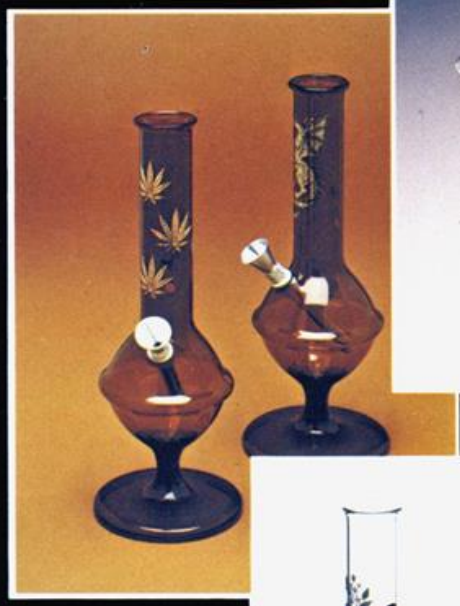




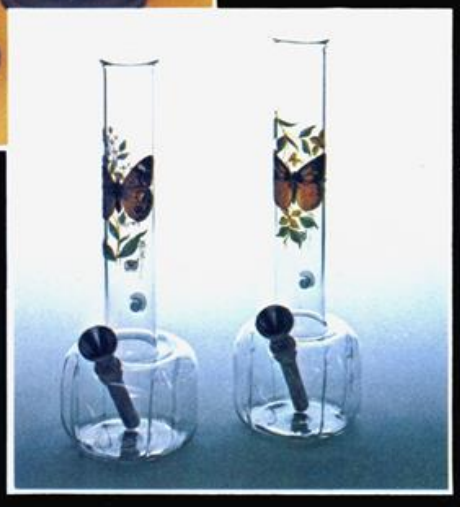




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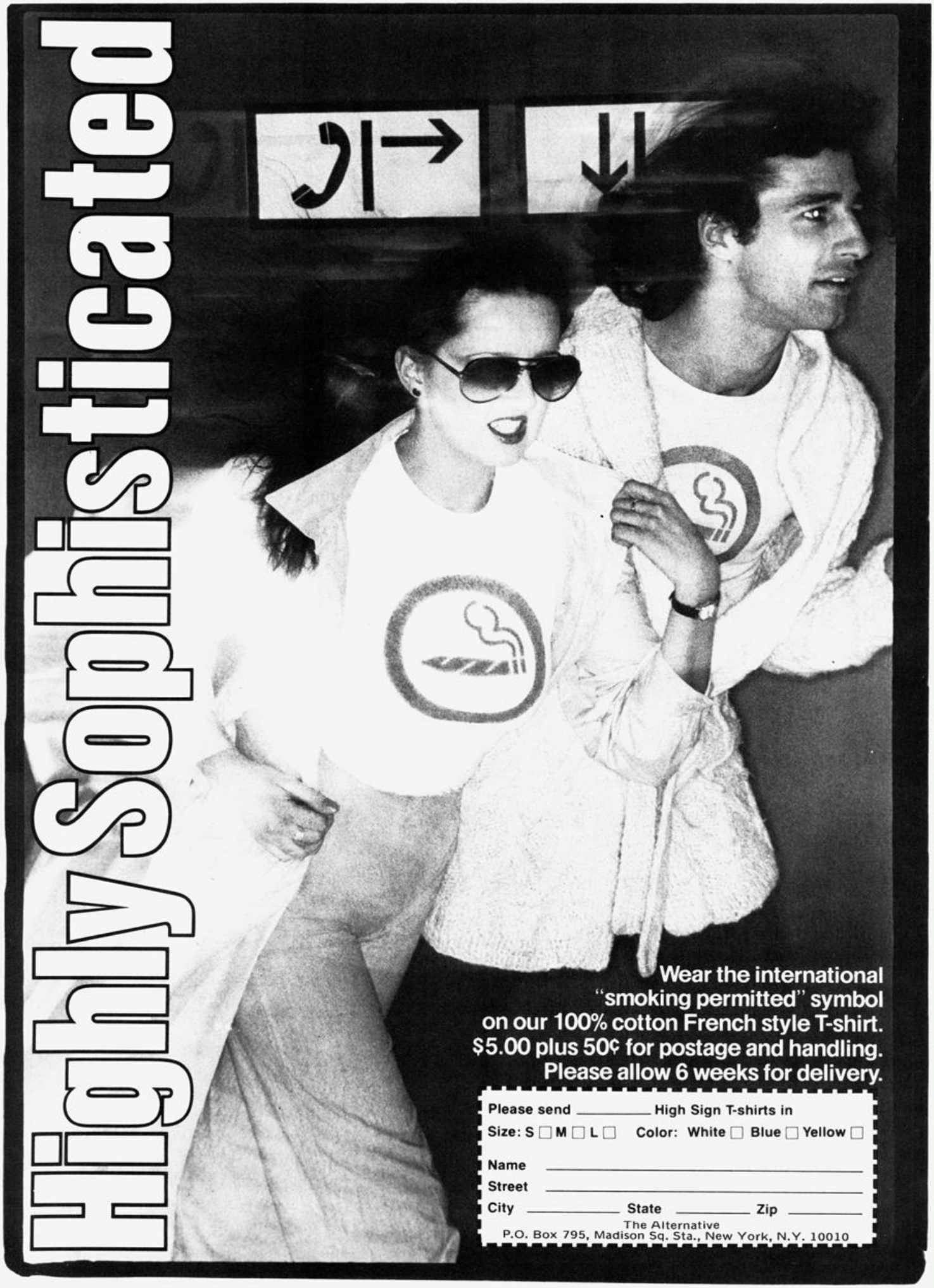






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High Times

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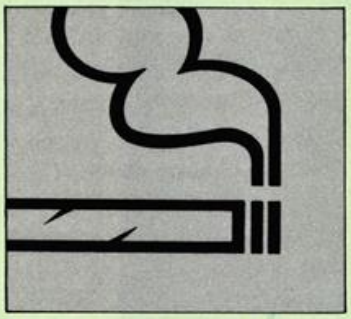


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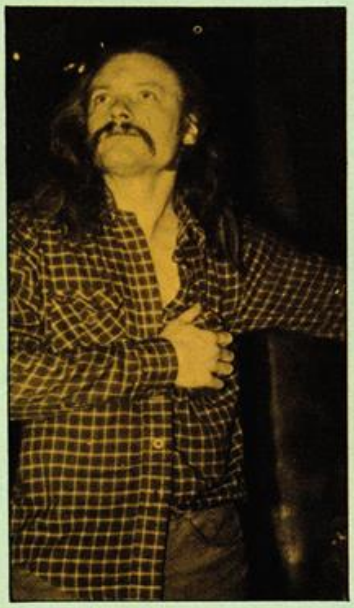
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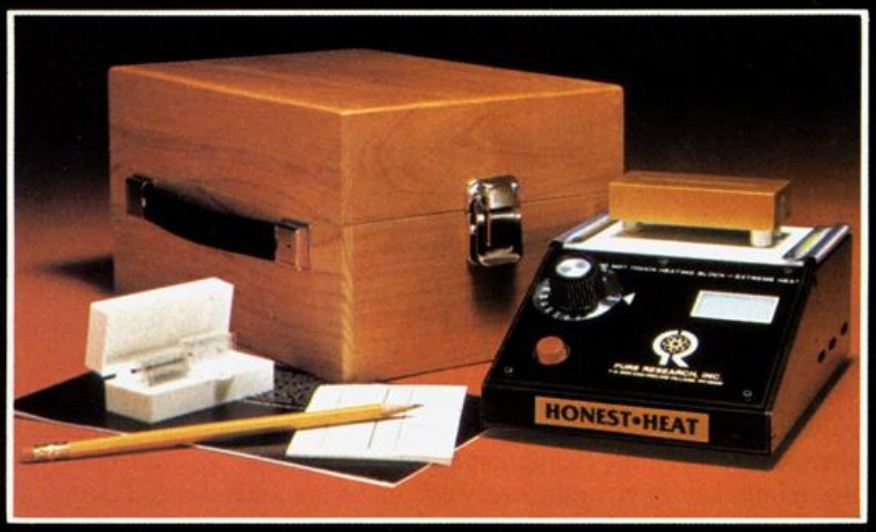
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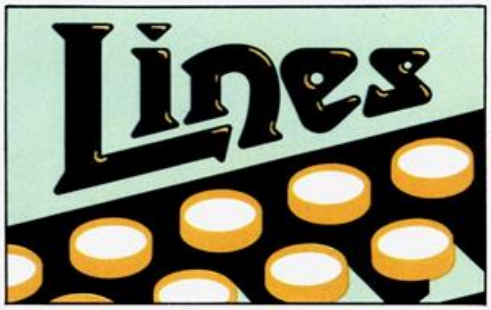
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How Dope Can Save America

As we mark High Times' *fifth anniversary, it's fitting to note that our tenth birthday will be celebrated in that most portentous of years—1984. In George Orwell's classic book, the omnipotent Party succeeds in controlling the thoughts and behavior of virtually every citizen by tenaciously eradicating the basic human forces that both link people together and make individuals strong—things such as curiosity, trust, mental unorthodoxy and sexual expression. Two-way telescreens destroy privacy by constantly monitoring the actions and sounds of every citizen while they simultaneously blare forth Party propaganda. Innocent people are seized by the Thought Police in the middle of the night and are never heard from again. Virtually every citizen is trained to be an informer; kids proudly turn in their parents for the smallest slips in adherence to Party doctrine. Constantly doing without necessities because of a collapsed economy, in a perpetual state of war with ever-changing enemies, the people in Orwell's* 1984 *live lives that epitomize oppression.*

Well, here in 1979, things don't look that bad. While we're subject to laws and policies made by the corrupt and inept, most Americans enjoy a great deal of personal freedom. But 30 million citizens whose personal habits include using what the government has branded "illicit" substances are subject to an arm of the government as oppressive, powerful and arbitrary as the Thought Police. In the world of dope, the Drug Enforcement Administration reigns supreme; it controls law enforcement, medical use, public information—every aspect of dope in the U.S. The DEA readily admits that it would be completely ineffective were it not for the use of informers; snitches bring down about 80 percent of DEA busts. This is why kids still get busted for possession of joints. Thrown into a frightening, impersonal punitive system, many grab at what the narcs say is their only way out—informing on their friends. The policy is to plant paranoia early by trampling on kids' rights and destroying their self-respect. Cops recently pulled a surprise raid on an Indiana high school, making the students line up while dope-sniffing dogs went through all the lockers and classrooms. Narcs are still not held accountable for brutalizing innocent citizens when they break into the wrong house in pursuit of drugs. Dopers' rights are so disposable that even those who suffer unwarranted narc raids must abandon hope in the protection of the U.S. Constitution.

The dope police are also adept in the use of doublethink—mental conditioning that allows two contradictory ideas to be accepted in the same sentence. The slogans of Orwell's Party were "War is peace," "Ignorance is knowledge" and "Slavery is freedom." A Vietnam War version went like this: "We had to destroy the village in order to save it." In our most continuous domestic war, the war against drugs, we have DEA chief Peter Bensinger informing an audience in San Diego that the DEA is comfortable with the knowledge that the Mexican officials it works with are corrupt and may torture U.S. dope prisoners. An electric cattle prod up the ass is an acceptable part of saving a person from the evils of pot.

Drug-control agents attempt to do just that—control the consumption of dope; not necessarily eliminate it, but control it. The DEA needs dope coming

into this country to keep its expense accounts fat, the bribes coming in, the budget brimming and the hangars bristling with nice shiny airplanes. And Jimmy Carter thinks he needs this kind of agency, with the CIA curtailed, to do our foreign dirty work—to have armed government operatives all over the world, to "launder" the helicopters that destroy as many Mexican peasants as opium poppies.

Well, we're tired of paying for that particular bit of State Department expediency. The DEA has sent more Americans to jail than the FBI and CIA combined. And the personal hypocrisy at the highest levels is horrendous: the president's son is provided special accommodations by the Secret Service when he wants to smoke dope with his wife and friends, but out there in Idaho people still get locked up, sometimes for years, for possession of mere joints. It's time to stop these unacceptable contradictions and allow dope to save America.

The fact that pot legalization could save the American economy is the most clear and compelling argument for legal dope that U.S. politicians will ever consider. The method of importing illicit dope into the U.S. currently transfers a huge amount of American currency to people in a country that ships an equivalent amount of dope back to the U.S. So the U.S. loses cash and gets a product that it can't tax—excepting the sales tax when a dealer buys a new Mercedes. The moral, medical and constitutional reasons for legalizing marijuana don't stack up to much, in the value hierarchy of the current political structure, but the fact that $45 billion changed hands in the U.S. for dope last year really rings the bell in many a power broker's head.

Local politicians are ripe for dope-dollar diplomacy. Senator Barry Keene, from California's sinsemilla-suffused Humboldt County, has sent a questionnaire to his constituents asking them if marijuana should be legalized. Says Keene, "If we don't acknowledge that its cultivation and widespread use exist, we can't make it pay its fair share of taxes. In fact, marijuana is the second or third largest agricultural crop in my district, and I understand that the soil and climate are ideally suited for it." Florida senator Dempsy Barron, top conservative in the Tallahassee legislature, shocked his compatriots by cosigning a pot-legalization bill with liberal senator Jack Gordon from Miami Beach. Barron's decision was based purely on economic grounds—a kind of pot Proposition 13. The bill proposes a referendum aiming toward an arrangement by which grass could be sold through liquor stores, with a 10 percent sales tax going to the state.

But to have the government tax and control the import of foreign dope is clearly not the answer. The answer is to grow your own, and maybe some for others too, right here in the U.S. Pot, magic mushrooms, peyote. Till that land and fill that window box. Raise sinsemilla, as the people in Hawaii do, making their dope the number-one cash crop, surpassing sugar and pineapples. Make America dope sufficient, and make the dope laws evaporate in the same move. Cops in some California communities have already announced that they will prosecute people who raid backyard pot patches, without busting the grower. The local economies in Humboldt and Medocino counties have been rejuvenated by dope growing to such an extent that the practical necessity of dope agriculture has been embraced by the law. If millions of people planted pot gardens and demanded a jury trial should they be busted, it would deal a fatal blow to our medieval pot laws. Juries of peers who might pounce on an out-of-town "dope smuggler" would be very much disinclined to convict one of their neighbors for providing a product demanded by the economy.

A dope-sufficient nation will not only save the economy, it will bring democracy to 30 million Americans. ◘

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NBC's Reefer Madness

I have read with great interest Glenn O'Brien's excellent article entitled "Reading, Writing and Reefer Madness" [*High Times*, May '79]. As one of the participants included in this monstrous exaggeration, I felt particularly exploited, and I resent the impressions left by NBC and Edwin Newman by their program. Not only have I been a regular marijuana smoker for nearly ten years, but I expect I will continue to be one for the next ten years. I enjoy marijuana as my primary recreational drug of choice, and I have absolutely no inclination to change those habits.

Also, and contrary to the impression left by Mr. Newman, I am in perfect health, surprisingly so in light of the quantity and variety of drugs which I have ingested with some regularity over the past decade. Fortunately, I have not smoked cigarettes, nor have I used alcohol (other than a little wine) during that time.

Most importantly, by grossly exaggerating whatever potential for harm may exist for an adolescent or preadolescent who stays stoned all the time, Edwin Newman and NBC have once again destroyed whatever credibility might have existed with today's youth on this subject. They know for a fact that most ten-year-olds do not smoke marijuana regularly, and even those adolescents who do smoke regularly often lead the football or basketball teams, rank very high academically in their class and sit as members of the elected student government. In other words, there is no particular evidence that even those few young people who smoke a great deal of marijuana necessarily hurt themselves or reduce their level of performance, academic or otherwise.

Finally, while it is obviously safer if those who drive automobiles do so completely straight, the research very convincingly suggests that those who do smoke marijuana and drive shortly thereafter are in no way incapacitated to the degree as those are who drink alcohol and drive. The real killer on the highway has always been alcohol and that will remain the case. The types of accidents in which marijuana smokers are involved while driving are far less hazardous and threatening to other drivers. For example, there is a tendency of marijuana smokers to drive too slowly, and the acute effects of short-term memory loss may cause the driver to forget whether he has yet reached the proper turnpike exit. Alcohol drinkers tend to drive too fast and too aggressively.

In summary, Glenn O'Brien was accurate when he said that he imagined I felt uncomfortable when I viewed the NBC program. Worse, I felt as if I had been misrepresented and used as a mouthpiece to try to scare young people about the consequences of marijuana smoking, when, in fact, research does not support those claims. I trust Mr. O'Brien's article and other similarly critical reviews which have begun to surface will eventually calm the emotionalism that has resulted from NBC's original showing of this outrage.

—R. Keith Stroup, Washington, D.C.

I must congratulate you on Glenn O'Brien's expose of NBC's terribly distorted show, "Reading, Writing and Reefer." I'm really mad at the false idea about reefer that the show gave my parents. It was hard enough trying to prove to them that pot wasn't as bad as people seem to think without that show blasting its lies on TV. I've been smoking reefer for two years and I am certainly not "burned out." I just hope that more conservative people will read the article—it could open a lot of minds. *—Rod, Evansville, Ind.*

Alaskan Pipeline

We've been digging out from under lots of snow this week. This is the kind I like to



shovel best—delicious, twinkly flakes of Peruvian rock!

—Hap E. Daze, Chugiak, Alaska

Loose Islands

"How to Buy an Island" [*High Times*, May '79] was a damn interesting article. A couple of partners and I are sitting in prison, planning our next move when we get out. Buying an island sounds like just the thing for us. The article mentioned Private Islands Unlimited, of California, as having over 300 islands for sale but didn't give the address. We would like to know where to write them. *—P.W.T., Creswell, N.C.*

Write to: Private Islands Unlimited, 17538 Tulsa Street, Granada Hills, Ca. 91344.—Ed.

High Priestess

This picture was taken recently in Bombay. It portrays a statue of Maya, the Indian goddess of the sense world of manifold



phenomena that conceals the unity of absolute being. One way to temporarily transcend her influence is to indulge in one of the delightful Kashmiri hashish balls gathered around her feet.

—D., San Francisco, Ca.

Smothers Brothers: Old Gold or Old Hat?

Thanks for having the balls to give the Smothers Brothers their due [*High Times*, "Interview," April '79]. Just because they're on Broadway now in a pseudo-Neil Simon farce and haven't been in the public eye for a while doesn't negate their role as irreverent court jesters to us all in the late '60s. They were the only ones who dared to challenge the establishment in a weekly TV show and ultimately paid the price for it with a good part of their careers. *—Abby Nyman, New York, N.Y.*

What a bunch of old farts the Smothers Brothers are! They took all my precious reading time to tell me how great and cool



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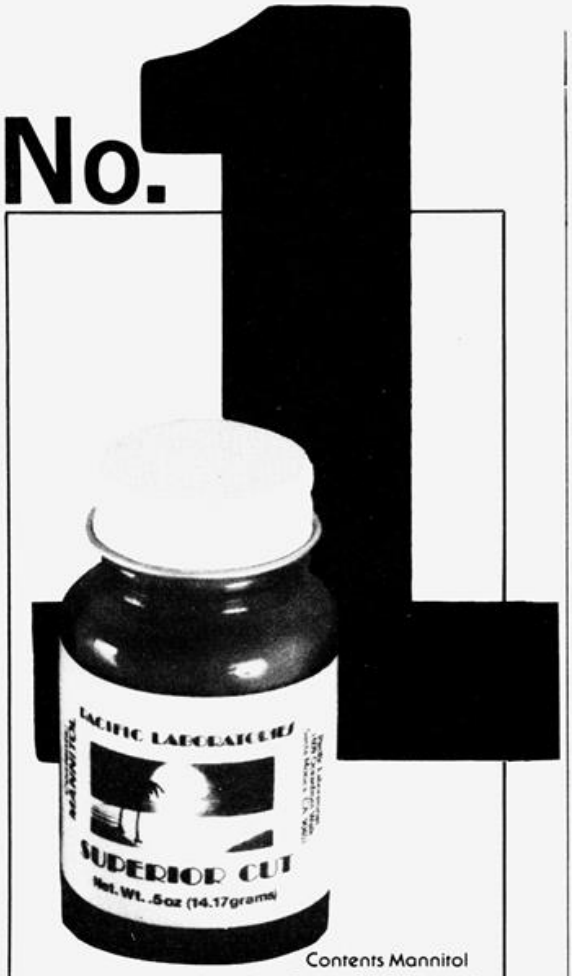
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and hip they are, and then they cry about the government picking on them. Anyone who was really hip would've laughed it off. If these guys are typical of who was who in the '60s, I'm glad I wasn't around. They're just mirror images of the people they put down. Wine making and car racing, indeed.

—Chan Benson, Meadville, Pa.

Bud of the Month

This dandy little taste treat comes from southern California by way of Hawaii. The crop made it through some close scrapes with the law, potnappers and bugs and is now making its merry way to



the general populace for enlightened appreciation.

—Orange County Kid, Santa Ana, Ca.

Devilish Details

I'd like to point out a few incorrect statements made about Aleister Crowley in "A Short History of the Devil" [*High Times*, May '79]. Point by point:

1. Crowley never proclaimed himself the Antichrist. It was Jack Parsons, space engineer for NASA and the only member of the Ordo Templi Orientis (OTO) to have a crater on the moon named after him, who later claimed this dubious honor.

2. Anton LaVey's Church of Satan is not "descended" from the OTO. There is no connection, except that LaVey ripped off Crowley's grading system for a magickal order known as the A.A. (not "Silver Star").

3. Kenneth Grant was kicked out of the OTO by Carl Germer, Crowley's successor as head of the order. He then began his own order, which he calls the OTO, but it bears no relation to the constitution of the order as Crowley reorganized it in accordance with the Law of Thelema ("Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law").

4. Crowley died in 1947. To say that Kenneth Anger was initiated by him defies chronology.

It is not difficult to see how distortions about Crowley multiply like worms. His authorized biographer, John Symonds, has written some bald-faced lies and half-truths to make Crowley appear some sort of demon made manifest. If anyone wishes to contact the true OTO, he or she may write: The Grand Thelema Lodge, P.O. Box 2303, Berkeley, Ca. 94702 or The Lashtal Lodge, P.O. Box 357, Bowling Green Station, New York, N.Y. 10004.

—Martin Cheslow, Long Island City, N.Y.

And for further reference, we direct readers to "The Dope and Sex Magick of Aleister Crowley" in our July '78 issue.—Ed.

Below the Bible Belt

The opening lines of Dean Latimer's "The Truth about Circumcision" [*High Times*, "Sex," May '79] made me feel that I'd have to register my uncircumcised protest, but the rest of the article was great information. Thanks. Let me add the following from Jewish history (*Genesis: 34*). In Canaan, Jacob's only daughter Dina was coveted by Sichem, son of Hemor the Hevite, prince of the region. Jacob and his sons set the condition that Sichem be circumcised. After a week of pain Sichem returned but was refused. Four days later Dina was kidnapped. Sichem was willing to make amends and invite Joseph and company to the wedding. They agreed to come if the whole village was circumcised, which was done. On the third night after the mass circumcision Jacob's sons pillaged the village, killing and wounding many sufferers while returning Dina to her home with the 12 sacred tribes. I guess Sichem's hometown got a raw deal that time. *—Joseph Hahn, address withheld*

Dirty Deal

I would like to bring to your attention the quality of the smoke we buy here in east Tennessee. So far I have found spider nests, insect-egg clusters, rodent turds, weeds, rocks and hair in with the dope. We have bought smoke soaked in water, wine and embalming fluid, and full of seeds. Can you believe $40 an ounce for this bullshit? This emphasizes the need to legalize our much-used herb so we know that we are smoking sanitary stash.

—J.P., Talbott, Tenn.

Legal doesn't necessarily mean sanitary. The very tuna fish we eat, all nice and legal, contains "acceptable levels" of rat eyebrows, roach legs and God knows what else. Quality control will still be an issue once grass is legal; look what the tobacco industry has done. But we agree that "commercial" quality couldn't be much worse.—Ed.

The following is a paid advertisement. It does not necessarily reflect the views of this magazine.

Open Letter to High Times Readers:

THE CREDIBILITY OF HIGH TIMES IS BEING THREATENED

The Paraphernalia Industry and High Times magazine grew out of a culture that reexamined the values of America and grew in response to the needs of a new lifestyle.

Both started as an alternative; and they were started by people who didn't think that "capitalism" had to mean "rip-off." People who had shared the Beatles, Woodstock, Vietnam and Kent State.

Recently some industry members have been selling products of questionable taste. Even High Times runs advertisements for some of these products.

We believe that those who sell these new products are becoming what we tried to get away from in the beginning. We believe that the ready availability of these products makes cheating much easier, and you, the consumer, end up paying $100 for a gram of product worth a fraction of that amount. Just because these practices exist doesn't mean we have to stand for them.

The culture we've all come out of, industry and consumers alike, wouldn't tolerate abuses of power in the name of money in the past. We're standing up as advertisers to express our view that honesty and integrity require that ads for these products do not belong in our alternative media.

Now it's up to you, the reader. If you don't want to see these ads anymore, write High Times and tell them so. Keep this magazine the credible alternative it was started as.

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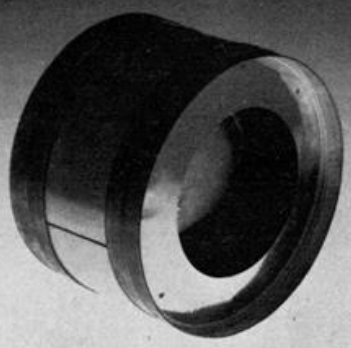
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Dear Friend,

In 1974 a THAI POWER Research Team invented the first home appliance capable of "isomerization" and extraction of herbs and other valuable oils. Since then many imitators, schysters, and "clandestine" operators have come and gone begging, borrowing, and stealing from our success and from you, the consumer.

There comes a time when false representations in advertising cannot continue to be unanswered. Normally THAI POWER would not concern itself with a competitor's product because the consumer is not usually subjected to such devious advertisement, but THAI POWER must respond to the blatant misrepresentation and references made by the KIK advertisement concerning the science of "isomerization" and extraction.

The following facts are a brief outline of the abilities of the ISO2 isomerizer and the true facts about the KIK machine. We will not be able to fully explain all of the details, but we will make available free to the public a comprehensive booklet explaining the facts of "isomerization" and extraction apppliances.

For your personal safety and well-being please consider the following facts.

Respectfully yours,

The President and Staff of THAI POWER

	iso2	KIK	
ISOMERIZATION	YES	NO	KIK claims only minutes to operate, when in fact isomerization requires hours to complete. Consequently KIK does not isomerize.
ACTIVATOR	YES	NO	THAI POWER'S activator is included isomerization cannot occur without it.
POTENCY INCREASE	YES	NO	Significant potency cannot occur without isomerization.
HIGH QUALITY CONSTRUCTION	YES	NO	The ISO2 is constructed of aluminum alloys produced by highly trained technicians who have worked for the U.S.A. space program. KIK is constructed of tin cans.
STAINLESS STEEL REACTION VESSEL	YES	NO	The ISO2 reaction vessel is high quality stainless steel to prevent corrosion. The KIK reaction vessel is a tin can which is highly susceptible to corrosion.
CONTROL FEATURES	YES	NO	The ISO2 offers complete control for the operator with a graduated control knob. This is necessary for proper isomerization. KIK has no controls.
THERMOSTAT	YES	NO	The ISO2 includes a high quality thermostat (internal) to prevent burning valuable oils and losing potency. KIK has no thermostat.
ADEQUATE CONDENSER	YES	NO	The ISO2 is designed to accommodate many solvents with an activated charcoal safety system. The KIK condensing unit can only be used with low boiling solvents and has no safety system to prevent vapor escape.
RESEARCH and DEVELOPMENT	YES	NO	THAI POWER invented the first isomerization appliance and has improved the ISO2 for the past four years. KIK is third in a line of unsuccessful and cheap imitators.
SEALED SAFETY SYSTEM	YES	NO	The ISO2 is sealed with cork and silicone gaskets held tight with safety springs. KIK attempts to prevent dangerous vapor leak with a cookie can lid and has no safety features.
SAFE SOLVENT	YES	NO	The THAI POWER recommended solvent is the safest solvent for extraction and isomerization. The KIK solvent was rejected by THAI POWER in the earliest stages of development as dangerous and toxic to the consumer.
ADEQUATE HEATING and INSULATION	YES	NO	THAI POWER provides an 8000 hr. industrial heat source totally insulated and enclosed. KIK is heated by a clear glass light bulb without insulation or adequate enclosure which can cause damage to work area.
FILTRATION ACCESSORY	YES	NO	THAI POWER offers a filtration kit which can be used to bring your oils to a honey-like consistency. KIK offers no filtration apparatus.

To receive your free information write to:
THAI POWER, P.O. Box 58116, Los Angeles, CA 90058



About a hundred letters sent to "Adviser" each month concern one of five basic questions about dope. Here we present the definitive answers to the quintet of ever-popular queries.

Dope During Pregnancy

Q: I am two and a half months pregnant, and I smoke pot every day. Before I found out I was pregnant I was also doing a little coke. I would like to know if there is any danger in either of these, and could I have done any harm to the baby? —*Rose, Bloomington, Ind.*

A: *Neither marijuana nor cocaine has been shown, despite extensive government lab tests, to pose any hazards to unborn babies. The trouble is, you can't tell from lab tests what any drug is going to do when used socially by human beings. We've had literally thousands of questions like yours from pregnant women who've used grass and coke during term, and each time, we write back, tell them all this, and ask the mother to tell us how the baby turns out. Not once have we gotten a reply indicating that the baby was harmed in any way by the mother's use of grass or cocaine. Furthermore, every time some cop or headline-hogging "research" scientist whips up a pot-and-pregnancy media scare, High Times receives scores of indignant letters from heavy dopers assuring us that their kids turned out just fine, thank you. On the other hand, it's unlikely we would be hearing about kids who were hurt by their parents' dope use, so our data aren't any more reliable than the government's really.*

Basically, you should be aware that during the first three months of pregnancy the fetus evolves very rapidly by cell division and is vulnerable to any number of teratogenic—fetus-deforming—agents that the mother may ingest. Petroleum exhaust, alcohol, many over-the-counter patent medicines, some food additives, and a variety of other common ingestibles pose possible teratogenic hazards during this time. All these hazards are cumulative, so it's really not advisable to add any other possible teratogens to them. It's known that tobacco smoke is potentially teratogenic, and it's altogether likely that the same potential exists in marijuana smoke. Therefore, even though grass is known to ease morning sickness, cramps and "bitchiness" in early pregnancy, we do counsel against smoking it in the first months of term.

As for coke, there really hasn't been any reliable research done into its possible teratogenic factors. Cocaine is metabolized in the body so very quickly and is so rapidly eliminated that it's hard to conceive of any harm it could do to a fetus at any stage of development. Once absorbed into the body through the nose, lungs or intestines, coke has no known adverse effects on any body tissues; and its main metabolite, ecognine, doesn't even seem to pass through the placental barrier into the womb. While coke, like grass, may represent a needless possible teratogenic factor in addition to all the teratogens to which a woman is necessarily exposed in our society, it looks blessedly negligible to us.



Leonard Lee Rue III/FPG

Best to abstain in the first trimester.

There's obviously a need for solid, reliable information about the effects of grass and coke on pregnant women and their fetuses, because so many people today do these two drugs. However, since neither is mass merchandised by any drug company, all research of this kind is necessarily undertaken by the government, which is considerably unreliable as a source of drug advice. Therefore the only advice we can really give you is to err on the side of caution, and not worry a hell of a lot about it. Simple anxiety is a lot more harmful to human health than grass or coke could ever be.

Women who do other types of dope should be advised that amphetamines and barbiturates both pose dangers to the fetus. Nitrous oxide and butyl nitrite, on the other hand, are so negligibly toxic and so rapidly excreted that they undoubtedly possess fewer teratogenic properties than fluoridated tap water. Quaaludes, in the words of the manufacturers as printed in the 1979 Physician's Desk Reference, are "contraindicated" for "women who are or may become pregnant." LSD, if imperfectly synthesized, may promote premature labor or even miscarriage. But the worst single teratogenic drug any woman could possibly consume is alcohol; contrary to long-held opinion, it has lately been shown that even moderate and occasional social drinking by a pregnant woman can inflict harm on the fetus.

One final point: dopers and nondopers alike who have the misfortune to have deformed children should not blame themselves for it. There's absolutely no way of telling, in the case of most birth defects, to what degree the baby's deformation was brought about by anything the parents may have done or by the innate predisposition of the fetus itself toward developing birth defects. Many geneticists now believe that most healthy babies are that way simply because their basic genetic makeup preserves them from being affected by teratogenic agents of any kind, while babies who are born deformed simply lack this normal degree of genetic protection.

On the bottom line, you clearly cared enough about your baby to ask us about it; that caring is worth more than all the advice we or any doctor could ever give you.

Pure THC: There's One Born Every Minute

Q: A few months ago I scored some THC. It was a kind of flakish, powdery, yellow-brown dry gunk, and when you snorted it, it really gave you a swell slow rush with a big, open, speedy sort of head and spicy tingles all up your arms and legs and spine for about an hour. There was a lot of sneezing at first, and it left an awful chemical rusty taste in the back of your nose and throat. I'm dying to score some more, but I've heard that large doses of pure THC kill lab monkeys. What's a safe dose?

—*Stephanie D., Los Angeles, Ca.*

A: *What you were snorting there, from the sound of it, was free-base cocaine, not THC. For the millionth time, there is no such damn thing as pure THC being peddled anywhere on the street market. It can't be extracted from grass in purity by any known method; it has to be synthesized, molecule by molecule, which requires more space-age superscientific lab paraphernalia and computer technology than can be easily assembled by even the most brilliant underground chemist; and the gear would be even harder to keep concealed. Also, THC would cost so much that only Arab oil sheikhs could afford to score it.*

You were lucky to even get free-base coke. Most of the shit that gets hawked as THC is a white, cokelike powder called phencyclidine—PCP, angel dust, "D," that horseshit. Now, for those who like it, PCP is

a perfectly salubrious way to get fucked up, but altogether too many scumbag bathtub chemists are slopping batches of it together these days—it's real easy to make, and cheap—and peddling it to wishful noodniks as THC. Most people who get dosed unawares by this crap have a horrible time, experiencing actual kidney damage and full-blown flashbacks at odd intervals for days afterward. Anybody who peddles PCP under false pretenses deserves to have his or her hand held in a toaster for a while.

Other spurious brands of THC are commonly either yohimbine hydrochloride or, more rarely, MDA. Either of these will be fun or not, depending on what you expected THC to be like. Grass is still the best way to get a THC high. Glaucoma patients we've spoken to who have done real government THC describe an experience that sounds like the rocket lift of a super Colombian gold head, only with grotesque changes in body image—your chest feels like a vast vat of liquid nitrogen, your arms and legs are a million miles long, and your eyes seem to hang out on stalks like a lobster's, they say. Certainly the recorded drop in blood pressure and rise in heart rate with THC sound pretty brutal, but we really haven't heard of it croaking any lab monkeys.

Anyhow, what you should have done with your coke base was sprinkle it in a cigarette and smoke it, or better yet, mix it with orange juice and drink it. Either way, coke base itself is still a lousy dealer's scam: it's perfectly good snort coke that was reconverted back into intermediate coke so the dealer could charge more for it per weight.

One final reminder: anytime anybody bills any kind of dope as THC, that person is lying and not to be trusted in any transactions.

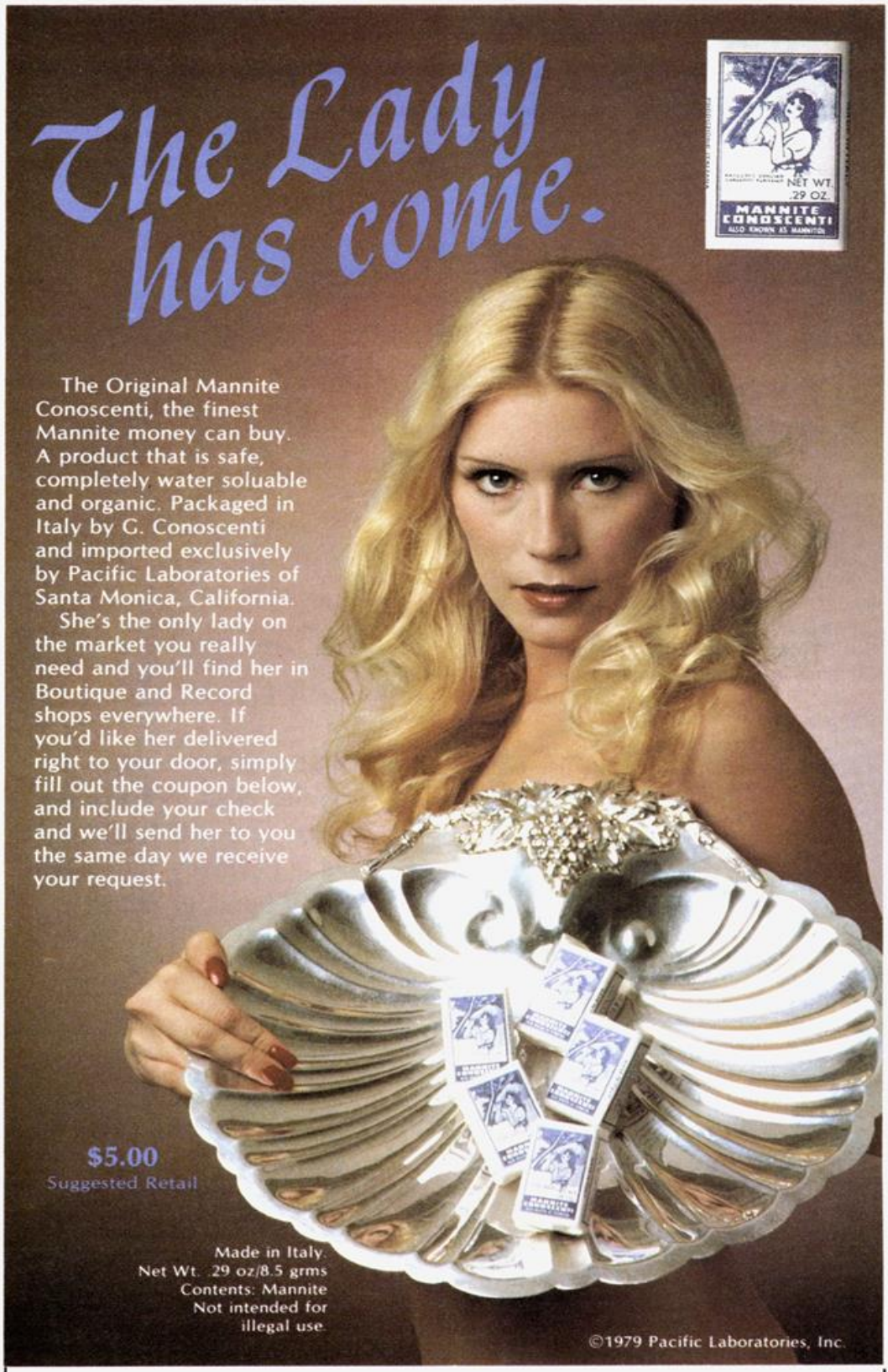
Street-Dope Test Labs

Q: I have some blue and white caps here I'm not sure about. Supposedly they're some sort of new superspeed—I paid $1.50 a cap for them—but I'd like to know what they are, what they do, possible side effects and so on. Is there a lab I could send one to for testing, without getting busted myself?

—Name withheld, Naples, Fla.

A: *Folks who score strange-looking sorts of dope (or whose normal-looking dope does weird things to their heads) are advised to have them tested by one of the three DEA-licensed labs in the country that invite anonymous street-dope submissions. In the Northeast, the Lab for Chromatography at P.O. Box 5237, Flushing, New York 11352 charges $10 per*

(continued on page 104)



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HT49A



Crabs: The Joys of Pestilence

by David Grisdale

Pincers in the Night

Everyone knows at least one snicker-snicker crab joke. They've been around long enough (there's evidence that crabs were prevalent among the Roman legions, not to mention the barbarians) for a substantial mythology to grow up around this little creature which, although relatively harmless, is about as welcome as VD. The joke, as with most, lasts only until it gets personal.

Crab lice get their name from their shape: they look like minute and malevolent sea creatures, complete with multiple spindly arms and pincers, which they use in swinging through their native habitat—the coarse hair of the human pubic regions—claw over claw.

The usual reaction to a premier case of crabs is a heavy disgust, sauced with a touch of self-loathing. This is normally followed by a burst of panic, which may take any number of forms. Since, for instance, crabs are often spread by sexual contact, couples often degenerate into the no-*you*-gave-them-to-*me* syndrome, ignorantly assuming that their sex partner's acquiring a case means he or she has been unfaithful.

That's possible but not necessarily so, crabs being one of the very few afflictions you *can* legitimately pick up off a toilet seat. Also theater seats, pets, or borrowed sleeping bags, bed linen or clothing. Dogs can get crabs from their owners, children from sleeping with infected parents.

Technical knowledge helps dispel the initial creepiness. Under microscopes, crabs go by the name of *Pediculus pubis*, from their preferred region of habitation. (*Pediculus corporis* and *Pediculus capitis*, similar species of the same strain of pest, are found, respectively, on other, finer-haired parts of the body and on the head, as well as in the clothes.) Crabs are often mistakenly referred to as scabies, which are a different and much more serious proposition, parasitic mites that infest the entire body and bore into the skin, causing mangelike rashes and eruptions. Although crabs are also parasitic, taking their nourishment from the blood of the human host in minute amounts, they're really more annoying than dangerous; unlike other body lice, crabs very seldom carry diseases and only produce sores in cases of extreme and prolonged infestation.



Jack Abraham

The usual reaction to a premier case of crabs is disgust and self-loathing. This is normally followed by a burst of panic.

The Siege of the Crotch

The lice attach themselves to the skin, usually at the base of a hair, and fasten their eggs, or nits, enclosed in individual transparent cases, to the hairs themselves, using a tough gluelike substance. While other strains of body lice tend to lay their eggs in clothing, *P. pubis* confines its life cycle to the host body, usually in the areas of the apocrine sweat glands, which differ from other sweat glands in that they appear only after puberty and mainly in the armpit, groin and mammary areas.

Crabs seem to prefer the crotch or armpit for warmth, but perhaps because apocrine glands occasionally appear in non-pubic areas the lice have been known to turn up in beards, mustaches, eyebrows and even eyelashes. This is sometimes a result of cunnilingus, but most often it's the effect of natural migration from overcrowded conditions in other areas when an infestation goes unchecked. Prepubescent children with no apocrine glands or pubic hair can still get crabs, since the singular passion of a questing *Pediculus* is a warm body. Crabs appear on hairless bodies as small bluish blotches, since in the absence of filaments to cling to they have to dig deeper for a toehold. The bluish color is caused by the action of crab saliva on blood pigments.

Crabs may initially be mistaken for flea or mosquito bites, vaginal infection, heat rash, or any number of other common itchy phenomena. A persistent itch in the crotch, or a slightly "alive" feeling, is one telling sign, but it's not always that evident. In the uncommon cases where there is no itching, the lice may not be noticed until they get hefty enough to be easily visible or felt. Tiny spots of blood on the underwear are another sign that the lice are present—and large.

If you do itch and aren't sure of the cause, there are a few further checks for infestation. Look closely (a magnifying glass helps) at the base of pubic hairs in the itchy area for a slight darkening, as if the hair is growing from a minuscule freckle. If this is the case, take a knife blade or similarly edged tool and scrape gently at the darkening. This should disturb the creature enough so that he will emerge from the base of the hair, translucent, whitish gray with a reddish brown speck of blood and crab feces inside.

After a case or two, old hands familiar with their own crab signs find it simple just to keep a bottle of mild crab killer on hand to apply when in doubt. Since the tiny things obligingly turn a bright red-orange when they come into fatal contact with most anticrab preparations, it will become evident, when the hair is gone through with a light-colored fine-tooth comb, whether the itch was grounded in more than nerves.

Old-time remedies for crabs included DDT (which kills the lice but not their eggs: useless for all practical purposes), tincture of larkspur (organic, but unfortunately also extremely toxic, and fairly ineffective in killing nits), Blue Ointment (ammoniated mercury: smelly and caustic), a bath in kerosene, and shaving the body. A complete body shave was and still is a common army practice under battle and bivouac conditions where complete deinfestation of surroundings is impossible.

New Hope for Crabs

Under normal, "civilized" conditions, however, all of these measures are just overkill. A number of inexpensive ($1 – $4) and effective preparations are on the market, most of them available without prescription in most drugstores. They contain relatively tiny amounts of pesticidal chemicals, usually combined with deodorized kerosene or turpentine in a base of inert ingredients. All are effective, and your choice of brand will probably depend on your reaction to the odor, your skin sensitivity,

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When applying any preparation, make sure the affected area is completely saturated, including the hair around the anus, being careful to avoid eyes and mucus membranes. Men with thick, coarse body hair should give themselves an all-over treatment.

Doctors, especially those in free clinics, are usually willing to prescribe Kwell or Topocide with no difficulty. The commercial preparations seem to work much more effectively than most folk remedies, although a henna rinse on the hair, renewed every month or so, will prevent head-lice infestation. (It won't, however, kill lice already present.) This property of henna has been proven by centuries of use in Morocco and points east, and might presumably be as effective with crab lice, although no successful experiments have been reported. Applications of substances like alcohol and Campho-Phenique are totally ineffective, though often tried.

Once you've discovered crabs and applied a preparation to kill them on your own body, you may still get reinfested within the next few days, especially in crowded living conditions. It may be a case of not having been thorough in killing all crabs and eggs on your body, or it may be from contact with anything that has approached you intimately and gotten infested, including your sex partner, bed linens, mattresses, towels, underwear, trousers, skirts, pantyhose, even such unlikely things as pets who sit in your lap, the tails of shirts, and cushions and chairs you habitually sit on.

Anyone who has had to go through the laborious process of decrabbing four or five times before finally getting free and clear has been through the Crab Paranoia syndrome, freaking at every unexplained new itch and tickle, suspecting every article of clothing to be a contaminated lair. The crabs have numbers and nature on their side. Female crab lice are capable, under ideal conditions, of laying up to ten eggs a day. That's 400 in their life span of approximately 40 days. The eggs hatch in 5 to 10 days, and the young, called nymphs, become capable of reproducing in about two weeks. The nits (eggs) will hatch whether they are on a living body or not, although generally more slowly in a cooler place; and newly hatched young, like adult crabs, can live two, possibly three days on their own. This gives them plenty of time to find a warm body, possibly yours.

Although crabs lay their eggs only on hairs and not in clothes, and the nits seldom if ever become detached from the hairs before they hatch, it's very possible for pubic hairs containing eggs to be shed into clothes, blankets, carpets, there to complete their cycle and surprise you with a reinfestation up to two or three weeks after you thought you'd lost your original case.

Crab Nationalism

The best defense against the tenacity of the crab is for you and everyone close to you to go through a thorough and scientific lifestyle deinfestation process at the same time that you treat your bodies. First, you may or may not think it necessary to treat your pets with the same preparation you use. Then take all clothing that has come in contact with your pubic areas (see above) in the previous week or two; run everything washable through a washer and dryer set on the "Hot" cycle, or boil in a pot for 15 – 30 minutes. Hot water will kill both crabs and nits, but it has to be a lot hotter (140°F. or over) than you can stand on your body.

Do the same to towels, sheets, bed pads and blankets. Turn the mattresses over and/or spray with Lysol. Vacuum the carpets. Woolens and delicate clothing can be dry-cleaned or steamed and pressed thoroughly with as hot an iron as they can take, or held in *live* steam, like that hissing from an iron or teakettle. If none of these methods are feasible, clothes, blankets, etc., can be hung in the open air for four or five days to starve the invaders out, *provided* they've been minutely inspected for the presence of hairs with eggs.

Right now you are probably itching somewhere. Congratulations, you now know about Crab Paranoia. (Instructions above.) ◘

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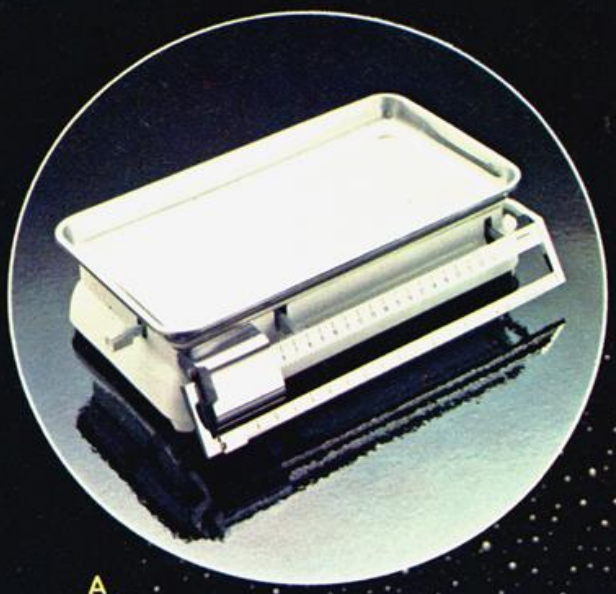
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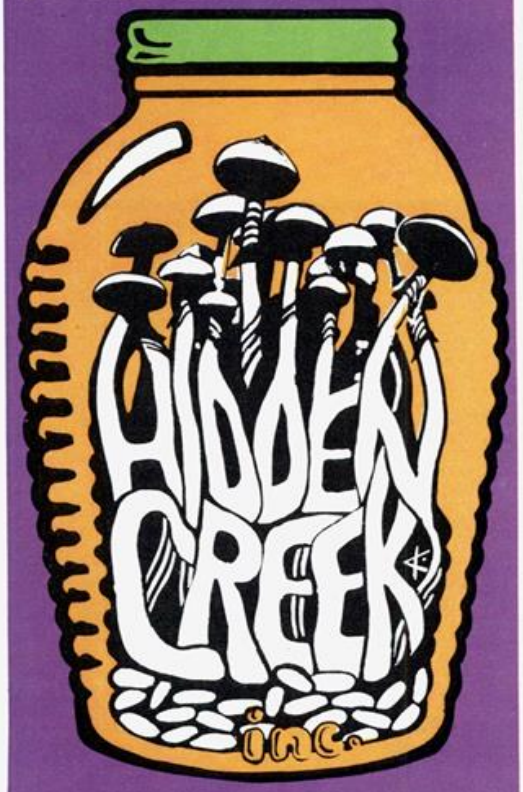
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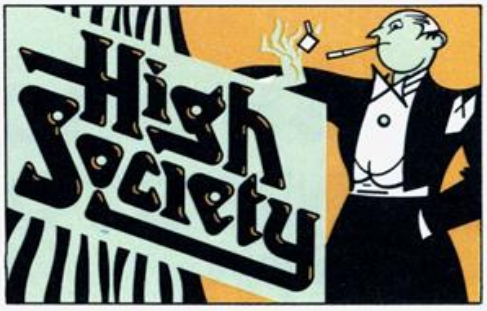
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Pop poet **Rod McKuen** was pied recently during a reading at Sinclair Community College in Dayton, Ohio, by **Pancho White Villa** of the **Revolutionary Three Stooges Brigade**. Villa says he pied McKuen because "his poetry is junk food. While elsewhere there are poets who are rebellious, experimental and exciting—who are their country's cultural heroes, like **Pablo Neruda**—we are stuck with a guy who has been doing the same schmaltz for over ten years. He is corny, mushy, syrupy—which is the type of pie we used, one made of corn mush, syrup and shaving cream mixed together."



Chris Murphy

Junk-food poet Rod McKuen catches a meringue.

In a raid on a secret apartment in Prague, Czechoslovakian police busted 17 Iron Curtain rock 'n' rollers, including four members of **Plastic People of the Universe**, who were holding a private benefit for expanded human rights. The band was booked and held for three days on charges of staging a rock performance without prior authorization.



Pennie Smith

Punkette Carol Grimes rocks against sexism in the U.K.

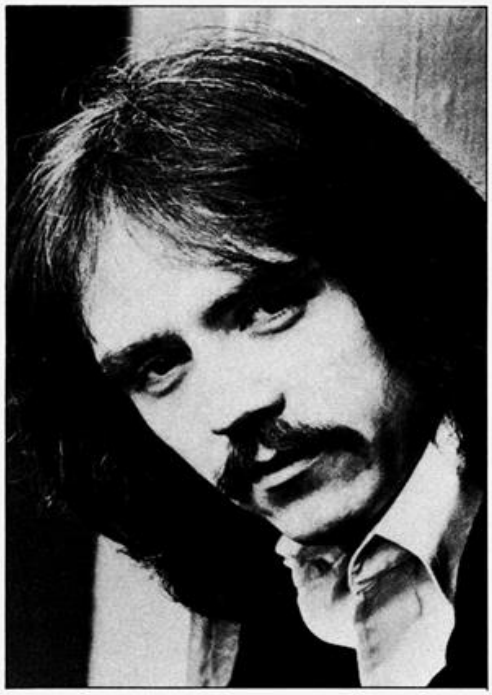
The first **Rock against Sexism** concert was recently held in England, featuring punk rocker **Carol Grimes**. RAS's main objectives are "to fight sexism in rock music and to use music to fight sexism at large; to challenge stereotyped images and to promote a more positive image of women in music; to promote women's bands and to fight against the exploitation of women in advertising or on stage."



Kate Simon

The Clash: no guns on the roof.

The **Clash** were prevented from playing on the roof of London's soon-to-be-evicted punk clothing trading post Beaufort Market. Just before the gig, a cordon of bobbies moved in on the 2,000 disgruntled fans and made 70 arrests.



John Carpenter concocts new meltdown movie.

The *China Syndrome* syndrome has spun off another upcoming nuclear meltdown disaster flick, *The Prometheus Crisis*, directed by **John Carpenter**, who scared the plutonium out of everybody with his horrific hit *Halloween*.



Michael Chance

Goodnight, Gracie: *cannabis* Chorus Line.

Pot-smoking theatergoers are getting off on the new off-off-Broadway play *Say Goodnight, Gracie*, written by **Ralph Pape**. The play is something of a Furry Freak Brothers version of *A Chorus Line*, as three old pot-smoking buddies and their girl friends ready themselves for their tenth-year high-school reunion. They never make it. Pape claims the actors go through an ounce of real weed during each performance. *Say Goodnight, Gracie* follows last year's successful New York – theater cannabis caper, *Mary Jane*, a musical revue that will soon make a return engagement.

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS
Sept. '79 No. 49

Customs Calls Off Blanket Boat Searches

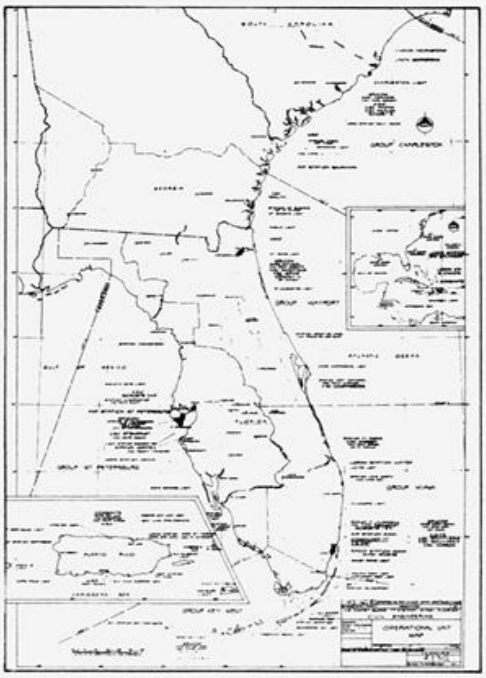
TAMPA, FLORIDA—Customs has officially given up trying to search every single pleasure craft entering South Florida waters for dope. "There are about 400,000 pleasure boats in Florida," points out Customs information chief Jim Dingfelder, who says that henceforth private boaters approaching Florida anywhere south of here need only call Customs by ship-to-shore to get a special number that will preserve their craft from searches.

Customs' decision provoked feisty Leo Callaghan, the headline-hogging police chief of Fort Lauderdale, to predict a snowstorm of cocaine blowing into Florida, muled by plain, middle-class Chris-Craft jockeys who had been previously deterred by the risk of offshore searches. "They might have had second thoughts about it up to now," suggests Callaghan. "Now they might give it some consideration." He also forecast an augmented influx of Colombian hash, packed in the hulls, ribs and struts of pleasure craft.

Dingfelder replied that low-bulk dope like coke probably gets through most of the time anyway, since it's virtually impossible to find it without entirely disassembling a vessel. Customs will still be checking out boats that get tipped off to them by the DEA and by their own field snitches. Also, pleasure skippers who call in for a clearance number will be computer checked, along with their craft, for any dope or smuggling priors.



Don't let the Coasties tow your *fume to the DEA docks. If you're coming in anywhere south of Tampa's latitude, just phone ahead for Customs clearance.*



Wide World

Coke Shown to Relieve Arthritis

by Dean Latimer

KELSEYVILLE, CALIFORNIA—Free-base cocaine appears to be an extremely effective treatment for severe rheumatoid arthritis, according to a study conducted on outpatients at the Clear Lake Medical Group here. Doctors report that every single one of the 13 test patients afflicted for years with the painful and crippling disease benefited greatly from regular administration of coke base, with *complete remission* of arthritis symptoms typically occurring within two weeks. Some patients' hands were so disfigured from years of arthritis that, after the swelling was reduced, surgery was required to reknit ruptured tendons and refit dislocated joints.

The suggestion that cocaine might benefit arthritics occurred first to Dr. Lowell Somers here, after he observed a set of identical male twins in their mid 30s. One twin was near the point of death from chronic arthritis, while the other had no symptoms of it whatsoever, although his blood showed characteristic hereditary markers for arthritis. The only real difference between the two men's lifestyles was that the arthritic had never done coke, while the healthy twin was a regular recreational tooter.

Clear Lake researchers quickly determined that free-base coke was conspicuously better than street coke (cocaine hydrochloride) in treating patients already afflicted with arthritis. The base dose, which depends on the individual patient, is held on a cotton swab between gum and cheek and absorbed through the tissues into the blood. The patients report no mental euphoria from the drug, though an immediate reduction in swelling of the inflamed joints is commonly observed, with distinctly increased mobility. A temporary increase in pain occurs afterward as blood reenters the crippled tissues, but within days, *all* pain disappears. Patients can suddenly dress and bathe themselves, often for the first time in years.

Since no one knows the precise cause of arthritis, the reason for its evident alleviation by cocaine is hard to determine. The Clear Lake program, which was undertaken unofficially without government sponsorship, might someday determine all this.

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Feds Snap Up Troublesome Cops:

Florida DEA Provides "Haven for Malcontents"

SANFORD, FLORIDA—The city budget this year is being tapped to the tune of $36,500 for the salaries of two Sanford cops who have been transferred to the statewide DEA Task Force—an operation that a local politico has termed "a haven for malcontents." One of the officers, a patrolman, was switched to the DEA detail in 1976 after he charged the Sanford city government with discrimination against blacks in hiring practices. The other, a captain, was kicked over to the DEA this spring after personally asking the governor to investigate the office of Police Chief Ben Butler.

Captain Charles Fagan did not make public the charges he leveled against Butler in a letter to the governor. But at a subsequent meeting with Butler, when city attorney Vernon Morris suggested it might be advisable "to get Butler and Fagan separated for a while," Fagan himself reportedly suggested the narco detail. Mayor Lee Moore approved the switch. "Drugs are a big problem in Florida, and Sanford is not immune," said Moore. "The people of Sanford may complain, but we're going to benefit from this, because we'll have a key man down there."

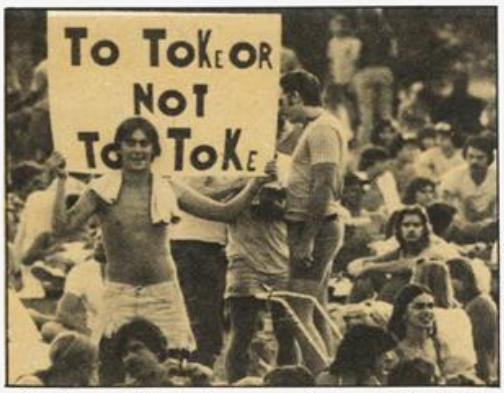
In fact, Sanford has had a man in the Task Force since 1976, when the federal Equal Employment Opportunities Commission (EEOC) investigated charges of racism brought against the city government by Patrolman Tony Brooks and Sergeant John Moore. After the EEOC investigation, Brooks was bounced to the DEA, and Moore was made a dogcatcher.

DEA task force supervisor Don Hopper readily admitted the two disgruntled Sanford cops to his operation, and now enjoys the full-time services of two federal deputies at no extra cost to the DEA budget. And no one in the Sanford government, of either political party, seems averse to the arrangement either.

Ganja Lives in Gainesville

Dealer Sponsors Concert to End Florida Dope Wars

GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA—People for Rational Marijuana Laws (PRML), a statewide legalization lobby, linked up with Gainesville grower-mover "John Ganja" to underwrite a folk concert on the University of Florida campus here in support of a state decrim bill. Ganja himself first initiated the fundraising notion by sending three $50 bills in a Christmas card to the campus paper, the Alligator, urging a "toke-in" to support state representative George Sheldon's proposal before the Tallahassee legislature to reduce penalties for possession of less than 25 grams of pot to a misdemeanor.



Rick McCawley

Gainesville tokers rock to end dope violence.

The PRML subsequently threw its own support, and bread, behind the two-day event, which went off without a bust. Besides the featured music of Papa John Creach and Black Oak, the highlight of the affair was a press conference conducted by Ganja himself, a 26-year-old political-science grad from the school. Wearing mirror sunglasses and a "Florida Gators" T-shirt, Ganja explained that his motive in pushing for pot decrim was to eliminate the violence in the wholesale dope trade, which he knows from personal experience is directly caused by the laws against grass.

It seems Ganja had been growing a good-sized crop of dope in Puerto Rico last fall when the cops there burned his field while he was back scoring *sinse* in Gainesville. Because of the six-figure loss incurred in the crop wipeout, Ganja was obliged to become a front man for a syndicate of wholesale movers in Puerto Rico, taking grave personal risks moving dope and money between there and Florida, until his debts were paid off.

"The people who really made the money on it were isolated," Ganja explained. "If I got busted, they were safe. The people I was dealing with were some of the top dealers in Puerto Rico. If they ever get identified, I could be killed."

The dealer had taken the name "John Ganja" after that of a friend who was murdered in a San Francisco dope war, and said the concert was in his memory. The laws against pot, he emphasized, foster this sort of violence intentionally. Government drug agencies become "international terrorist agencies," fomenting violence among grass movers and raking in millions in routine bribes. They make the smoking and dealing of pot into "a political act," Ganja points out—whereas if it were legalized, the big syndicates would immediately have to settle the trade among themselves, without blackmailing front men into taking all the risks.



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Study Shows Grass Laws Promote Selective Enforcement

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA—Important new evidence that marijuana laws are grossly misused by police has emerged from a new Berkeley legal survey. Working on a grant from the National Institute on Drug Abuse, James F. Mosher of the School of Public Health interviewed 2,510 men between the ages of 20 and 30 to determine their frequency of marijuana use and their consequent risk of being busted for it. He found wild disproportions in the rates of busts according to age, occupation and geography—conclusive proof that people busted for grass are *not* accorded equal protection under the law as guaranteed by the Ninth Amendment.

The older a male gets, Mosher found, the less likely he is to get busted for grass. Kids between the ages of 19 and 22 show an enormous rate of busts, while men 28 or older almost never get popped, no matter how much they smoke. People who rarely smoke grass are much more likely to be arrested for it, ironically, than really heavy regular users. Though grass smoking is most widespread in the East and West, smokers in the South and West get busted most often. Big cities have the most dope smokers in the nation but the lowest rate of grass busts; rural areas have the fewest smokers but the highest proportion of busts. Students and blue-collar workers have an equal proportion of grass heads among them, though a hardhat doper is *much* more likely to be busted than a student user.

The survey also shows that black and white smokers seem to face an equal risk of being busted. And political activists face a much lower risk of grass busts than non-political "counterculture" types. Whatever motivates the police to bust kids instead of adults, light smokers over confirmed dopers, and small-towners instead of city folk, the reason is undoubtedly more emotional than political. Laws that permit the police to bust people selectively, on the basis of emotional judgments, are not only unconstitutional but dangerous, Mosher points out.

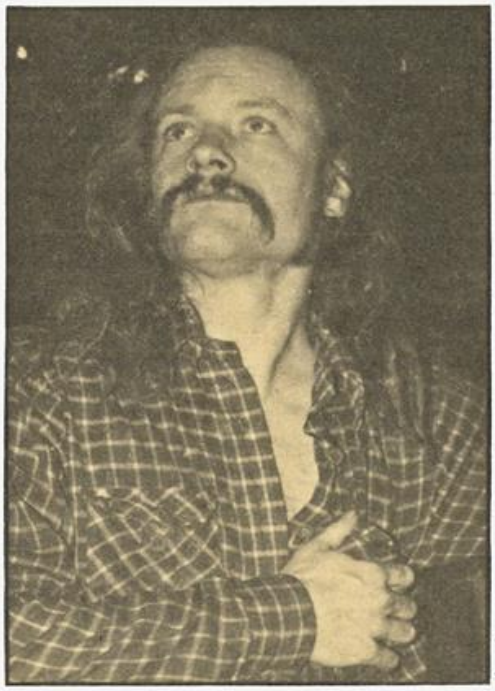
Yippie Head Named in Nebraska Dope Indictment

Yippie chieftain Dana Beal has fallen victim to a Nebraska dope dragnet. Beal was indicted by an Omaha federal grand jury along with 23 others for allegedly conspiring to import and distribute 2 tons of pot, 800 pounds of hash, and 25 pounds of Thai sticks over the past four years.

Though Beal has not been seen in his familiar New York haunts since the bust, lawyers denied vehemently that he had anything to do with the smuggling rap, claiming instead that the longtime radical organizer was being framed.

"The authorities have a long record of phony prosecutions against my client," said attorney David Michaels. "This stuff goes all the way back to a memo by L. Patrick Gray in December 1972 that ordered that 60 leading Yippies be 'gotten' by fair means or foul. This is a policy that has never been rescinded by any subsequent administration."

Sources close to Beal feel that the charges are trumped up to remove him from the scene before the 1980 presidential campaign gets underway. Beal was a key organizer of the 1968, 1972 and 1976 demonstrations at the presidential nominating conventions.



Jessica Jason

Cop Convicted in Mushroom Murders

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA—Former Parkland patrolman William Cobb, who shot two men dead for picking magic mushrooms in 1976, has finally been convicted of manslaughter for one of the deaths. Cobb had answered a trespassing complaint upon a field known to be a psilocybin patch and found two Tennessee men there gathering 'shrooms. While Cobb was clapping the cuffs on Donald Eldridge, Roger Daughtery tried to run away. After a couple of "warning shots," Cobb shot Daughtery in the back of the head. At this, says Cobb, Eldridge made a try for his gun, so he shot him in the head as well.

In court, Cobb claimed to have been in danger of his life· he even tried to have the special-for-police charge of "unnecessary killing" declared unconstitutional. The judge gave him the maximum 15 years in jail for the murder of Eldridge; he was not convicted for slaying Daughtery.

DEA Outlines R_x Crimes

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Drug Enforcement Administration has published a special bulletin for pharmacists, detailing the most common prescription ploys used by pill doctors and forgers. Apothecaries are to be on the lookout for any doctor who writes out "significantly larger numbers" of scripts, in higher quantities, than other local physicians. If a lot of people start showing up with scripts made out by the same doctor, that looks suspicious.

Forgers often slip up by writing out the wrong symptoms on their drug scripts—Quaaludes for "obesity," for instance—or by requesting both uppers and downers on the same script. People who continually show up with a new script before the old one runs out are suspicious, says the DEA, and people are *not* supposed to score drugs with scripts made out to other people—as Dr. Peter Bourne illustrated last year.

Pharmacists observing any of these peculiarities are asked to report them to the local DEA office, or the state board of pharmacy.

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National Student Leaders Stage Annual Dope Contest

by Chip Berlet





Chip Berlet

Times A-Changing Dept.: the NSA is now *a front for the Cannabis Intelligence Agency.*

Every fall, over 500 of the nation's top student leaders gather in a convention to discuss various issues in higher education. There are many workshops and meetings, but there is one conclave that concerns itself with the very highest matters: the National Joint Caucus.

Although unofficial, the 60-member National Joint Caucus (NJC) conducts an annual contest to see which college delegation has brought the best dope to the United States Student Association's yearly meeting. NJC members include student-body presidents at prestigious colleges, elected officials of state and national student associations, workshop leaders, and delegates to the convention.

NJC's fourth official meeting, to be held at a site that is prudently being kept secret, is planned for this fall, and if past events are any indication, it is likely to be a raucous event. The meeting in Boulder last year lasted almost until dawn, and cheers from the participants could be heard all over campus.

The NJC meets secretly during the student convention, and those wishing to enter herb are asked to bring five prerolled joints. Nonentrant participants pay a small fee to cover the cost of a variety of refreshments available during the judging.

"The joints are randomly numbered so that only the nonsmoking judges know who submitted which joints," explained an NJC founding member who is a congressional lobbyist in Washington, D.C. "The joints are passed around and rated by the entire group on four factors: smokability, smoothness, stonability and taste. Then, at a given signal, everyone shouts out their personal rating based on a scale of one to ten, and the judges post different figures until a group consensus is reached."

Participants admit that, while loud, the system is hardly scientific, but nobody seems to mind. Raters are advised to take their increasingly altered state of consciousness into consideration when rating the last of the 20-odd entries. When the top three entries are selected, a final set of joints is passed around in a runoff that chooses the best dope of the convention.

The winner receives a prize, usually an engraved smoking implement, and the results are announced on the floor of the National Student Convention by tricking the chairperson into recognizing a delegate for a supposedly legitimate reason. The announcement brings a round of applause as well as scattered denunciations from straight delegates who are incensed that the caucus manages to gain recognition every year.

Last year's winning entry was submitted by two workshop leaders who combined pot from their state and national student lobbying groups into a killer combination. "It worked really well in our lobbying too," said one of the winners.

In fact, one student lobbyist entered grass originally supplied by a top aide to a New York State congressman. "Remember, today's student leader is the politician of tomorrow," said a caucus member who thought many legislators smoked dope but were still afraid to openly support decriminalization.

Although the NJC is a recent innovation, similar dope-smoking contests have occurred at national student conventions for years. At one Minnesota gathering in the late '60s, a majority of the delegates came to one session stoned. When a delegate (tripping on acid supplied by the Temple University delegation) burst into the meeting and announced that the Northern Lights were visible, so many delegates left the meeting that it had to be recessed for lack of a quorum.

Several years ago the NJC scheduled its event during what most thought would be a routine convention meeting. Unfortunately, in the middle of the contest there was an important quorum call, and the entire caucus was forced to come staggering onto the convention floor in an obviously ripped procession. After voting, they all dashed back to the contest.

The "Honorary High Chair" of the committee invited entries last year in a letter to selected delegates saying: "Once again this joint meeting will examine the lofty issues of student concern. We must again ascertain the heights being reached in the various regions where the constituents of the NJC dwell. Thus, we invite you to bring substantial evidence of the local flavor of your hometown or favorite Latin American nation."

Despite the low quality of puns, the reefer is of unusually good quality, and it is consumed throughout the convention in large quantities. One dealer reported unloading several kilos of fume during the week-long convention.

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Narcs Fume over Light Smoke Raps

ORLANDO, FLORIDA—Local and DEA narcs who had spent four months setting up a 1,000-pound grass bust, and then lost the main "target" suspect, displayed great petulance when the three subordinate dealers only drew one-year sentences after conviction. Nearly 50 narcs had been in on the setup, which involved flying in 1,750 pounds of herb into Orlando's Herndon Airport and then busting a major area dope dealer with it. Things went as planned, except that after the bust the dealer jumped bail to Colombia, and when the DEA tried to locate him there, all they turned up was a notarized death certificate.

Two other defendants in the deal pulled 51-week sentences for agreeing to snitch on the dealer before circuit court judge Frank N. Kaney; a third defendant testified he had only gone into the deal in hopes of collecting $37,000 the dealer had owed him, and that when he tried to back out, the dealer shot up his car with a pistol. So Judge Kaney gave them each a year.

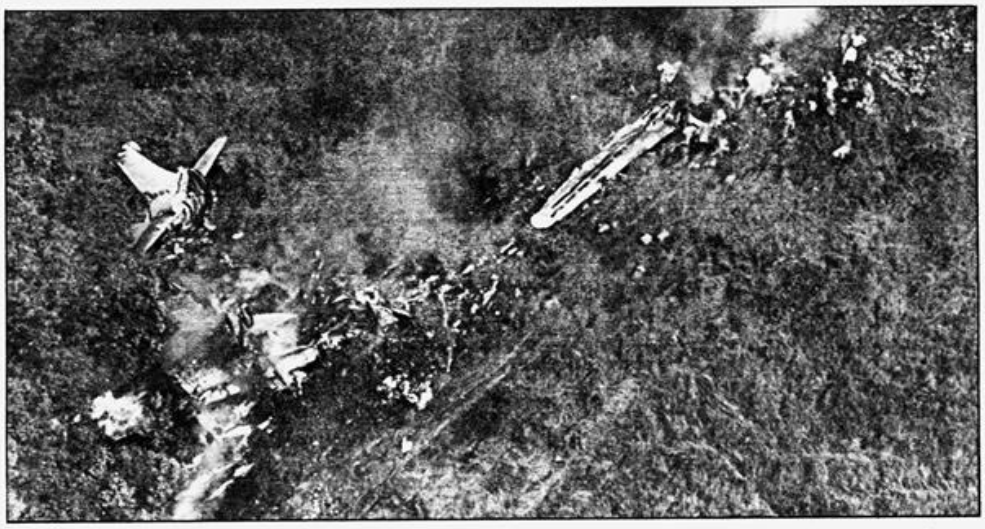
DEA agent Michael Lanfersick expressed "sharp criticism" of the sentences, which could have been 15 years apiece. "I've arrested people for ten pounds who did two, three years," griped Mike Morris of the Orlando vice squad. Explained Judge Kaney, "I don't sentence by the pound. I try to look at the whole defendant."

Secret Service Enters Drug War

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA—The U.S. Secret Service has been called in to augment the CIA and DEA narc forces working throughout Colombia. It seems that dope smugglers have branched out into counterfeiting U.S. dollars in the last few years: currently, 65 percent of all foreign counterfeit currency that slips into the United States is printed in Colombia. The undercover S.S. men are said to be working closely with the DEA and Colombian narcs since, as they put it, only "the big coke mafias" here would have both the capital and the technical proficiency to set up counterfeiting gear.

CIA Discussed Lobotomies for Retirees

LANGLEY, WEST VIRGINIA—The retirement plan for ex-CIA agents doesn't merely include the usual civil-service pension, newly released documents show, but may include brain surgery and drug-induced amnesia as well. According to a 1952 interoffice Langley memo, "disposing of blown agents, exploited defectors and defective trainees" is a major security problem for the secrecy-obsessed spy agency. "Prefrontal lobotomy," suggested the memo, "could be applied to individuals the agency was no longer concerned with in the overseas area on an experimental basis." Other documents show that the agency at the time had a program for developing "chemicals" that would cause amnesia



Wide World

In this West Virginia pot-plane crash, the crew got away with minor injuries and no busts.

Smugglers Fly into House

BAMBOO TOWN, THE BAHAMAS—Two spooked dope smugglers looking for a safe strip smashed their twin-engine Aero Commander, packed with grass and 'ludes, into a two-story house here. The men, both from Homestead, Florida, were killed, but the family of ten living in the house miraculously escaped injury. The mother, father and six children were watching TV downstairs, but two other children were sleeping in the room directly across from the plane's point of entry and were sprayed with hundreds of 'lude tabs that seem to have been stashed in the cockpit.

The cockpit was also jammed with top-notch electronics gear, including an international-band shortwave receiver tuned to the secret Bahamas police frequency. Evidently the smugglers had been about to land at nearby Nassau Airport when they heard that their plane and flight plan had been spilled by their Colombian connection, and that Bahamas cops would be waiting for them. They were clearly trying to find an alternate strip, flying below the Nassau radar, when they hit the house.

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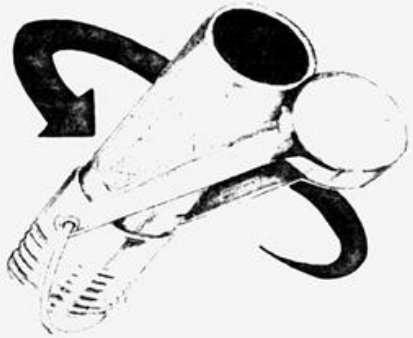


one month terrified plant officials contemplated a hasty evacuation of one of the world's most populous cities. Yet, the public was not told of this $150-million melt-down with the potential for a thermonuclear explosion until the publication of John G. Fuller's gripping account of the first, little-known "Three Mile Island." *Original publishers' hardcover edition at a big discount. $4 postpaid from Green Mountain Post Books, Box 177, Montague MA 01351.*

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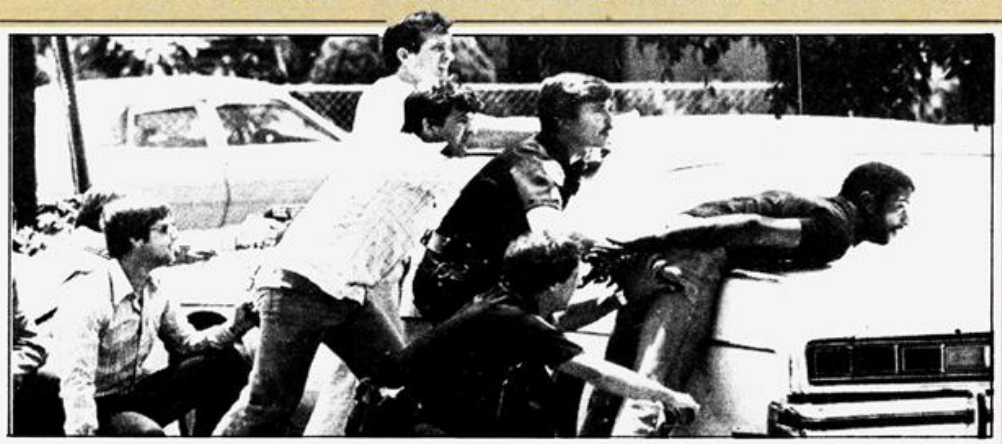
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Narcs Lose Million Pounds of Cocaine



Wide World

Miami cops use dope suspect as bullet catcher in shootout with other dope suspects. In a grass bust!

MIAMI, FLORIDA—A **"million pounds of marijuana and a billion dollars worth of cocaine"** successfully entered this country's black market via one single independent network, the Drug Enforcement Administration proudly declares, before informants tipped it to two Philadelphia/Miami businessmen who are currently taking the rap for it all. The feds popped the two guys, both in their mid 40s, scouted up some dozen other people who were supposedly involved in the outrage to some degree or other, and included them all in a lurid 105-page indictment describing 408 "overtly criminal acts" involving the merchandising of "illicit narcotics."

The acres of fume and bins of snort started oozing into the United States in 1974, according to the narcs, when the two Philly men—one a used-car salesman and the other a traveling kitchen-gadget demonstrator, both virtually penniless—persuaded a Wisconsin wholesaler to front them two and a half tons of moldy warehoused Miami weed. Within a month of the first move, it's said, the two ran a cool million in dope past the authorities. After *that*, they moved to Miami and proceeded to start making money.

The first step, of course, was to get in tight with the CIA-trained Cubanos who mosquito-boat the *marimba* in from the mother ships under contract for stateside financiers. With the subsequent proceeds, the men allegedly acquired a few local residences and a local business used "to disguise the laundering of money obtained in the organization's illicit smuggling operations."

Then they went right for the source: the former gadget demonstrator, it seems, flew to Santa Marta and was supposedly seen conferring there with a member of the politically prominent Davila family, said to coordinate air traffic at Simon Bolivar Airport in Barranquilla, after hours. The ex-salesman was also "arrested"—it's on the record—by Colombian police there, and passed $200,000 to a colonel in the Colombian military. Colombian soldiers at Simon Bolivar can conveyer-belt five tons of fume into a plane and refuel it in 20 minutes, sources have confidentially told *High Times*.

The airborne fume, coke and 'ludes mentioned in the indictment were flown to a private strip near Lake Placid, in Florida, and subsequently distributed all around the States. The alleged perpetrators evidently even hooked up their own mothership scheme, hauling cargos of *marimba* all the way up the Atlantic coast to North Carolina in trawlers that kept constant contact with a VW van which, driving along the shoreline, monitored all local and federal police radio transmissions with several receivers tuned to various "secret" frequencies.

This mother-ship business clearly incurred the displeasure of the Miami Cubanos, as it took the bread out of their mouths. Local scuttlebutt has it that the Cubanos actually flaked a few large coke shipments to Florida Customs, resulting in some expensive interceptions at Miami International. This may account for one rumor parlayed in the New York Times, telling of how a certain top Cubano *marimbero* in Miami was woken one morning by a phone call and the overhead whir of chopper blades. "Do you see a helicopter hovering around?" the caller allegedly asked. "Aboard, there is a 50-gallon drum of gasoline and a fuse. If you and your family don't want to fry, you'd better come to terms with you-know-who. You have 30 seconds to decide." It took ten seconds.

The "you-know-who" referred to was not among those indicted, dope sources suggest. Even the DEA admits that the two rags-to-riches Philly entrepreneurs may not actually qualify as "top kingpins" in the multi-billion-dollar South Florida contraband economy. The alleged "syndicate," which may or may not have been "broken up," is certainly not, as described, materially different from scores of similar independent operations currently thriving from Key West to Wiscasset.

Still, the million-ton conspiracy bust and the extravagant publicity it has gotten has deeply angered many East Coast muggles moguls. "That indictment reads like a how-to manual on how to become a marijuana millionaire!" one marijuana millionaire complained to *High Times*. "There's enough fucking competition in the trade already."

- **Broward County, Florida,** deputies lost **15 tons of Colombian** when their dope dog led them to a four-engine DC-6 sitting in a cow pasture, full of stems and seeds. But the mutt actually followed "an overwhelming odor of marijuana," as the cops called it, to a two-engine Aero Commander parked at nearby Fort Lauderdale-Hollywood Airport with **one ton of fume** in it, ready to take off.
- Fog and wet grass caused a landing Lockheed Lodestar to taxi straight off a pasture strip near **La Belle, Florida,** bounce over a retaining bank, tear one wing off on a tree, and blow the other engine sky-high. Still, the guys onboard managed to stash **two and a half tons of bales** in a nearby palmetto grove before the heat roared up. Alas, they copped the grass, along with the **15,000 'ludes** (which the Hendry County sheriff said were "barbiturates") in the cockpit. The bales left in the plane smoldered for three days.
- If you have any brains, don't get caught in Canada with any dope on you, an **Ontario** magistrate has officially affirmed in a **40-pound bust**. "An intellectual free-thinker," Judge Walter Stayshyn of Hamilton Superior Court has decreed, "is not prepared to subject himself to the laws and mode of life established for Canadians." The 40 pounds had been found in a station wagon belonging to what Stayshyn called "a member of the intellectual elite"—a sociology lecturer at McMasters University—who "has no respect for the laws regulating narcotics." The pointy-headed intellectual type got two years of tough time.

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Legal Coke Could Save Peru, Says Top Cop

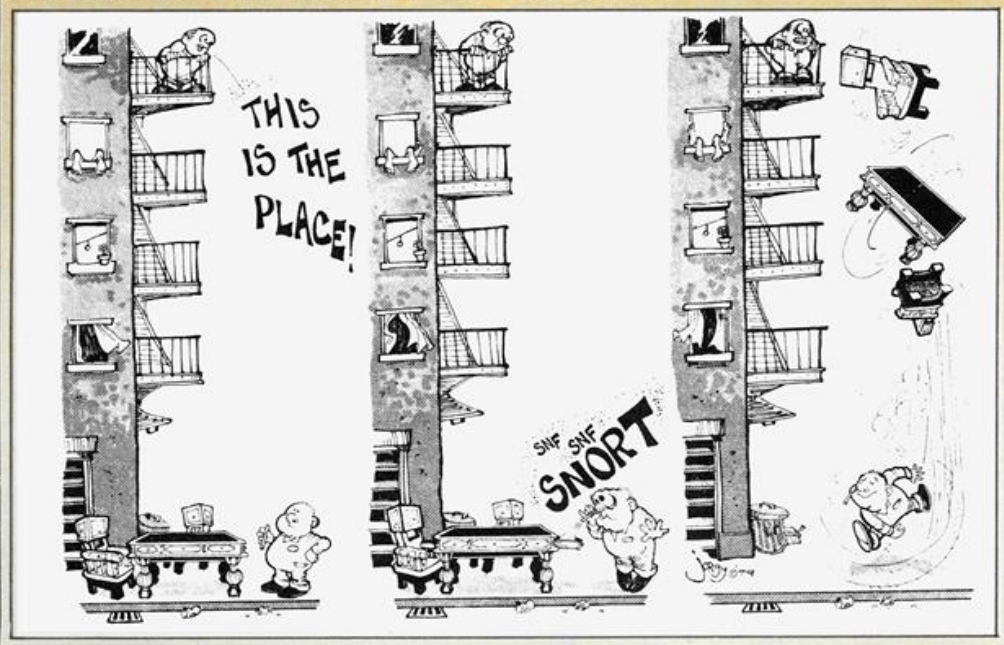
LIMA, PERU—"If we legalized cocaine," reasons one of the government's top narcotics officials, "we could straighten out Peru's financial problems overnight." This country pulls in an untaxable $3.8 billion per year from its coke wholesalers, points out Lima narc chief Andres Villanueva, whereas its legal exports only bring Peru $3.1 billion. More than six times this legal figure is owed in interest-accumulating debts to American and European banks, who, as their own balances of payment deteriorate, are becoming nastier about extorting repayment. Tax revenues from the coke trade would significantly help Peru at least pay off the interest on its national debt and maybe even facilitate some social-security relief for the country's poor, who are at the point of starvation because of Peru's triple-digit inflation.

In a sort of informal Andean survey of the horrors of the coke trade—horrors that would be immediately eliminated if coke were legalized—Peruvian officials note that coke-ring murders in Colombia have risen from 16 in 1977 to 29 so far this year, not counting numerous unsolved "disappearances" of coke movers. And in Ecuador, two top federal judges were recently pitched off the bench for "malfeasance" after two top coke capos walked out of pretrial detention pens. "Well, you must remember," points out a Quito narc, "here in Ecuador judges are paid less than $200 a month."

• Colombian coke mule Guillermo Tijeiro-Caro rang up a new world record when surgeons at **Miami's Hialeah Hospital** removed **147 coke-filled condoms** from his stomach, just before he died of a massive overdose from one that had burst. Tijeiro was on a flight from Bogota to New York City when he began experiencing breathing difficulties so extreme that the flight was diverted to Miami International. "He went fast," Dade County Assistant Medical Examiner Dr. Stanton Kessler said afterward. "It caused paralysis of his respiratory centers and he stopped breathing and died—rapidly. All it takes is one of those to kill you if it's pure."

Agents Lug Snort-Filled Furniture Up Five Flights of Stairs

DEA narcs disguised as commercial movers lugged three massive pieces of carved mahogany furniture up five flights of stairs in Harlem, New York, to plant 30 pounds of snort. The furniture, in on a Lan Chile flight from Lima, caught the attention of Kennedy Customs snoops, who found the table and two massive chairs riddled with compartments full of sneeze. So DEA narcs broke their backs delivering it, *then* got a search warrant, came back, and busted.



Hit Parade

Well, it's back-to-school time again, kids! You may notice a few new faces among your classmates this year: a few eleventh graders with terminal five-o'clock shadow, some senior girls with more bumps in the blouse than just brassiere. Well, these are narcs, see. They all have to carry guns and badges, so anybody who's *real* creepy about undressing for the shower might be asked about it, politely but persistently. And you should make sure not to deal dope with any of your new little friends until *after* you've met their mommies and daddies, and memorized their addresses. Otherwise, you might wind up in class with some of the folks in this column.

• **40,000 lbs** of Colombian aboard 70-foot tugboat *Del Mar,* hit by Coast Guard 200 miles off Miami, Florida; two Panamanians, two Colombians, one Austrian arrested.

• **36,000 lbs** tailed by Customs from Bogota, Colombia, to Panama City, Florida, with a transponder beeper; three crew busted at airport.

• **20,000 lbs**, five Cubanos, one Ecuadorian nailed aboard the *Lady Karen* 130 miles west of Naples, Florida; another *Steadfast* scoop.

• **19,000 lbs** of fume unloaded from a 60-foot yacht to a Coral Gables, Florida, canalside home; DEA surprise busts 12.

• **14,000 lbs** in truck and camper on Highway 90 near Slidell, Louisiana, hit by St. Tammany Parish deputies; seven busts.

• **14,000 lbs** Colombian aboard lobster fisher *Mayra* off Sugarloaf Key, overhauled by Florida Marine Patrol; three Cubanos nipped.

• **2,000 lbs** in an abandoned speedboat nailed by Florida Marine Patrol in Key Biscayne; four busted swimming, fully clothed, to shore.

• **1,700 lbs** commercial Colombian in a van stopped for speeding on Interstate 270 near Edwardsville, Illinois.

• **1,381 lbs** aboard private plane forced by fog to land near Cape Coral, Florida; Lee County cops plucked pilot and 34 bales.

• **40 lbs** of Colombian sinsemilla, 1.2 lbs coke, 4,300 'ludes copped after three-week investigation by Gang Crimes North dicks in Chicago; one bust.

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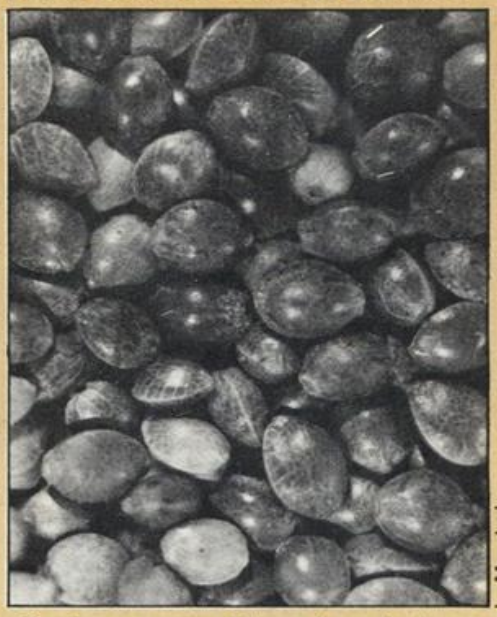
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"Pure Weight" Law Bums Out New York Cops

"Right now you could have a railroad car full of pot and they wouldn't do anything to you," gripes New York City special narcotics prosecutor Sterling Johnson. "People aren't even indicting anymore."

Prosecutor Sterling's assessment of the current New York marijuana situation may be a little rosier than conditions actually justify, but when he said this he was still reeling from the loss of a 35-pound evidence stash on the grounds that his department couldn't prove it was 100 percent pure marijuana. All charges against the defendant accused of carrying it, a Dobbs Ferry man, had just been dismissed by Westchester County Court judge John Couzon. Since 1977, New York cops have had to prove that the entire weight of any seized contraband matter—in this case, pot cleaned of stems and other nonpsychoactive contaminants—consists entirely of illegal drug material. Since the Westchester cops had only tested core samples from the 35 pounds and burned the rest, there was no way the judge could be sure that the remainder may not have been so heavily adulterated with twigs, rocks, burlap and other extraneous matter that the total weight of the drug was a misdemeanor or felony quantity. So the defendant walked, and prosecutor Sterling commenced dithering frantically. "We don't have the resources or the personnel to take every load of marijuana and determine what percentage is pure," he whined. Going through the 35 pounds would take months, he speculated.



L. Merchyl

Don't get overconfident about the "pure weight" law: grass seeds, though nonpsychoactive, still count in the weigh-outs.

Assemblyman Richard Gottlieb of Manhattan had first proposed the "pure weight" bill in 1977, pointing out that when police seize a two-pound stash of marijuana brownies, they shouldn't be allowed to charge the defendants with possession of two pounds of grass. Subsequently, when the police started clamoring about it, Brooklyn assemblyman Dominic DiCarlo proposed a bill to "rectify" the problem, but it's currently tied up in the Codes Committee of both houses of the legislature in Albany.

Westchester district attorney Carl Vergari, snorting that Judge Couzon was "reading into the law," immediately appealed the dismissal to the state district court. If Couzon's decision is upheld there, not only will the police have to begin spending a lot of time sifting grass for bugs and honeycombs from now on, but chances are excellent that nearly anybody jailed for marijuana since 1977 will have to be released. "As we read the law, we'll continue to enforce it in Westchester County," pledges Vergari. "As far as I'm concerned, previous convictions stand."

• Marijuana backlash seems to be cropping up in Great Britain, where the Legalize Cannabis Committee (LCC)—the British equivalent of NORML—has been active for less than two years. The publishing condominium IPC, which publishes "intellectual" magazines like New Society and New Scientist, has decreed a ban against running ads and public notices for the LCC. IPC chairman E.G. Cross was sharply rebuked in print by the editors of both magazines, who charged that the ban represented a managerial encroachment on their freedom to print what they choose; but Cross merely dredged up the ancient canard that "the unrestricted use of cannabis by young people can lead to the use of other drugs." This insulting reply, say LCC sponsors, sparked a wave of indignant letters to Cross from persons as prestigious as Lords Avebury and Beaumont, M.P. Colin Phipps, the Reverend Terry Tanner and Virgin Records chief Richard Branson, who cracked, "I feel sure you yourself would be similarly affronted if the private consumption of whiskey and soda were made a criminal offense."

The bouncing of LCC ads from IPC's New Musical Express is regarded by the hash lobbyists as a particularly unfair blow, depriving them of a key vehicle through which to spread information, announce meetings and concerts, and attract new members. Ironically, the Police Review has run LCC ads since the organization's inception.

• Washington governor Dixie Lee Ray has signed a bill permitting the use of cannabis for glaucoma and cancer-chemotherapy treatment, mainly at the behest of former cancer patient Corleen Hapeman, who ran a one-woman pot lobby to get the bill through the Olympia legislature. "I hesitated for a while, but I decided you are right," Ray told Hapeman when she signed the bill. "I decided that anything that could be used to relieve the pain and nausea is good."

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White Lightnin': The Thrill Is Gone

The Federal Bureau of Alcohol, Firearms and Tobacco (BAFT) has solid proof that moonshine is a thing of the past: in 1978 only 138 stills were raided in the whole country, an all-time low. Moonshine, BAFT explains, has gotten just about as expensive as legit lush lately; and since it generally tastes vile by any standards, and is often contaminated with poisonous lead, demand has been dropping. BAFT insiders also report that the most successful moonshine gangs have lately reinvested very profitably in marijuana.

• According to Colorado Springs, Colorado, cops, Fort Carson motor-pool sergeant Robert Brantley has been practicing dentistry without a license, making a collection of children's milk teeth. Brantley, 39, allegedly approached the ten-year-old son of a local police officer and asked him if he had any loose teeth. When the kid answered that one of his bottom teeth was loose, Brantley took the boy and his eight-year-old brother to a local Disney matinee, during which he hand extracted not only the loose tooth but three others—all without blood or pain, a technique that has mystified the kid's family dentist. Cops say they suspect Brantley, stationed with the 704th Maintenance Battalion at Fort Carson, of a previous tooth-pulling incident involving a boy and a girl in Memorial Park at Colorado Springs.

• Mendocino County, California, sheriff Tom Johndahl expressed appreciation last fall to the many deer hunters who reported coming across numerous blooming marijuana thickets in the course of their backwoods butchery. "It's a brilliant green," Johndahl had alerted hunters at the opening of the bloodletting season, which coincides with sinsemilla-blossom time. "Like a neon light blinking in the natural vegetation." California nimrods promptly tipped Mendocino narcs to five ten-foot plants near Lake Pillsbury and another hundred in a patch by Willets.

• West Virginia nightwatchman Bob Hanson was making a routine patrol of the offices of the American Cancer Society of Charleston when he surprised an intruder, who shot him square in the Bible over his heart. "I remember seeing a flash," says Hanson, just as the .22 bullet hit him "like a sledgehammer" in his hardcover New Testament; it passed through the Gospels, the Acts, the Epistles and Revelations and was only stopped by the back cover from penetrating his chest. Hanson was treated for a square bruise over the left pectoral at Charleston General Hospital, where he told reporters he'd been carrying a New Testament ever since a near drowning in 1965, after which he was baptized. "It gives me strength," said Hanson, 36.

The gun-toting intruder is still at large.

• To steer his team away from strong drink, Youngstown State football coach Bill Narduzzi put on a scientific exhibition involving an earthworm, a glass of water and a glass of beer. Dropped in the water, the worm flourished around and had a swell time; dropped in the beer, it died in seconds. Narduzzi asked if anyone knew what that proved.

After a long silence, junior tailback Michael Brumfield stood up. "Yeah, coach," he offered, "if you don't want to get worms, drink beer."

• Two Los Angeles parapsychologists have unearthed 50 or more phone calls from the dead to the living. Living-to-dead and dead-to-dead phone calls presumably will come later. Their two-year investigation documents calls from dead people lasting from a few seconds to a half hour. If the (living) person receiving the call knows that the party on the other side is dead, the call lasts only a few seconds, just enough to establish contact, then fades off. If the person is unaware he or she is speaking with a corpse, the call usually lasts longer.

The researchers, D. Scott Rogo and Raymond Bayless, welcome calls from anyone else in communication with the gonest of souls. Their phone numbers are: Rogo (213) 993-1799; Bayless (213) 476-3380.

• A Baltimore company is offering photoperfect tailoring and laser-cut custom patterns for men's suits. Cameras photograph your front, back, side and overhead measurements; a tailor analyzes the bulges and sags before feeding the computer the info; and within eight minutes the laser presents the pattern. Then a hand comes out with a bill for $250.

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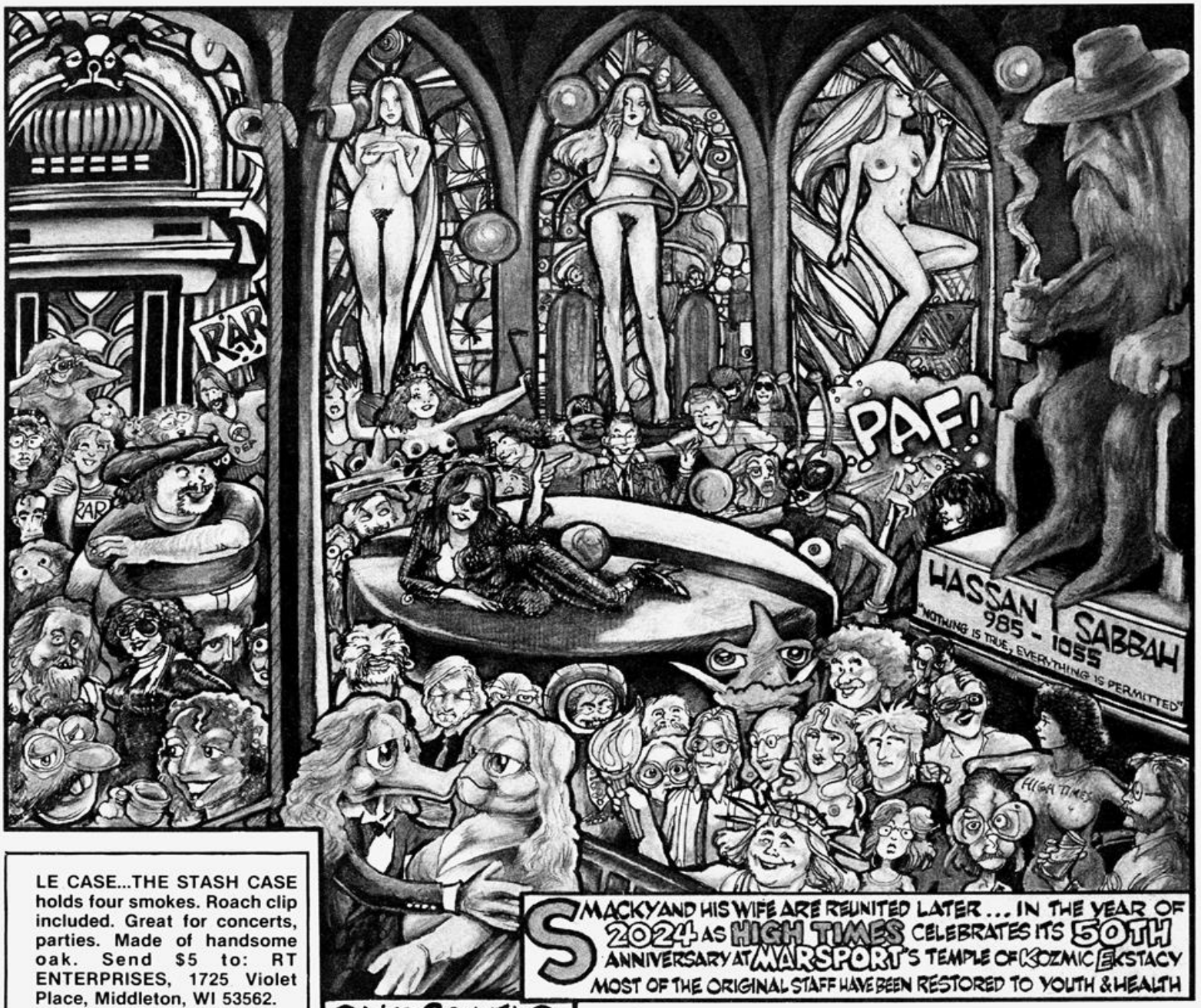
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		kilo	40-70
Water-pressed hash	instant nirvana	oz	2-3
		kilo	100-175
Shirac hash	stupefying	oz	5-8
		kilo	50-80
Mazar-i-sharif	black primo	oz	5-10
		kilo	150-250
Opium	market tight	6 pipes	20

AUSTRALIA

Domestic bush grass	forget it	oz	10-20
		lb	50-125
Domestic sinsemilla	getting there	oz	70-100
		lb	800-1200
Nepalese fingers	some slabs, A-1	oz	250-400
		lb	3000-4500
Indian hash oil	brown, so-so	gm	20-45
		oz	420-620
Domestic hash	truly shit	oz	50-100
		lb	300-500
Colombian pot	almost nonexistent	oz	60-100
		lb	700-1000
Kenyan shake	not bad	oz	80-120
		lb	900-1200
Malay sticks	super smoke	one	12-18
		oz	100-200
Mushrooms	ubiquitous	oz	50-75
Mandrax	rare but there	one	2-3.50
		100	100-200
LSD	lots of blots	one	2-5
		100	180-320

CANADA

Commercial Colombian	plenty	oz	50-65
		lb	500-750
Gold and red Colombo	scarce	oz	60-80
		lb	750-900
Hawaiian buds	Vancouver mostly	oz	180-250
		lb	2000-3000
Mexican tops	a few	oz	60-100
		lb	600-800
California sinsemilla	tough to find now	oz	200-275
		lb	2000-3000
Thai sticks	all ersatz sinse	ea	15-20
		lb	1500-2500
Cocaine	fair to middling	gm	90-150
		oz	2000-2500
LSD	blotter and tiles	one	3-5
		100	200-450
MDA	all PCP	one	3-5

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta golds, reds	megatons, slow delivery	oz	5-10
		lb	50-80
Commercial	more megatons	oz	2-4
		lb	50-80
Colombian hash	yawn	oz	10-30
		lb	100-250
Hash oil	z-z-z-z-z	oz	150-200
		lb	1500-2000
Mushrooms	burgeoning market	oz	40-75
Cocaine	bull market, a top year	oz	150-300
		lb	2000-4000

ENGLAND

Moroccan hash	average, strong supply	oz	90-100
		lb	950-1000
African grass	decent to very good	oz	120
		lb	1350
Colombian grass	brilliant, very little available	oz	120
Black Kashmir	knockout, scarce	oz	180-225
Kashmir twist	small, but good	one	6
Thai sticks	OK, nothing exciting	one	25
Hash oil	scarce	gm	25-30
		oz	480-540
Paki black	loads, to be avoided	oz	130
		lb	1450-1500
LSD	scarce, blotter	one	4.50-7.50
		100	300
Cocaine	loads, reasonable, excellent	gm	135-180
		oz	270
Opium	short supply	oz	180-300
		lb	1800-2100
Mandrax		one	1-1.50
Sulphate	acceptable quality	gm	35
		oz	600

MEXICO

Torreon violet	scarce as the Holy Grail	oz	10-15
		lb	50-100
Oaxacan tops	foot-long beauties	oz	2-5
		lb	50-90
Mexican sinsemilla	surprisingly weak	oz	2-5
		lb	30-60
Acapulco gold	world's finest pot	oz	10-20
		lb	50-100
Emerald hash	erratic, tasty	oz	20-50
		lb	300-500
Guerrero gold	here today, gone manana	oz	6-10
		lb	25-60
Pueblo gold	tops, when and if	oz	3-6
		lb	30-60
Cocaine	no buy, go south	gm	30-50
		oz	400-700
Opium	slow going lately	oz	75-150
		lb	500-700

PERU

Brown buds	jungle grass	oz	4-5
		lb	55-75
Gold buds	mountain weed	oz	10
		lb	70-80
Lechuga grass	"lettuce" pot from the coast	lb	35
Coca leaves	dry, cheap in bundles	kilo	2-3
Coca paste	toker's special	gm	1.50-2
		kilo	1100
Cocaine	90 percent pure, world's best	gm	5-10
		kilo	8500
Quaaludes	local products, poor	one	.20

SPAIN

African pot	steady but weak	oz	35
		lb	400
Spanish griffe	a pleasant surprise	oz	15-20
		kilo	400-500
Moroccan hash	lotsa	oz	40-50
		kilo	900-1200
Lebanese hash	straight from Cyprus	oz	50-60
		kilo	1500-1700
Moroccan hash oil	dark and potent	liter	1200-1500
LSD	English blotter	hit	3-5
		100	200-300
Cocaine	winner by a nose	gm	80-120
		oz	1500-2000
Quaaludes	different kinds, in quantity	100	200-400

USA

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Top-grade Mexican	resurgence	oz	30-60
		lb	450-650
Quality Jamaican	soon come, bro'	oz	30-40
		lb	425-500
Commercial Colombian	glut	oz	25-40
		lb	375-450
Connoisseur Colombian	hard to get	oz	45-60
		lb	450-600
Seedless Colombian	half-hearted sinse	oz	50-60
		lb	500-600
Colombian shake	rattle and roll	oz	20
		lb	200-275
Indian hash	smooth and trippy	oz	125-160
		lb	1000-1300
Colombian seeds	speckled beauties	lb	25
Pseudo sticks	go home	oz	75-125
		lb	750-1250
California red hair	out of season	oz	125-200
		lb	1200-1750
California sinsemilla	inflated price, thin	oz	125-200
		lb	1200-2000
Jamaican sinsemilla	market testing	oz	50-75
		lb	500-800
Moroccan hash	erratic	oz	75-100
		lb	675-900
Lebanese hash	hello, old friend	oz	85-120
		lb	1000-1400
Black Afghani hash	expensive, good	oz	150-200
		lb	1500-1800
Nepalese hash	pressed balls and fingers	oz	100-150
		lb	1000-1250
Paki hash	novelty item	oz	100
		lb	1350
Thai sticks	or so they say	one	15-25
		oz	150-175
Hawaiian	good, but overpriced	oz	150-225
		lb	1200-2200
California Indicus seeds	legal	one	1
California Indicus seedlings	six to eight weeks grown	one	75
Hash oils	Afghani to honey	gm	25-50
		oz	400-800
PCP	the pits	gm	60-75
LSD	enjoying renaissance	hit	2-4
		100	100-200
Psilocybin mushrooms	frozen, dried, fresh	oz	25-45
		lb	100-250
Peyote	flourishing	oz	10-25
		lb	100-200
Quaaludes	watch for boots	one	3-5
		100	250-350
Cocaine	prices falling	gm	60-100
		oz	900-1800
MDA	on/off supply	gm	35-60
Crystal meth	ace, if real McCoy	gm	40-75
		oz	750-1500

Alaska

Commercial Colombian	strong supply	oz	50-60
		lb	450-525
Connoisseur Colombo	resurgence, price stampede	oz	60-75
		lb	525-750
Domestic weed	good A.M. smoke	oz	25-40
		lb	100-250
Mexican weed	more than usual of late	oz	30-50
		lb	400-550
Hawaiian Puna buds	hot damn	oz	175-250
		lb	1750-2000
Hawaiian shake	best buy when around	oz	35-50
		lb	275-475
Lebanese hash	standard issue	gm	10-20
		oz	130-175
Hash oil	a honey for the money	gm	35-65
Quaaludes	roller-coaster market	one	6-15
Cocaine	like snowflakes in hell	gm	100-150
		oz	2000-3000
White cross	trucking per usual	one	.50
		100	20-35

Hawaii

Puna buds	juicyfruit, unreal stone	oz	110-160
		lb	1000-1800
Kona gold	tourists beware price hikes	oz	100-140
		lb	1000-1500
Mauna Loa	sugarcoated buds	oz	100-130
		lb	1200-1500
Maui wowie	another tourist trap	oz	100-150
		lb	1000-1800
Oahu shake	intense buzz	oz	20-40
Leaf sticks	big leaves, G.I. special	one	5-10
Mountain seeds	big as peas	four	.25
Cocaine	taste for every nose	gm	75-125
		oz	1500-2000
Amphetamines	crosses, beauts	one	2
LSD	microdots	one	2-4
Mushrooms	always in season		free

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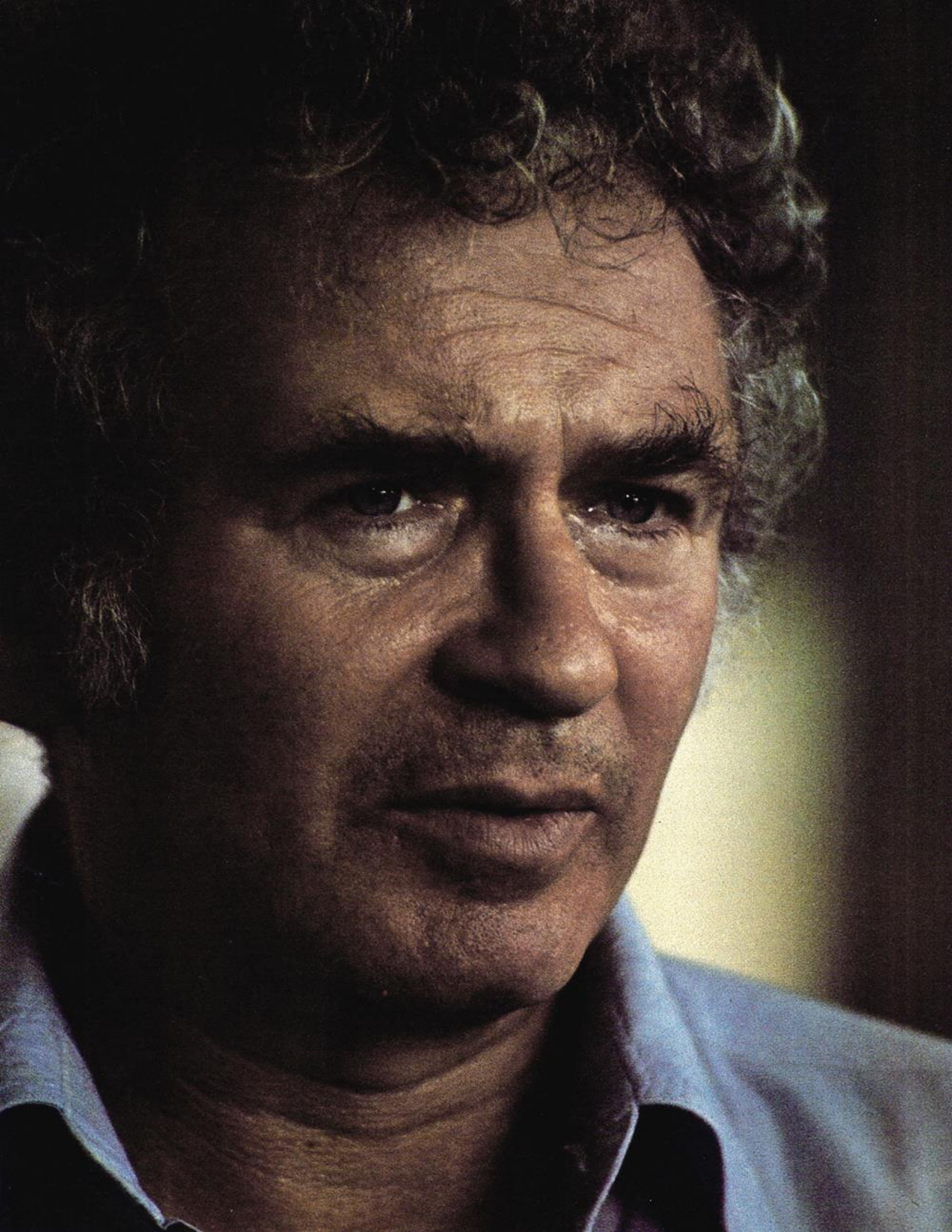
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Norman Mailer

The Champ of American Letters takes all the tough questions on art, life, death, love, hate, war, drugs, etc., from punk contender Legs McNeil

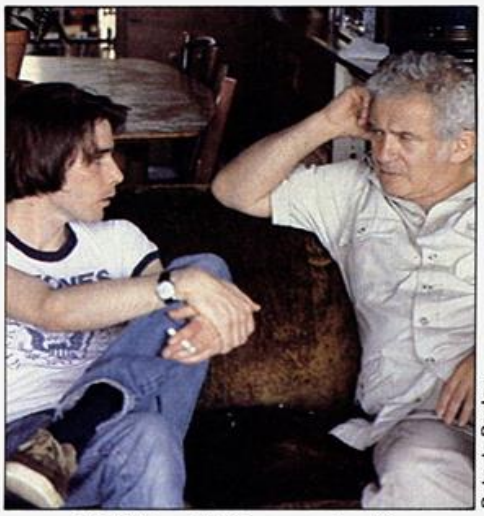
At the age of 56, Norman Mailer has the right to call himself America's Greatest Living Writer—even if he's not. For one thing, maybe he is. He is a great writer. Definitely America's Greatest Macho-Hetero Writer Over Military Age. But even if Mailer's literary genius has dimmed somewhat over the 30 years of his certified greatness, he still would maintain his position on assertion alone.

Norman Mailer has been running for Greatest Writer in America for 40 years, ever since he was a 16-year-old punk freshman at Harvard, running for the Literary Presidency as if it actually existed somewhere in the shadow of the Great American Novel. Mailer has been the champ since Hemingway blew his brains out.

He was famous at 21 with his best-selling war novel, The Naked and the Dead, *and continued to ride the crest of literary celebrity, turning even disasters into triumphs with alchemic gall.*

He has married more women than most men have fucked. He stabbed one of his wives several times with a penknife. He has owned prizefighters. Starred in his own movies. He pays more alimony than some corporation presidents make in a year.

He has been the theoretician for hipsters everywhere, whether they wanted him or not. He drank a lot of booze, took Seconal and bennies, and smoked a lot of grass. He turned into "General Marijuana" and cofounded the Village Voice, hipster newspaper, in 1956, and there wrote some historically outrageous columns, and quit in a huff.



Roberta Bayley

McNeil and Mailer squaring off.

Mailer was never afraid to air an idea, no matter how unpopular it might be, and continuously renewed his notoriety with such works as "The Homosexual Villain," written for an early gay magazine, and "The White Negro," a veritable theology of hip.

As the hipster community turned into a hippie nation, Mailer turned activist, covering the protest movement and the political machines with all the tools he developed for the Great American Novel. He also took time out from covering the big beat to run for mayor of New York in 1969. His campaign was a spectacular, and he actually won a lot of votes, for an admitted wife stabber, marijuana smoker and novelist; but of course Mailer lost. But over the years more and more hard-core New York politicos have come around to adopting many of the revolutionary planks of Mailer's mayoral platform.

In recent years Mailer has turned out interesting books and essays on an incredible range of topics, from manned space flight to feminist rhetoric to graffiti to Marilyn Monroe and ever onward. His latest nonfiction work is The Executioner's Song, *a book about Gary Gilmore, to be published this fall by Little, Brown & Company, followed by a paperback edition by Warner Books. Sometimes it seems as though he turns out a book for the bucks, but nobody does better coffee-table literature.*

The Great American Novel is still awaited. Mr. Mailer is no doubt working on it. But at least he gives us a Great American Novelist to read in the meantime.

Mr. Mailer was interviewed for High Times *by Legs McNeil, cofounder of Punk magazine, rock 'n' roll impresario, and a man who sometimes seems to be running for something himself.*

It was a Wednesday afternoon and I was sitting in Elvis Costello's room at the Sherry-Netherland talking to him and his manager, Jake Riviera, about some new tapes by Shrapnel, the group I manage. It was a real quick meeting because they were going out to dinner with their girl

friends. Afterward I was feeling kind of sick. I ran downtown to visit a couple of writer friends, jukebox experts John Tybell and Martha Thomases, and sat down. I hadn't eaten anything for three days, and the drink Elvis had given me made me feel terrible. Suddenly Martha came in and asked me if I wanted to meet Norman Mailer. I said, "Okay, give me a minute," got up and walked into the kitchen, where Mailer was standing by the fridge. Everyone was watching us because I'd been compared to Mailer in a cover story in the Village Voice a few weeks earlier.

"I'm sure you've never read anything I've written, and I've never read anything you've written, so, just to set the record straight, we're even," I began. He laughed and we had a great conversation about war for an hour, pulling beers out of the fridge every few minutes. Before the evening ended I casually invited Norman to come see Shrapnel play the following week. I thought he'd like my guys because they wear army uniforms all the time; even at home my lead singer walks around with a belt of grenades strapped across his chest. I really didn't think he'd come, so I was surprised when his secretary called a couple of days later and said Norman wanted to come to the benefit we were playing at CBGB for a fund to buy bullet-proof vests for the New York police.

That night Norman pulled up in front of the club in a Checker cab and jumped out escorting a scorching redhead, Martha's friend Norris Church, a real hot number whom only a real man like Mailer could catch and keep. Everyone looked at Norman, but then everyone looked at Norris and they didn't bother to look back at Norman. We had to lead him around the back of the club through a dark alley full of broken glass. It seemed appropriate.

We sat down at a table with four or five beautiful girls and ordered drinks. Norman really seemed to enjoy himself in the smoke-filled, tightly packed ambiance of the tiny rock club. It was so crowded he had to stand on a chair in order to see the band. Halfway through the concert he elbowed his way to the front of the crowd.

Afterward we all went back to Joey Ramone's loft to continue the party. Norman told me we had to talk alone, dragged me into a side room, and we had a big talk. He said he was the Godfather and I had to listen to him because I was just like him. He told me that he'd fucked up his life and I shouldn't be a fuck-up. Then we decided to do a big interview together and talk about everything on tape.

So the next day at noon I found myself pulling up in a cab outside Mailer's home in Brooklyn Heights. As I walked into his apartment Norman was talking on the phone, so I sat down with Norris, who was feeding her baby, who was wearing a bib with "United States Infantry" written on



Wide World

Mailer and second wife, Adele, prior to stabbing.

"We go around and we fuck our brains out and we drink our eyes out and by the time we learn enough to write great books, our fingers are arthritic, and our will is gone."

it. I was real hung over, so I didn't eat my lunch, and I was really glad I didn't because Norman spent the whole time describing how a friend of his had gotten a knife stuck in his arm and how Norman had pulled it out and tried to sew it up. After two hours trying, and sticking all this needle and thread in the guy's arm, they gave up and called a doctor.

Norman's apartment is enormous. At one end, big windows overlook the East River and ships parked like they were in his backyard. The room has 20-foot-high ceilings, and a series of ladders and ropes stretch throughout it leading across various catwalks to different rooms. He has an enormous plastic Erector Set scale model of what he thinks Manhattan should look like against one wall, and he explained to me how you could get around the city transported on a whole system of really complex electric cable cars or something, I didn't completely understand. When I started asking him questions about it he said it hadn't been perfected yet. As we walked away he knocked off a corner section of one of the model's apartment buildings. "You just wiped out 50 people!" I screamed.

"Aw, they shouldna lived there in the first place," he said. "That was a dangerous part of town. That was the slums."

I followed Norman out of his apartment downstairs to a small office he maintains in the building, a scene straight out of Raymond Chandler. He pulls out a set of keys, unlocks a door with a glass panel, and I feel like I'm in a cheap private detective's office like in *The Maltese Falcon*. Piles of newspapers and books everywhere. A small hot plate. A broken swivel chair. Norman plugged in his tape recorder, I plugged in mine, and we began to talk. Throughout our conversation the distant cries of men working on the ships and the whining of the engines of enormous cranes played in the background. Mailer is a mesmerizing storyteller. His impish eyes never left my face; they glowed at me all the time. He's so articulate I wanted to laugh all the time, because no one can talk as good as Norm.

High Times: I guess we should start off by talking about your views of masculinity, because much of what we discuss in this interview will revolve around those opinions. What is masculinity? What is power?

Mailer: Well, I think there are two kinds of masculinity, and maybe we could start with that and separate them. The women's movement always talks about masculinity as if it's synonymous with power. They talk about men having power and using power, and they equate that to masculinity. Well, there's another kind of masculinity altogether, there are a lot of dudes that you really do respect who have no power at all. They want freedom. And they just don't want anyone ever to be able to fuck them over. And they live their lives that way. Sometimes they have a certain moral authority, say a certain moral power over their friends. Their friends will tend to do what they suggest. But they don't have any interest in dominating people. They just don't want under any circumstances to be dominated themselves by anything or anybody. That kind of masculinity is interesting, because it carries you into deeper and deeper games that end in your own death ultimately.

Now with the other kind of masculinity, we're talking about guys who look for power. That means a lot of creeps are seen as masculine, for half of the people who run the world are creeps. They have an awful lot of power, and they know how to get power. Getting power in the world has very little to do with being masculine. In fact, very often it consists of the opposite, of

assiduously sucking up and at the right time biting the ass that's been feeding you.

High Times: Are you a good example of the first type of masculinity you describe?

Mailer: I try to be that, but I think I'm a poor representative.

High Times: What do you think of gay rights and homosexuality, as it relates to your theory of masculinity?

Mailer: I don't know what my ideas would be if I were growing up now. I grew up in a part of Brooklyn where certain things were demanded of you, incumbent upon you, and being a faggot was a fate worse than death. I grew up with every negative attitude you could have about homosexuals. I never was the kind of guy that believed in going on parties to find them, catch them, beat them up. I never got into that sort of life, and none of my friends did, but even to this day I notice that with my sons and their friends, "faggot" is still a real term of abuse.

I think there's something fundamental involved, very difficult and very tricky, and I don't know that I want to even approach answering it in an interview. I'm 56 now. I'm just saying, when I grew up it was so different from the way it is now. The homosexuals were so underground that you'd literally have a guy who'd be your friend for years and then find out he was a homosexual. It was almost like that. And homosexuals in those days were people who wrote assignation notes on bathroom walls.

I was in the army for a couple of years. I never knew, to my knowledge, one homosexual in the army. I never heard it ever discussed. In prisons, it's a funny thing, you can go in, on the outside, go in as a reporter as I have, and the one thing you can't ask convicts about is homosexuality in prisons. They look at you blankly like, oh yeah, yeah we got a queer down in cellblock C. It's the same code that existed in the Brooklyn streets when I was a kid. They may all be willy-nilly one way or another having to practice some form of homosexuality, two-thirds of them are, but they're not talking about it on the outside and it's absolute undercover.

So this world where a young man has to make out as a homosexual or he can't make out at all is foreign to me. I can't begin to know what I would feel and that's why I evade answering. I don't know whether I'd be highly indignant, or whether I'd be tolerant. I don't have a clue. Politically, I'm for gay rights just as I am for women's rights.

High Times: You are?

Mailer: Yeah, I am. I just don't like the idea of the government or the state dictating anything to people that isn't absolutely necessary.



UPI

Portrait of the artist at 37.

"There are worse societies than societies in which men die for their country. That's not terrible, to die for your country. What's terrible is if you die for your country in a time of horseshit."

High Times: You've had a few battles with the women's movement, and they seem to have picked you as their number-one scapegoat for a lot of their frustrations or anxieties. How do you feel about that?

Mailer: I think I was selected because I'm a reasonably large target and I'm a soft one. I doubt if I'm their number-one enemy.

There's nothing remarkable to me about women wanting to have independence in their lives or wanting to be able to express themselves. And in fact I'm even for women's liberation in one way. Society forces us to become cowards, and we want to be brave. And I would say a woman has absolutely the same right to be brave as a man, and anything that does squash them and encourage them to be cowards is bad.

High Times: What else bothers you about the women's movement besides what they say about Norman Mailer?

Mailer: They think they're increasing the amount of liberty for all people, and I think they may be advancing what may end up being the worst totalitarianism of them all, which is a technological incarceration of this whole attitude that there are no differences between men and women. I think they're working to that kind of tyranny. Unconsciously, but they're working for it. Because to the degree that we make men and women more and more alike, we're making it easier for the machine to function.

Everything in the world is narrowing down into a computer. By the time they get one computer that can handle everyone's affairs on earth they got it made. Then there's total control. So at that point if you have to deal with just one kind of unit, to wit a human person, how much better off the computer is than if it has to deal with men and women. And that is what I think is the most dangerous element in women's lib. They're not saying, look we may be a profoundly different species from men, but we have the same right to say what our rights are and fuck you. But they're saying there's no difference between men and women. I think they're demented, then.

You see, women's lib is like everything else. You get people who are serious representatives of their point of view and who are willing to live by it and die for it, and then you got a bunch who are making a career for themselves where otherwise they would not have had it.

High Times: Did you want to be a great writer?

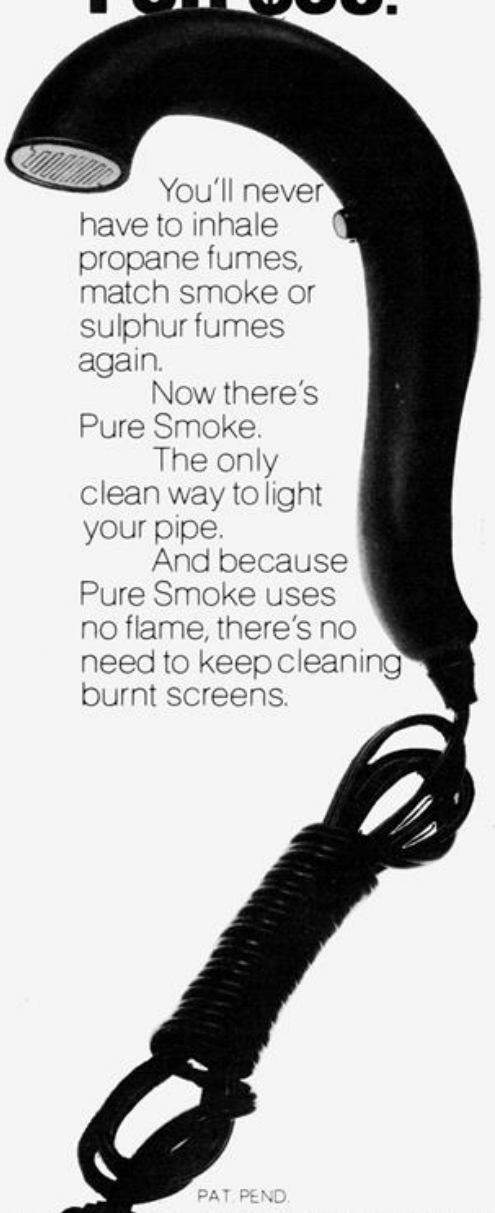
Mailer: Yes, when I was young. Now I just want to go 15 rounds.

High Times: But when you started off you had a romanticized vision. You wanted to kayo Hemingway.

Mailer: Yeah, you don't remember when Hemingway wanted to kayo Tolstoy? He gave an interview many, many years ago where he said, I forget how he put it, it was roughly, I went 15 rounds with the best, and I took so and so, and I took so and so, and five years ago I beat Charles Dickens, and so on. He said, now I'm going after Tolstoy. Something of that sort. It was an interview. He did it with Lillian Ross in the New Yorker many years ago. It got him into an awful lot of trouble and he sounded like an asshole.

And I have had my days when I've had my large ambitions, but as you get older you get a sense that that is all to the side. The size of your ambition and the top of your head have very little relation. It's not how big your ambition is at the place where you can recognize it, it's how big that ambition is in your guts. Because the last place the ambition dies is in the guts; so you can think your ambition is dead, but it'll still be stirring. In other words, at a certain

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point it may be too much of a luxury to keep the ambition alive in your head. As long as it's functioning in your guts and you're doing your work, then maybe the ambition still exists at the level permitted to you. We all go around and we fuck our brains out and we drink our eyes out and by the time we're ready, by the time we learned enough to write great books, our fingers are arthritic and our will is gone. And that's everybody's sad story.

So what you're trying to do is, you're hoping that you kept as much as you can. In other words, you kept enough intact to be able to do the big stuff at the end. Cus D'Amato, the guy who managed Floyd Patterson and Jose Torres, said the real difficulty in getting a fighter into top shape to fight is that if the man's in top shape and loses, he's got no excuse. So a guy likes to come in at 90, 85 percent of his top form. Then if he loses, he's got his copout. But if he's in top shape and he's licked, there's no out for him.

The same is true of writers, only more so, because they're not used to getting in shape to begin with. But as long as a writer is fucking his brains out or drinking his eyes out he's got his excuse. You know, "I wasn't enough of a man to lick drink." Bullshit. I wasn't enough of a man to write a big book, that's what it was. So I don't know what my ambition is. It isn't in my head every day these days.

High Times: Is there one big one that you're going for?

Mailer: Yeah, I've got 800 pages done on a manuscript, and it finally will be about 3,000 if I ever finish it.

High Times: Who are you going to lick if you finish it?

Mailer: Myself.

High Times: You're not looking to kayo anyone else?

Mailer: When you get older, you stop thinking about: is so and so better than me? It doesn't really matter. These days, when I hear some guy around my age has written a very good book, my feeling is hey all right, okay. Because I know what it means by now. There are writers I haven't spoken to in 20 years; I feel more brotherhood for them now than I felt 20 years ago when we were supposed to be friends and were envious as hell of each other. Because I know what it means to write a good book. If they can do it, maybe there's more hope for me.

High Times: Is writing romantic?

Mailer: No.

High Times: Not at all?

Mailer: Not at all. Not in the act. It's romantic before and after. It's romantic in that it makes you more romantic. Women look at you more romantically, yes. You can feel romantic about yourself when a book is done. Or the best part of writing a book is when you're thinking about the book. The ideas begin to come. The book is beginning to open. You certainly feel good about yourself. But the daily grind is deadly. It's killing. It's why people don't write.

There's something about going in every day and facing that empty page. The amount of character you need over the years to do it. I know by now if I'll be writing for the next four or five months, my weight is going to balloon up. My health is going to go. I'll start coming down with gout and arthritis, which I do every time. It's like the act of thinking that hard that many hours a day produces poisons in my system that hit my joints and my bones. You live in tension.

"Bad aesthetics creates bad governments and bad people. What we have on TV is the worst art in the history of civilization."

You live the same kind of harried life a businessman does. He's got 18 things in his head. He's got to worry the whole day. He can't quit his job at five o'clock. He stays with it all the time. You're hard to get along with. All that. And then you go in every morning and every morning you got to get yourself in shape to face that page.

High Times: How do you overcome the mental obstacles?

Mailer: I do it because I'm a pro. The one thing I can say is I'm a professional. You give me a job and tell me how long I have to do it, and I'll do it.

High Times: How do you pick your subjects? Do you feel your reputation is at stake because you picked pop subjects like Marilyn Monroe and Gary Gilmore?

Mailer: A lot of it is economic. Every year I've been getting deeper into debt. Each year a book has come along that offers temporary alleviation to that crisis. The Marilyn Monroe story because I was invited to do a preface for a book of photographs about Marilyn Monroe and I was going to get 50 grand for the preface. And I thought this is the best thing that was offered to me in a long time. I always loved Marilyn Monroe. The thought of sitting down and studying all her movies and then writing a preface and getting 50 grand for 10 or 15 or 20 thousand words struck me as terrific.

So of course what happened is I went on to write a biography of her. And I have a hunch it's one of the three or

four books I'll be remembered by. But it all happened by accident. I didn't sit down and say, my aesthetic purpose now is to write a biography about Marilyn Monroe. Only a preface.

And the Gilmore book started the same way. It looked like an awful lot of money for 100,000 words and 300 pages, and it ended up being 1,700 pages and 400,000 words and got me deeper in debt.

High Times: John Holmstrom in Punk magazine did a review of *Superman*, and I took this quote from him, which I feel really sums up America. I was wondering if you want to comment about it. I quote: "The film goes right over critics' heads. Critics hate comic books. Comic books are trash. But as we all know, America's glory is in its trash. America produces more trash, better trash, than anybody else. And if it can't be thrown away, it's useless."

"Cocaine puts me in a very ugly mood. The only time I feel a deep animosity toward women is on cocaine."

Mailer: Maybe I'm a little conservative, but I think the problem is getting rid of the fuckin' trash.

High Times: Why?

Mailer: Because if you don't, you choke in it. That's what's happening now. TV. I think the American disease is TV. You got people watching shit six hours a day. There's nothing life-giving about that shit. Why the fuck do I have to have my attention interrupted by a commercial?

High Times: So they can be on the air and sell something.

Mailer: Bullshit. They can be on the air another way. Those commercials are part of the waste. America has become a garbage economy. Those huge resources given to armaments are pure trash. It's not a way to be serious about war but to keep a trash economy going. Why, about the time they start getting serious about war, and start having war games between nations, they will need one-tenth the size of the present-day armies.

High Times: Why?

Mailer: We've gotten to a point where you can't have a major war any longer because it will destroy everything. However, the creeps keep acting as if they are going to have that major war, so they have armies that are very, very large.

High Times: Yeah, but they have small wars now.

Mailer: Let me get to my next point. The reason they have those large armies is because as long as they have a large army they can run the machine their way. Everything has to be run to support that fuckin' large army. That large army becomes a third of our national economy. You see, they're so pious. They all say: Well, war is horrible; we're trying to avoid war. As you say, there are small wars all the time. If we could agree that there's nothing wrong with a small war...That there are worse societies than societies in which men die for their country. That's not terrible, to die for your country. What's terrible is if you die for your country in a time of horseshit. It's terrible if you die for your country for the wrong reason, for a war that shouldn't have been fought, that didn't need to be fought, that didn't involve the country's destiny but just involved various power plays by various power brokers. From the First World War on, that's what's been horrible about war. The Second World War wasn't completely horrible. There was something going on. There was a real philosophical battle of large dimensions.

Then, after the Second World War, it looked like we're going to have a war with Russia. All during that time we didn't have any politics, all we had was anti communism. That served as a smoke screen for the corporations in America to take over America. I'm willing to say that in the ten years following the Second World War, the American corporations got five times more powerful than they had been in the '30s. And by now they're ten times more powerful than they were 40 years ago. They run everything in this country. Now they don't run it as a fascistic totalitarian dictatorship, in that they don't get together and they don't have a leader, but they have created a community of opinion that's terribly single-minded and very dull. Very stultified. They created a kind of boredom for the center of American life that's hideous.

You look at those goddamn superhighways, they're the dullest fuckin' roads in the history of Christendom. They create a world in which you drive on these highways at 55 miles an hour. Drivers get cancer from fighting to keep from falling asleep. Does anybody ever measure that? So there are 5,000 less people killed on the highway every year because we go 55 miles an hour. But how many people die of cancer who used to go out and get in their car and drive 80 and get their rocks off and have a little self-respect for themselves? Now they can't.

(continued on page 49)

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I'm exaggerating to make a point, but they sicken a little bit. To go out on a highway now and take a drive is to sicken a little bit.

High Times: You're saying everything is dull.

Mailer: They're taking the zip out of everything.

High Times: But communism is so much more boring. At least in America you can go and make your own zip. You won't make too much money off of it . . .

Mailer: Yeah, there's more freedom here. I'd never say there isn't. I think we have something nonexportable in America, to the degree that American capitalism is serious as an achievement. I don't give a damn about the communist countries. This is the only country I know and I've lived here all my life and I think to the degree we have freedom we're a great country. But I think that we're having less freedom every year. And that worries me much more than the communists taking over the world. Because I think it's meaningless to take over the world as such. We're talking in 19th-century terms. The more the communists take over the world, the less they'll be able to manage it. I've been saying this for 20 years. The moment the communists get power, they have to fight against themselves because they're cannibalistic. Wherever you have a totalitarian vision of existence you cannot permit the differences of opinion that a democracy can accept.

High Times: How are we losing our freedom every year? I don't see it.

Mailer: Let me just finish on communism. I want to nail that down. The reason I think the communists are winning all over, as you put it, is not that they're winning but they are able to fill a vacuum that we're not able to fill. We do not have a capitalism that's exportable. We have a degree of capitalism that works well because we have had 100 years of training people to work in industry, to learn techniques. We're a highly skilled country. That's the one thing you can't export. Besides, we're not prepared. We do not have the kind of vision in our people to go out in foreign countries and teach what we learned. It means not spending three years over there and teaching the natives how to work their factories, it means giving your life to it absolutely, and we're not that kind of country anymore. We just aren't. We may never be again.

So I think that the communists will take over the world to a great extent. I don't think it will mean a damn thing. Because I don't think they will ever take over this country unless this country is there to be taken over. So I don't think the defense of this country is a huge military system that swallows everything and affects everything we do. I believe the last thing the Russians would ever want is to occupy us. It would be a nightmare for them. It would be the destruction of communism forever if they would try to occupy America. They cannot take us over that way. They just simply can't in my opinion and they never will try to. I think that a large army is a lot of horseshit. I think that atom-bomb stuff is a lot of horseshit. I don't think we need any more atom bombs. We need to defend ourselves if we're attacked first. Beyond that it's all horseshit.

High Times: It seems to me our culture is our best weapon and if we played rock 'n' roll we could take over China.

Mailer: In 50 years we would certainly put a dent in them with our music. Yeah, our music and our painting have had a huge influence on the world. The only things that have.

But you asked me what I think is killing things in American life. All right, I think that television is destroying everything. One of my ideas is that bad aesthetics creates bad governments and bad people. The artist has a huge responsibility, because every time the artist does something that's cheap or shitty it affects a lot of people adversely. Art doesn't just improve people, it also deteriorates them. And what we have on TV is the worst art in the history of civilization. It's being given out on television every night.

It's bad because the corporations don't want anything good on TV if they can help it. It's bad because whatever we do have that's reasonably good is interrupted constantly. These interruptions are terrible.

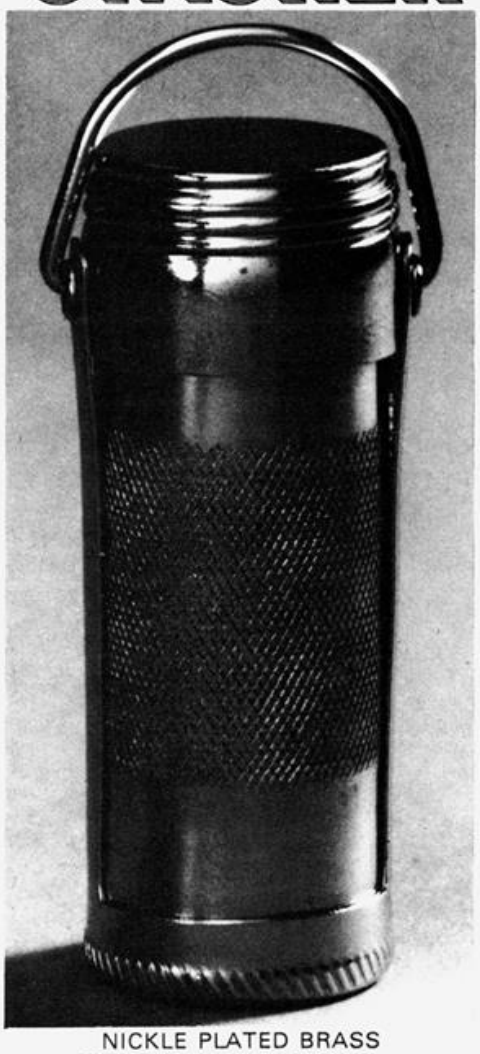
High Times: The commercials are great. I sit around with friends and they look at one commercial and everyone just shakes their head and goes, no not that one. But then when the Charlie commercial comes on, everyone's jumping up and down. People who know good television watch stuff like "Green Acres," which is so much better than Ionesco, so much more absurd than Ionesco could ever be.

Mailer: Look what you're saying. People are sitting around all evening sometimes, sitting around for two or three hours to wait for that one good commercial. Boy, that's a hell of a way to spend a night.

When I was a kid I used to sit on the stoop and wait for a girl with beautiful knockers to walk down the street. We'd spend hours all night waiting for that one girl with beautiful knockers to walk down the street. She'd walk by and they'd jiggle and we'd all go wow. I submit that as a better way to waste three hours than watching a TV set for the

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one commercial to come on.

I got a kid who's 13 watching TV all the time, and he does just what you're talking about. He'll go wow, and he'll get up and do a little dance. But he's a very bright kid who can't think nearly as well as he would like to because he's used to being interrupted. It's very hard for him to keep his mind on something for more than 10 or 12 minutes. Every 10 or 12 minutes he's got to get up and do a little war dance.

High Times: But that's good, though.

Mailer: No, that's bad.

High Times: It teaches you to skim . . .

Mailer: No, that's bad. It's good if you've got an instinct not to spend too much time on the wrong subject, to know to get up and move to something else. But it's bad if you can't spend time on the right subject. What if there comes a time in your life where you've got to spend 42 hours in a row regarding the same subject? Because a lot of other people depend on you to be able to do it. These kids are being raised to be physiologically incapable of that. They're punch drunk from commercials.

When you think of the money that's put into making commercials, they're really abysmal. Trash economy.

High Times: I like a lot of them. The one where they grow the spaghetti. That's great. Everyone in America thinks they grow spaghetti now.

Mailer: My kids think I'm demented, sometimes I'll walk in the room, they're watching TV and suddenly I'll go into my act. And I'll say, look at those fuckin' idiots on the screen, look at them, they're all hysterical. I say, you fuckin' idiot kids, you sit here and you watch that shit hour after hour after hour, you ought to be hung up by your heels, you're insane, you're maniacs. They look at me like, oh God, there he goes again, can't even watch TV in peace. But in fact I find it a kind of blanket hysteria.

There it is, that little screen with the colored dots. There's never a deep somber moment on TV. There's never anything truly restful when you're watching TV. There's never aesthetic satisfaction in TV. There's always, as I say, this hysteria. I've come to believe that the people who own TV all have this feeling that they're living in a kind of purgatory. There's something about people on TV that inspires guilt, because it's a hollow sensation.

If you're speaking in a theater and you step onstage, that's an extraordinary sensation. You never have to worry about your reason for being there when you're on the stage of a theater. It's animal. But you get in a TV station, it's a little bit like you're going to visit a doctor to get X rays. It's hollow. It's a tremendously hollow sensation. And everybody who's on TV is hollow. All the entertainers are hollow people. They're the oddest people. They can be nice people, or unpleasant people, but they're hollow. You really feel as if you're talking to a sort of stainless-steel cylinder that's empty on the inside. I think it's partly because they're doing something that's not life, that in the deepest, ethical, moral sense they are vitiating human existence, just eating it away from the inside.

TV isn't like bad movies or bad theater. When you go see bad theater, there are people next to you, there are smells in the place, there's a human odor to the joint, there's a mood of the audience, there's a reaction between actors and yourself. You can get up and you can walk out. You can learn something from the experience. But TV is alienated from existence. On top of everything else you never even see the thing that happens. The moment TV went from live TV to canned TV something fatal crept into TV. I believe that. You see, it's one thing if you get on TV and you're saying something and there are 500,000 people listening or 50 million, and the moment you say it they hear it. They hear it in relation to the time of day. But when you can it and it comes out a week later at a different hour of the day, there's a warp.

High Times: Are there any taboos left to write about in American society?

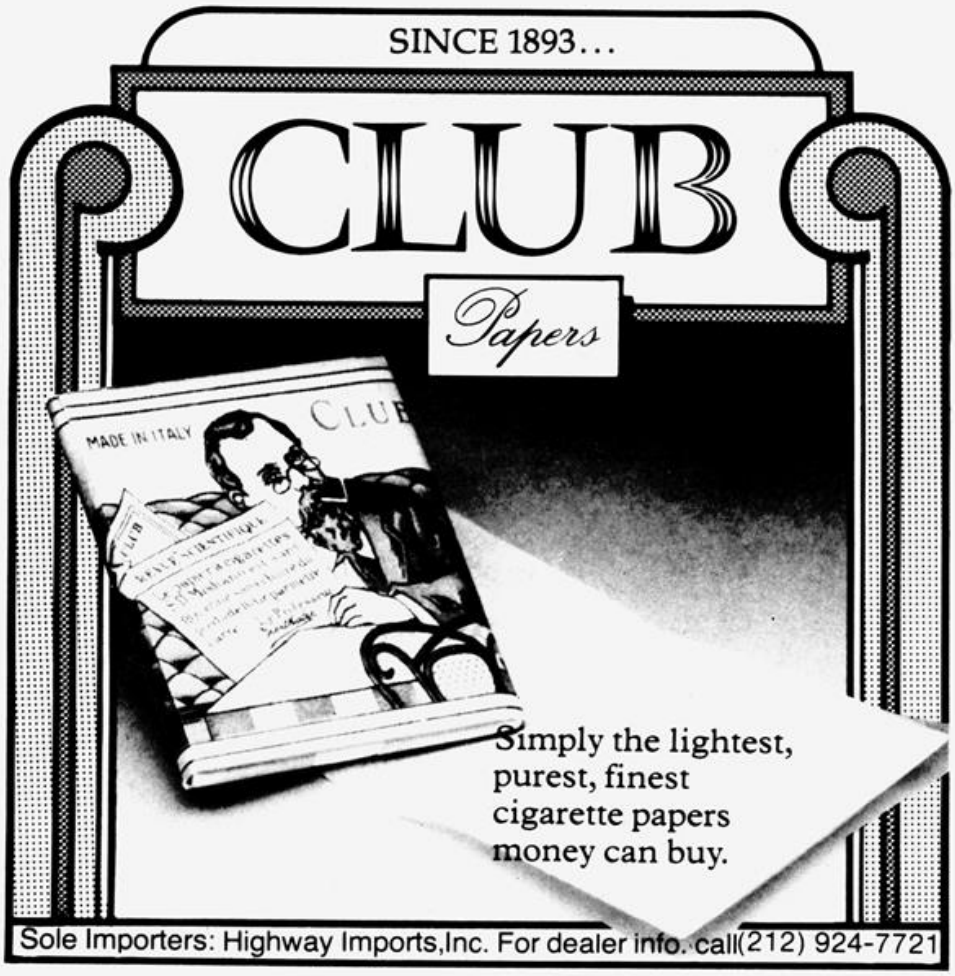
Mailer: Taboos? I think there are things that are expensive. I think it's very difficult to be against the women's movement in America today. A couple of other taboos. It's very difficult to be anti anything ethnic at all. Name any ethnic group—Jews, blacks, Italians, Irish—it's very difficult. No, there are no taboos the way there were. The problem is, it's not taboos at all, really. The problem is how to make sense of the chaos. It used to be that you had the idea my enemies were over there and my friends were over here and we're going to meet and battle at 14th Street and Third Avenue on Saturday at 11 o'clock. And it was all very simple; there were barricades.

High Times: There was clarity.

Mailer: Yeah. Then there might be arguments about who won the battle and how it took place and who's a hero and who's a villain and all that. But that was relative clarity. But now if there is a battle, you don't know when it's going to take place, you don't know who the heroes are, you don't know who the villains are, you don't know whether you yourself are a hero or a villain, you don't know where the enemy might be found. You don't know if there is such a thing as an enemy even. We're living in a chaos. We're living in a garbage can







now, which is allowing all those bright remarks about trash.

High Times: When we were talking the other day, you said you considered yourself a fuckup. Do you think your actions court disaster?

Mailer: A fuckup on my own terms. There are a lot of guys that are bigger fuckups than me.

High Times: Do you feel you have the right to commit artistic suicide, to deliberately fuck up?

Mailer: No, that doesn't appeal to me.

High Times: Not at all?

Mailer: Quite the contrary. You know, my parents during the Depression were very respectable middle-class people, working very hard. My father was out of a job, that kind of thing. Security meant a great deal to them, and I was brought up with the idea that you've got to do a very good day's work. That was instilled in me. So I'm really apart from this generation, who considers fucking up an interesting way to express yourself, a way to do things.

High Times: How do you consider yourself a fuckup?

Mailer: Oh, I think I've lost a couple of books over the years I could have written, but I've been too absorbed in myself and my problems. To be an artist you've really got to be able to rise out and above yourself and stay above yourself long enough to get the work done. And there were years when I just sort of swam in my own self-pity for too long.

I think I'm a fuckup for having gotten into debt. There was no reason for that.

High Times: Did you ever go to dry out?

Mailer: I never was that kind of drinker. I could drink mighty amounts when I was younger, but then the next day I never found any great need to drink. My head would be no good for 48 hours, but my body...I would just have a rosy day, not do any thinking and just idle along. I could afford to in those days. The only time I ever drank heavily day after day was when a marriage was breaking up. All men do at such times. It's the weirdest thing, but men who almost never drink would be drinking all the time if they break up with their woman. It's that rupture of habit that just drives you up the wall. So, no, I never came close to drying out.

High Times: You were committed to Bellevue.

Mailer: Yeah.

High Times: What was that like?

Mailer: Well, that was very interesting. You see, I had stabbed my wife, so I had a criminal lawyer that my regular lawyer had gotten in a great hurry. I met the guy and we shook hands and said hello, and before I knew what he was doing he was getting me assigned to Bellevue. I spoke out against it at the

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time; I was very upset, because my feeling was I committed a crime. All right, let me go to prison, and he wanted to get me into Bellevue. I didn't know the ropes then, but that's the way you get somebody out. You put them in Bellevue. You see, at that point, no one knew if my wife was going to die or not. He was thinking as a criminal lawyer. If the wife dies, let's save this guy's ass, let's have him in a mental hospital. That's the way the legal mind works. So there I was in this mental hospital. My feeling was, if I don't get out of here, I am going to go crazy. There's no way not to if you're in a mental hospital. If you're sane in a mental hospital and you stay there for a year and you're at all sensitive to your environment, as I am, you adopt your environment. I'm a chameleon. If I'm around 20 psychos, I would pick up psycho mannerisms very quickly.

High Times: I was committed.

Mailer: Well, you know what I'm talking about.

High Times: They keep everyone on drugs. As long as you don't take any of the pills that they've given you, it's kind of interesting to watch everyone.

Mailer: I stayed off everything.

High Times: The same with me.

Mailer: In fact, I hadn't been smoking when the thing started; when I got into the trouble I was about six days out of not smoking, and I stayed off cigarettes all the way through. I was in Bellevue for 17 days. I wouldn't take any Thorazine. And I remember I was walking a tightrope. But the main thing was getting out. I mean, it was fascinating because you had to be not too much of anything. I've never been in a situation like that ever in my life. You couldn't be too friendly. And you certainly couldn't be too aggressive. You couldn't be cooperative. And you absolutely couldn't be uncooperative. You couldn't be too concerned with your case. You couldn't be indifferent to your case . . .

High Times: Why did you stab your wife?

Mailer: That, I don't like to get into. Someday maybe I'll write on it.

High Times: That comes back to women. I mean, do you hate women?

Mailer: No, I don't hate women. I get very irritated with women in a way different than the way I get irritated with men, but I don't believe I hate women.

High Times: Did you when you were younger hate women?

Mailer: No, no, I had a life where, to begin with, I was surrounded by a lot of women. I had a lot of aunts, there were my mother's sisters and my mother, and they were all very close and they all loved one another. They were very nice ladies, my aunts. I had three aunts in particular who were really terrific

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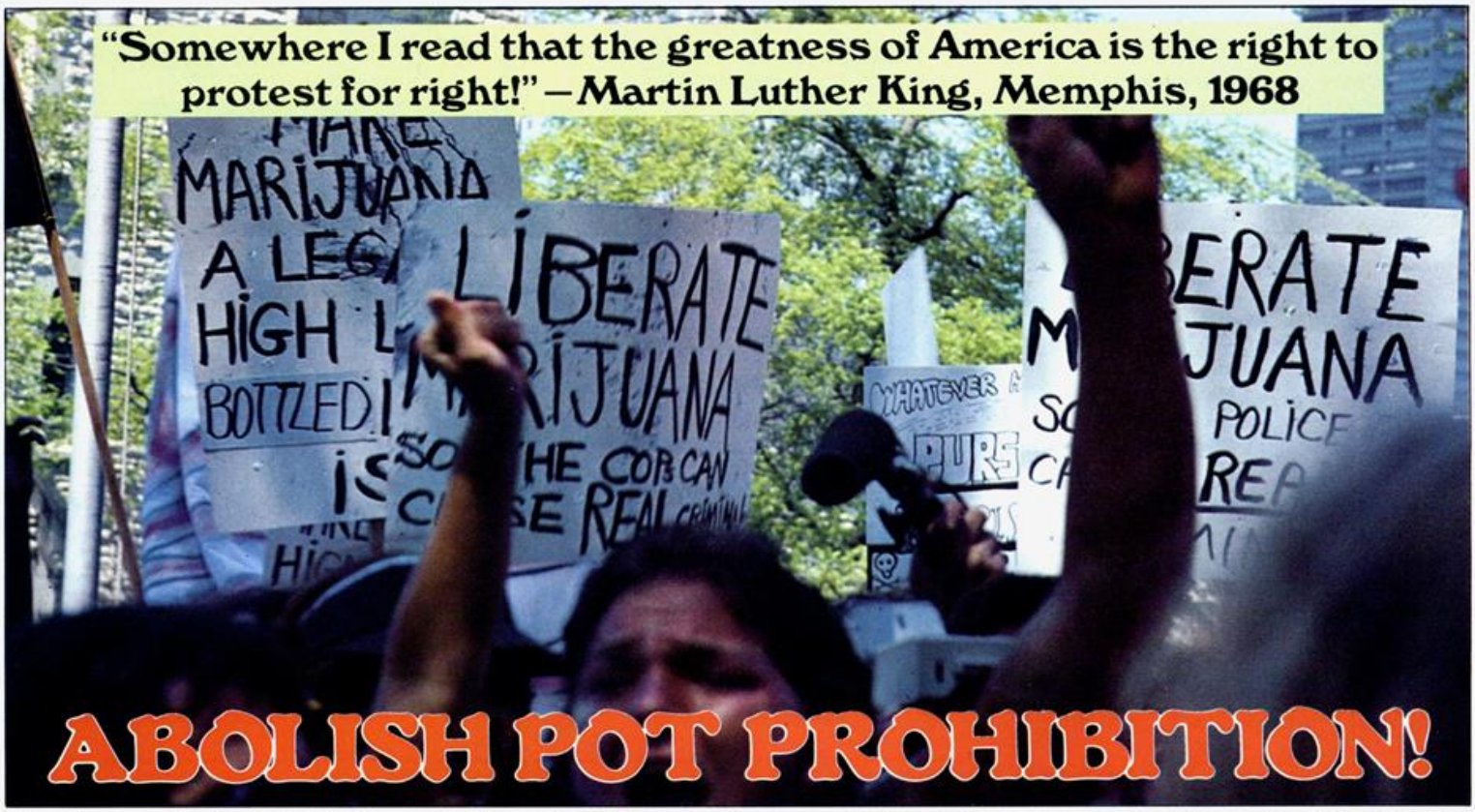
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women. And they had daughters. So I grew up with all these relatives, a lot of female relatives, very few male relatives. And I always remembered women as sweet and loving; I was spoiled. I would say I wasn't ready for marriage in the sense that I just wasn't ready to realize that women can be as tough, demanding and insensitive as men. I was used to women who gave you what you wanted all the time.

Now, as far as animosity toward women goes, that's another matter. I think there's not a man alive who doesn't have a profound animosity toward women, because women are in possession of a secret that we don't have. Just as women have a profound animosity toward men. You can't find a woman alive that doesn't feel a deep animosity for a man because men are able to do certain things more easily than women. So I think men have this animosity in return toward women. I think it's a part of the human condition. I think the fact that women are closer to existence is something men never get over. It's a fundamental shock. They're one step closer to God than we are. They continue the human race through their bodies.

High Times: I think they're closer to the devil.

Mailer: Well, if you were the devil, wouldn't you get closer to anything that's closer to God? I mean, if I'm a good hard-working devil, I'll make it my business to get anywhere that God is, I'll make it my business to get closer.

High Times: Do you believe in the devil?

Mailer: Oh sure. I believe he exists.

High Times: What does he do? How does he haunt you?

Mailer: The devil? If I were sure, I probably wouldn't tell you, because why give him road maps. Haven't you ever noticed if you put something on the air, it hits you. Did you ever have that feeling you told somebody something, you don't know why . . .

High Times: I don't know, I like to throw myself into those situations sometimes.

Mailer: I do too. I love to throw myself into situations. And when I was younger I did an awful lot of it. And most of it when I was drunk. When I'm drunk I have no fear of the devil.

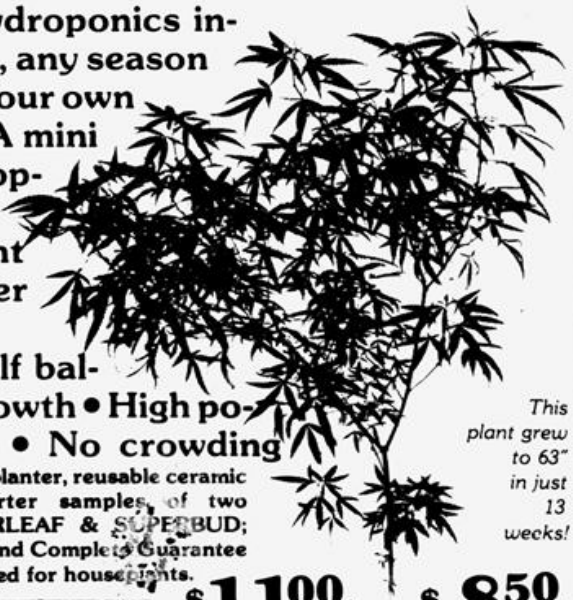
High Times: When you wrote "The White Negro" in 1959 your theory was that since we're living in an atomic age with atomic bombs hanging over us and we could die anytime, we should live in the present and enjoy ourselves like the Negro did. Everything is just so fucked up, so live in the present. Has that changed now? Would you revise "The White Negro"?

Mailer: You have to revise it, because after all, the black revolution took place

(continued on page 107)

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This plant grew to 63" in just 13 weeks!

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Walnut Creek, CA 94596
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Address _____

City State Zip

Enclosed is my check/money order* for:

_____ 5" GroWing syStem $ 8.50 ppd. _____
_____ 7" GroWing syStem 11.00 ppd. _____
_____ SUPERJUICE Twins 8.50 ppd. _____
_____ 15 Color 'Wing' T-Shirts 6.00 ppd. _____
☐ MEN ☐ WOM ☐ S ☐ M ☐ L ☐ XL
☐ BLK ☐ YEL ☐ NVY ☐ LT. BLUE
Cal. Res. Tax 6½% _____

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_____ Total $ _____
EXPIRATION DATE

VISA ☐ MASTER CHARGE ☐ #

*Certified checks and money orders shipped immediately

SOLD AT BETTER HEAD SHOPS EVERYWHERE



HIS Hig

1974

A century of reefer action in five years; or, time

It's not just your distorted sense of time. You have been reading this magazine for five years. But just in case you haven't—or you have but were high most of the time—this article will fill in those embarrassing memory gaps.

Back in 1974, there were 29 million dopers in America, and the government arrested a half million of them. The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) had been active for five years, but only the state of Oregon had decriminalized. American helicopters sprayed deadly herbicides in Turkey and Mexico. Billions of American tax dollars fueled a dope-war machine that violated human and national rights abroad and constitutional rights at home. And mass media ignored it all.

Even so, 1974 wasn't a bad year. Nixon resigned. And beside a legendary tank of nitrous in Greenwich Village the magazine of high society was born. For the first time since the press conspired with the government to outlaw pot in 1937, America was getting the stoned straight dope on dope. It went something like this.

1974 The Vietnamization of the Dope War

Reefer Reform

Americans oppose decrim 49 to 36 percent.

The cities of Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti, Michigan, decriminalize.

Pot Policy

President Richard Nixon gears up his year-old Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) for the Vietnamization of the dope war. The plan: deport the conflict to its nations of origin, thereby defusing public outcry over Nixonian enforcement tactics and guaranteeing new markets for war industries threatened by the Vietnam pullout.

Senator James Eastland warns his Internal Security Subcommittee that America risks being "largely taken over by a marijuana culture—a culture motivated by a desire to escape from reality and by a consuming lust for self-gratification and lacking any higher moral guidance."

The Senate holds hearings on pot for the first time in history.

Senators Jacob Javits and Harold Hughes cosponsor a pot decrim bill for the second season running.

Reefer Madness

Nixon meets with media executives to plan an anti-dope blitz for movies, radio and TV, pushing harsher federal controls for pot and all drugs.

Dope Wars

In June the DEA begins its first major paramilitary action abroad, Operation Buccaneer, reportedly "at the request of the Jamaican government." Its object: destroy the island's third-largest industry and intimidate the 70 percent of the population who support it. American aircraft, helicopters, flamethrowers and herbicides scorch one-fifth of the island's surface. Jamaican officials cooperate with U.S. Customs and Coast Guard in the first massive sea busts in the Windward Passage and Yucatan Channel, severely hindering the flow of





High Times #1. Summer '74: Americans protest cattle-prod torture in Mexican prisons.

...TORY



...flies when you're having fun • by Pamela Lloyd

1979

ganja from Jamaica to the Florida peninsula.

Mexico replaces Turkey as the main source of illegal heroin for the U.S., and anti-dope aid to Mexico increases. Young American and Canadian pot and coke convicts in Lecumberri Prison, Mexico City, stage a 12-day hunger strike to protest beatings, cattle-prod torture and forced confessions. The Kissinger State Department ignores their pleas for help.

New Turkish prime minister Bulevit Ecevit lifts opium-growing ban, which the U.S. had paid Turkey $35 billion to impose in 1972.

USSR bans opium-poppy cultivation.

Narc World

DEA director John Bartels, Jr., announces in March that heroin use is down from its 1969–70 high.

DEA launches a highly publicized anticoke offensive with local spying and entrapment campaigns like the embarrassing Operation Snowflake in Aspen, Colorado.

Customs blockades the southeastern seaboard in the first sea blockade since the Civil War. Operation Dragnet enlists local, state and federal forces to patrol Florida's complex system of intracoastal waterways.

Southwestern D-man Jacques Kiere opens the El Paso Intelligence Center (EPIC), a sophisticated intelligence-gathering and -disseminating computer system designed to coordinate the activities of federal, state and local narcs in tracking smuggling suspects. Texas Border Patrol installs electronic surveillance along the Mexican border.

Customs requires planes returning from Mexico to radio prior to border crossing and land stateside for inspection. Customs agents begin staffing North American Defense System (NORAD) long-range radar sites. They say at least 150 pot planes get by a day, and a rash of mysterious plane crashes sparks rumors of narcs using air-to-air missiles.

DEA transfers 380 agents to Customs, extending their warrantless search powers to anywhere within the U.S.

Senior DEA intelligence operative Lucien Conein shops for exotic assassination devices at the Washington, D.C., factory of CIA arms manufacturer Mitchell Werbell III in June.

FBI clears DEA's Bartels of corruption charges in November.

Senator Henry Jackson's Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations studies the testimony of former DEA informant Frank Peroff that the DEA ordered him to drop a case linking convicted fugitive and Nixon financier Robert Vesco to the heroin trade.

Kingpin Hits

Ken Burnstine, owner of a Florida plane-rental company, credited by *High Times* with running "the greatest marijuana-smuggling flying circus ever" and with "single-handedly supplying the Jamaican in the old days," is arrested on suspicion of pot and coke smuggling.

Marvin Flowers, one of the biggest pot pipelines to the Midwest, is arrested for sleeping at the side of a road. He's sentenced to 129 days for contempt of court when he refuses to answer questions about the $336,556 in cash he has with him.

Howard Zachary Fuchs is busted in New York for masterminding one of the nation's largest hash-smuggling organizations.





Jamaica becomes first dope 'Nam: Nixon, dad of dirty tricks and the DEA.

Blanton, the ganja-glaucoma connection; Lovelace, deep nose; Rockefeller, dope-war kingpin.







Celeb Pops

Linda Lovelace for coke and ups; Buddy Rich for pot in Tasmania; Mayor Gail Anglada of Millstone, New Jersey, for growing pot; Lash LaRue for pot; David Carradine for pot; Danny Partridge for pot; Hugh Hefner's social secretary Bobbie Orenstein for conspiracy to deal coke, kills herself when convicted.

Your Papers, Please

Madison Heights, Michigan, passes a law requiring rolling-paper customers to show ID and register at the point of purchase, in reaction to decrim in nearby Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti.

Psychopharmacology

Dr. Frederick Blanton of Fort Lauderdale reports success of ingested Jamaican ganja in the treatment of glaucoma; University of California, Los Angeles, researchers find pot smoking relieves asthma symptoms; Harvard researchers conclude that heavy marijuana use does not affect male testosterone levels.

1975 *The Rockefeller Doctrine*

Reefer Reform

Alaska, Maine, California, Colorado, Ohio and the U.S. trust territory of Micronesia decriminalize. Alaska becomes the first state to legalize, establishing the constitutional right to possess, grow and smoke dope in the privacy of one's own home, in the case of *Ravin v. Alaska*.

The cities of Austin, Texas; Oxford, Ohio; and Lagos, Nigeria, decriminalize.

Pot Policy

As chairman of the White House Domestic Council, Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller presents his Drug Abuse Task Force white paper to President Gerald Ford in September. The administration's first dope-policy paper, coauthored by Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and by then former DEA director John Bartels, gives low priority to pot enforcement and high priority to funding and equipping foreign countries to fight dope, even though "many countries are unaware of the extent of their own drug abuse." The Rockefeller Doctrine is the first official enunciation of Nixon's Vietnamization policy.

President Ford makes the formal declaration of war: "All nations of the world—friend and adversary alike—must understand that America considers the illegal export of opium a threat to our national security."

Dope Wars

The U.S. steps up Operation Condor, the Mexican pot- and poppy-eradication program begun in 1973, with increased dosages of at least nine herbicides banned in this country. Congress investigates the status of 530 American dope prisoners in Mexican jails and lodges formal protests of their treatment with the government of Mexico.

USSR accuses People's Republic of China of earning billions of dollars worth of foreign exchange by dealing heroin.

Opium-producing Shan tribespeople of the Golden Triangle (Thailand, Laos, Burma) offer to sell to the U.S. government for its medical-opiate market, instead of to their usual organized-crime customers, but the U.S. refuses.

Narc World

DEA budget hits $135 million; $10 million goes to buy drugs and informers.

Sixty-four CIA agents transfer to the DEA.

DEA agents shoot antiwar Vietnam vet Scott Camil, codefendant in the Gainesville Eight trial, in the back, and then remove Camil's trial notes from his house under the guise of a coke bust.

CBS News reveals that microwave tapping, which renders antiwiretap laws obsolete, has been used in a narcotics case to monitor *all* calls between an undisclosed Latin American country and the U.S.

DEA's secret Operation Star Trek, an experimental 54-day plane-tracking setup in the southwestern entry area, reveals a minimum of 250 suspect aircraft a day.

DEA director Bartels resigns on June 2 amid charges of personal links to organized crime and pending hearings by the Senate Permanent Investigations Subcommittee on DEA links to Robert Vesco, Howard Hughes, the CIA and a Mexican heroin-smuggling family and on use of unconstitutional enforcement tactics, dope dealing by agents and infighting with Customs.

Attorney General Edward Levi sets up a Justice Department task force to investigate alleged murder and extortion by DEA agents. Investigation results are never revealed.

Harry Anslinger, head of the Bureau of Narcotics from its inception in 1930 until 1962, zealous mastermind of international antidope legislation, dies at 83.

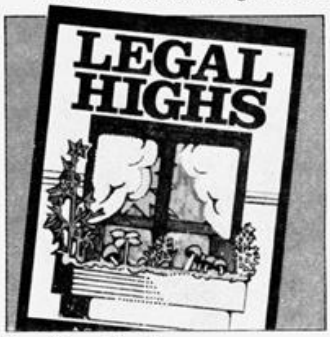
Kingpin Hits

LeRoy "Nicky" Barnes, whom police call "the number-one black narcotics dealer in this country," arrested on bribery and weapons charges in New York.

Marvin Flowers, again, for







Alaska goes legal; American pilot defoliates Mexican pot, poppies and peasants; Legal Highs, illegal book.

Kissinger shafts the Mexico 600; top D-man Bartels resigns under fire; Bensinger reigns despite alleged DEA murders.







conspiracy to import pot.

Harry "The Rock" Hoffman, with Flowers, same charge.

Celeb Pops

Patty's sister Anne Randolph Hearst for 12 amphetamines at the Canadian border; Linda McCartney for pot; Tommy Rettig for conspiracy to import coke; Chad Mitchell for pot; Pittsburgh Steeler David Reavis for pot; Cincinnati Bengal Bob Maddox for hash; Michigan state senator Basil Brown for pot and hash; Michael Butler, producer of the musical *Hair*, for growing opium; Black Panther party leader Elaine Brown for coke; Boston Patriot Shelby Jordan for selling coke.

Your Papers, Please

Utah outlaws novelty items and paraphernalia made with plastic-encased pot; head-shop dealer in Decatur, Georgia, arrested for selling the book *Legal Highs*; head shops in Fort Collins, Colorado, busted for "anything that might have been used in a crime," as specified in the state's new decrim law.

Psychopharmacology

FDA announces that of all the ingredients in nonprescription sleeping pills, stimulants, etc., only caffeine has been proven safe and effective; the Institute of Medical Research in Camden, New Jersey, finds no chromosome changes among volunteers who consume mass quantities of THC, pot and hash; New York University researchers find THC blunts the symptoms of opiate withdrawal; the University of Mississippi becomes the legal world supplier of standard-grade pot, and researchers there announce that high-THC-producing pot is genetically dominant over low-THC-producing strains; Harvard researchers report THC effective in reducing nausea in cancer-chemotherapy patients.

1976 — The Rise of the Organization of Dope-Exporting Countries

Reefer Reform

Colombia drastically reduces penalties for pot possession, but repeat offenders can still go to jail.

Minnesota and South Dakota decriminalize.

The first pot farmers' lobby, the Kentucky Future Marijuana Growers Association, is formed.

Pot Policy

Electioneering candidates Ford, Rockefeller, Reagan and Wallace oppose decrim; Humphrey is undecided; Shriver, McCarthy, Bayh, Udall, Harris, Shapp, Carter, Jackson, Brown and Church support it.

Jimmy Carter pledges: "I will be personally responsible for a thorough investigation and correction of the defects of the DEA."

Dr. Peter Bourne, former Nixon drug adviser and Carter's rumored choice to head DEA, tours Southeast Asia and reports to the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA) and the CIA, fingering communists for a growing dope problem in Indonesia.

Dope Wars

A new note of independence sounds from the major pot-producing nations, and their criticisms of the U.S. raise the specter of an Organization of Dope Exporting Countries (ODEC).

Socialist Jamaican prime minister Michael Manley declares a national state of emergency and blames domestic unrest on U.S.-funded right-wing groups: "I cannot prove in a court of law that the American CIA is here. What I have said is that certain strange things are happening in Jamaica which we have not seen before." A Jamaican Ministry of Tourism official says: "I foresee a time when economic necessities may force us to legalize." Reggae star Peter Tosh records his *Legalize It* album.

Mexico charges the U.S. with interfering in Mexican politics by blaming Mexico for its own dope problem. Two hundred Mexican peasants die between June and August from herbicide poisoning as a result of the U.S.-funded pot-poppy eradication program. Mercenaries liberate 14 American prisoners from the Piedras Negras, Mexico, jail.

Colombia's Minister of Justice says: "It's very probable . . . that marijuana may be less damaging than these other drugs so easy to buy in Colombian drugstores." And researchers in Colombia prepare for legal mass cultivation by studying high-THC-producing strains of pot.

Henry Kissinger and Bolivian President Banzer Suarez agree to step up coke control.

Brazilian President Geisel advocates tougher pot, coke and pharmaceutical drug laws.

Egypt and Turkey block Lebanon – Europe hash flow.

USSR sentences three Americans convicted of smuggling hash for a Chinese ring to five to eight years.

Thailand gets five American herbicide-spraying Bell helicopters for its pot and poppies.

Indonesia passes the world's harshest pot laws.

North Korean diplomats are popped in Scandinavia for hash smuggling.







Jamaica exports tokin' Tosh; Burnstine flies and dies, says Werbell buys and lies.

Candidate Carter courts canary Allman; Bowie braves bust; Lasser laughs last.







South Korea sends potheads to insane asylums.

Narc World

Career D-man Peter B. Bensinger becomes new DEA director and tells the U.S. Senate: "Marijuana is dangerous to one's health. There is not enough knowledge to decriminalize marijuana."

Bell helicopter search-and-destroy teams buzz the vast isolated farming regions of Hawaii; angered farmers sue the government for violating their right to privacy.

The Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations charges the DEA with gross failure to combat the flow of heroin into the U.S., relying on street-level buy-and-bust techniques to inflate dope-seizure-and-arrest "body counts," mishandling a DEA report on DEA-organized crime links, failure to cooperate with Customs and use of CIA intelligence.

Attorney General Levi launches a second Justice Department probe of the DEA, this time into allegations of DEA kidnapping of suspects and illegal searches. Again the results are suppressed.

Kingpin Hits

Ken Burnstine, convicted pot smuggler, dies in a plane-racing accident, and 64 pot- and coke-smuggling cases featuring him as star witness are lost or dropped. Says Mitchell Werbell, CIA arms merchant and one of the indicted: "It couldn't have happened to a nicer guy."

Celeb Pops

Allman Brothers roadie Scooter Herring gets 75 years for selling coke after Gregg Allman's grand-jury testimony; Ryan O'Neal for pot; New York Knick Tom Hoover for pot; David Bowie and Iggy Pop for pot; Louise Lasser for coke; Lola Falana for pot; Neil Diamond for pot.

Your Papers, Please

Kentucky police confiscate jewelry and paraphernalia made with plastic-encased pot, and then germinate seeds from it.

Psychopharmacology

Through direct petition to the DEA, glaucoma sufferer Robert Randall becomes the first person to be supplied with government-issued pot as a research subject; University of London researchers find light to be the single greatest factor in loss of pot potency during storage; children's book publisher Golden Press publishes *The Golden Guide to Hallucinogenic Plants*, by Harvard pot botanist Richard E. Schultes.

Britain bans the mag. Greece burns it.

Dope Wars

ODEC nations accept U.S. antidope aid but make it clear they would rather fight communists than cannabis.

Mexican peasants revolt over the devastation caused by the Operation Condor pot-and-poppy-eradication program in the Yucatan, Sinaloa, Durango and Chihuahua provinces.

Colombian officials are "outraged by the DEA's attempt to convince us to destroy a crop with such great economic potential." Colombian soldiers open fire on U.S.-funded Venezuelan anti-pot troopers who stray across the Colombian border.

Argentine minister of welfare: "The antidrug campaign will automatically be an antiguerrilla campaign as well."

Peru passes harsher laws for the manufacture and sale of coke.

Italy jails tokers without bail but with beatings and other forms of physical abuse.

Burma, Laos and Thailand launch a full military operation against poppy- and pot-growing peasants at harvest time. The Thai government estimates that the dope war eliminates 3 percent of the traffic.

South Korea passes a law

1977 *Losing the Dope War*

Reefer Reform

Americans favor decrim for the first time, by 46 to 44 percent.

Mississippi, New York and North Carolina decriminalize.

South Dakota repeals decrim.

Smoke-ins are on the rise, calling attention to the unconstitutionality of the pot laws through civil disobedience.

NORML endorses legalization.

Pot Policy

President Jimmy Carter persuades DEA director to support Senator Birch Bayh's decrim bill because it would use the money saved for more intensive DEA action against smugglers and for the support of foreign dope wars.

U.S. declares 200-mile fishing rights, extending Customs' jurisdiction by 188 miles.

Robert DuPont, longtime federal dope-policy maker and chairman of the National Institute on Drug Abuse, favors legal homegrown.

Peter Bourne becomes director of the president's Office of Drug Abuse Policy.

Reefer Madness

Three *High Times* distributors are jailed in Toronto.







D.C. Independence Day Smoke-in; pot press burned abroad; crop conflagration sparks Sinaloa revolt.

Stroup stopped for two grams; Lansky linked to mystery ship; Laos poppy farmers harvest helicopters and herbicides.







providing for the death sentence for habitual pot users, including American GIs.

Narc World

DEA's secret Operation Stopgap employs two navy ocean-surveillance satellites to bust 40 pot ships. Big boat busts in the New England corridor rival those in the active southern corridor.

DEA investigates the East's biggest supplier after seizing the abandoned *Dorchester*, containing records implicating Meyer Lansky and Robert Vesco in the ship's pot-smuggling activities. Says Rhode Island Customs chief when the boat is discovered in his jurisdiction: "I don't want any part of confiscating this boat."

House Committee on Government Operations charges that the CIA and the Justice Department forced a Chicago prosecutor to drop the case against a heroin-dealing CIA agent, citing "puzzlingly neglectful and inept behavior that may have assisted in a cover-up of CIA participation in Southeast Asian drug traffic."

Senator Hubert Humphrey's Foreign Assistance Subcommittee investigates allegations of DEA coke trafficking and DEA-sanctioned torture of American dope prisoners in Bolivia.

A communist Argentine organization charges that the DEA and the International Narcotics Control Program (INCP) have been used to siphon money to the Anti-Communist Alliance Death Squad.

G. Gordon Liddy, convicted Watergater, director of the 1969 Operation Intercept offensive against Mexican pot and the man who busted Timothy Leary, gets an apple pie in the face from pieman Aron Kay upon Liddy's release from prison. Kay pies Joe Nellis, chief counsel for the House Select Committee on Narcotic Abuse and Control, at the annual NORML conference.

Kingpin Hits

LeRoy "Nicky" Barnes arrested again, in New York City, for selling heroin.

Celeb Pops

Keith Richards for coke and smack in Toronto; Waylon Jennings for coke; Miami Dolphins Randy Crowder and Don Reese for coke; New York Ranger Don Murdoch for coke; NORML director Keith Stroup for two grams of pot at the Canadian border; George Kirby for selling coke and heroin, gets 20 years.

Psychopharmacology

DEA denies pharmaceutical-company requests to grow nonopium-producing poppies, on the grounds that it would embarrass the U.S. abroad; the National Institute on Drug Abuse reports that coke is not physically addictive.

1978 *Paraquat Panic*

Reefer Reform

Nebraska decriminalizes.

NORML plans to unite the world's reefer reform groups to lobby at the U.N. against Harry Anslinger's 1961 Single Convention Treaty.

Pot Policy

The Carter administration speaks on dope tariffs when the U.S. ambassador to Colombia says: "It [legalization of pot] will not be an economic solution for Colombia, since we will have laws to protect our national production."

Paraquat-spraying advocate Peter Bourne resigns as director of the president's Office of Drug Abuse Policy when caught writing a phony 'lude 'scrip for a White House secretary.

Reefer Madness

Network TV, radio and the national press assist the DEA with the biggest pot-scare campaign since the 1930s. Patterned after 40-year-old horror stories of "treated" dope, reports warn that smoking undetectable paraquat-sprayed Mexican dope even a few times could give you lung cancer or even kill you. For months every pot smoker who dies of natural causes is reported a presumed victim of paraquat until autopsies invariably prove otherwise. The White House receives more calls and telegrams on this issue than on any other since Carter assumed office. Not one case of paraquat pot poisoning is documented.

Dope Wars

Latin America gets 39 million U.S. dollars for dope control.

DEA gives Mexico seven computer terminals for the modernization of enforcement systems and $10.5 million in antidope aid. Peasants in the pot and poppy province of Sinaloa report DEA-sanctioned torture of dope suspects. After four years of protest, 233 American dope prisoners return from Mexico to serve out terms in the U.S. But 300 more, those who claim they were illegally convicted, await judicial proceedings in Mexico.

Colombia's new president, Turbay Ayalo, is insulted at DEA director Bensinger's proposal that the Guajira growing region be placed under martial law, as in Sinaloa, Mexico. Violence escalates as DEA agents shoot it out







Bourne resigns in White House scandal; paraquat pot, before and after; Solomon on the bus for acid bust.

The Trade

Over the past five years the American pot industry has grown from $10 billion to $48 billion in annual volume, to become the third largest American business after GM and Exxon, employing a million workers and supporting the $350-million-a-year paraphernalia industry. Domestic dopedom has grown from 29 million to 40 million consumers, and daily consumption is up from 11 to 28 tons.

Back in '74 there were shortages of just about everything but hash oil, which was glutting the market. And even the new hash from Colombia couldn't fill the void left by recent Brotherhood of Eternal Love and Fuchs ring busts. Operation Buccaneer took its toll of Jamaican by the end of '74, and Operation Condor did the same for Mexican by '75, leaving Colombian to dominate the five-year period. But success spoiled the Colombians. As their product became more commercial, its quality declined. They seemed to add seeds and subtract potency until the Wacky Weed and Chiba-Chiba that put them on the map were all but extinct.

The most exciting development has been the emergence of domestic weed from Hawaii and California to replace the dwindling connoisseur varieties from Colombia and Mexico. Exotic potent imports may come and go, but the next five years will make red-white-and-boo heads of us all.



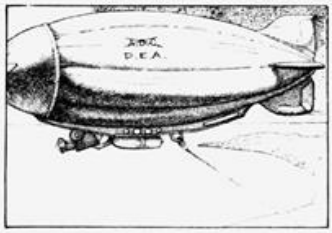
Grown in Gainesville: Thai/Hawaiian hybrid sinsemilla.

Trans-High Market Quotations 1974–1979

General availabilities and price ranges for ounces of pot and grams of coke in the contiguous U.S.

	1974	1975	1976	1977	1978	1979
Mexican, regular	10-30	10-30 shortage	10-30 shortage	15-30 smallest crop ever	20-30 scarce	none
top-grade	30-80	35-75 shortage	25-110 shortage	50-150 smallest crop ever	25-125 scarce	25-50 no sinsemilla
Jamaican, commercial	20-40 shortage	20-40 scarce	20-35 scarce	20-30 supply unsteady	none	none
quality	35-50 shortage	30-50 scarce	40-60 scarce	35-50 supply unsteady	30-55 scarce	30-75 record crop; new sinsemilla
Colombian, commercial	30-50	30-45 shortage	25-40 shortage	25-40 shortage	25-40 big crop	30-45
connoisseur	45-90	35-90 shortage	35-75 shortage	40-75 primo scarce	40-75 primo scarce; big crop	40-75 primo scarce
Thai	100-200	175-250	175-250	175-250	150-225	150-225
Hawaiian	125-150	100-225	150-250	200-250	125-200	150-175
	never generally available by end of summer					
California sinsemilla	none	none	none	150-250	75-250	75-200
	never generally available by end of summer					
Cocaine	50-100	50-125	50-150	60-125	60-120	60-120

"Fat Albert" over Florida: Rubin and Thompson contract "Nixon's revenge"; farmers lobby for new cash supercrop.









with growers in La Guajira. Mercenaries liberate American dope prisoners from a Colombian jail.

Peru outlaws the possession of coca leaves below 1,500 meters above sea level.

Bolivia builds new jails to accommodate glut of dope prisoners.

Britain forms a DEA-like national narc force as domestic pot comes of age there.

Soviet dope adviser to the U.N.: "We believe that people who try a drug, say cocaine, are candidates for pathological addiction."

Record pot and hash busts rock Germany and Japan.

Governor of Nakhon Phanom, Thailand: "Marijuana suppression is more difficult than eliminating communist insurgents."

President Ferdinand Marcos of the Philippines forms high-school Drug Defense Brigades and trains children in narcotics enforcement.

Narc World

DEA budget more than doubles since 1975, to $280 million.

Coastal blockade extended to the coast of Maine.

Coast Guard patrols the Yucatan Channel and the Windward and Mona passages with new supersonic surveillance jets.

DEA monitors the Florida straits with a new surveillance blimp.

Kingpin Hits

David Solomon and 21 others are arrested for producing what British police call "half the world's supply of acid" over the past seven years, in Wales; 13 million hits seized.

Celeb Pops

Judy Carne for 'ludes; Jerry Rubin for 12 jays in London; Hunter Thompson for pot; Timothy Leary's son John for acid; Linda Blair for two jays in Canada; Peter Tosh for one jay in Jamaica.

Your Papers, Please

The state of Georgia and suburbs of Detroit and Chicago ban head shops and dope literature.

Psychopharmacology

Florida, New Mexico, Hawaii, Indiana and Illinois legalize pot for medical research; San Diego County orders confiscated pot to go to cancer chemotherapy patient; Yale researchers prove that ingested coke is at least as strong as coke absorbed through the nasal membranes; a North Carolina army sergeant claims that only pot can relieve all of his 81 allergies; MIT researchers find that lab rat food is carcinogenic.

1979 – 1984

Will Big Brother Find Happiness with Mary Jane?

Over the next five years the U.S. will increase paramilitary antidope aid to Third World dope dictators in a last-ditch effort to steer them away from legalization. But the Organization of Dope Exporting Countries will emerge as a world economic force with the legalization of pot by the big three—Colombia, Jamaica and Mexico—before 1984. Anticipating legalization in the U.S., ODEC nations will move early to maximize profits in this country and to gear up production to get a head start on American agribusiness. Officials of the Jamaican Ministry of Industry, Trade and Tourism predict legal ganja as soon as 1981, and last March, Colombia's most respected businesspeople recommended legalization to their government through the powerful National Association of Financial Institutions.

When will legalization occur in the U.S.? Probably not before 1985, but the recent upsurge in confrontation politics at smoke-ins and in high schools may force passage of Carter's sham decrim bill by the 1980 elections, and certainly by 1984. De facto legalization has already occurred in some California counties, where sheriffs are prosecuting pot thieves, and in Jeff and Annette Carter's Virginia hideaway, where Secret Service officers guard the first son and daughter-in-law while they toke.

Look for more reefer madness á la NBC's hysterical "Reading, Writing and Reefer" documentary and Time's inaccurate "Colombian Connection" cover story earlier this year as pothibitionist researchers and enforcement agencies step up antipot propaganda in eleventh-hour attempts to save their jobs. Bust seizure statistics will skyrocket, but so will the amount of dope getting through. And, as they have for the past five years, feds will continue to estimate that they're busting only 10 percent of it.

On the high side, domestic American pot breeds will continue to improve and proliferate, and Kentucky will join Hawaii and California as a major growing state. Indoor and hydroponic growing will revolutionize domestic consumption patterns. Thousands of new psychedelics will be synthesized and, no doubt, tested. For this and more exciting news, stay tuned to *High Times*. Look for the next five-year wrap-up in our tenth anniversary issue.





Reefer repression breeds protest in Chevy Chase, Maryland, causes student riot in New Bedford, Massachusetts.

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by Albert Goldman

The hero of Albert Goldman's forthcoming novel, Haulin' Grass, *is a glamorous young American dope smuggler known in Colombia as* el Alto Mono Gringo—*the Big Blonde from Up North. When the narrator meets the Kid in Santa Marta, they are both under sentence of death for different offenses. The narrator, an American journalist, has been caught in the act of secretly tape-recording a Colombian Mafioso. The Kid is expecting to get knocked off at any minute because his last three trips have all failed and the Colombians have told him that either he makes up the money immediately (which he can't do) or he gets a bullet in the brain. It's a case of "plata o plomo," either the silver or the lead. After a frantic week together, the Kid helps the narrator escape. There is nothing that the narrator can do to help the Kid. He never expects to see the lad again. Then one winter morning in New York . . .*

About a month after I returned from Colombia, I picked up the phone one morning and heard with astonishment the familiar nasal twang of the Kid. "Hey, daddyo! Whatcha doin'? Ahm out heah at the airport with mah bodyguards. I jist thought ah might slide by 'n' see ya." The Kid! Alive! In New York! With his bodyguards! What next?

I bustled around my apartment like a suburban matron preparing for an honored guest. The next thing I knew the buzzer was ringing from downstairs. I threw open the door and looked down the staircase. Sure enough, there was the Kid taking the steps two at a time. When he got to my landing, he paused for a moment as if he were posing for his picture. He sure looked great! Tall and thin as a willow wand. He was dressed—in the dead of the New York winter—in dazzling white from head to toe. Over his tropical whites he wore a long black

Jack Suzuki


The Kid Escapes
A smuggling adventure
ALA.
GA
FLA.
SC.
MIAMI
Gulf of Darien
Panama
Santa Marta
VEN
COLOMBIA
SUZUKI

serape whose fringes hung to his knees.

Glancing over his shoulder, I could see two other men mounting the stairs at a more deliberate pace. They looked like bodyguards, all right. The foremost man must have weighed close to 300 pounds. He was squeezed into one of those dumb polyester, belt-in-the-back leisure suits that are the only suits cut big enough for such Wagnerian giants. The man behind him was just slightly smaller. He was wearing a sport jacket with a wide-collared, floral-patterned shirt open at the neck to the winter gales. You wouldn't have to guess twice where these boys were coming from.

The moment this strange trio gets into my pad, they start playing their preassigned roles. Miles and Rusty, who look more like Lohengrin and Tannhäuser —with their huge mustaches and manes of flowing hair descending upon shoulders wide as doorjambs—sit down on opposite sides of my cocktail table. They pop open an attaché case that is a portable pharmacy. Immediately, one starts rolling joints while the other bends over a round shaving mirror chopping coke and laying out lines. Chink-chink-chink goes the razor, scratch-scratch-scratch goes the matchbook cover as these magic chefs concoct their boss's breakfast.

The Kid, for his part, starts lunging back and forth on his long bowed legs, from the grandly draped French windows to the soaring bookshelves flanking the fireplace, like a latter-day John Barrymore performing one of Hamlet's soliloquies in hippie drag. The Shakespearean analogy is not far-fetched because the moment this lad starts recounting his latest adventures, we're deep into the blood-sex-and-power melodrama of Elizabethan tragedy. Raving on at a tempo matched only by the theater of Shakespeare's day, he's just about to streak off into one of his bebop, catch-as-catch-can solos, when I call a halt. Whipping out a loaded and fully charged Sony tape recorder, I press down the buttons and then let him rip. Then I settle back, joint in hand, to relish the tale. First, though, I demand that he reel back to the time when I last saw him and tell me how he ever managed to escape from Colombia.

Both parties exchange hostages. The American smuggler sends down his brother or cousin, and the Colombian connection sends a relative to be under the eye of the American.

What he had done was really very simple. He had finally contacted a trusted comrade from his dope-running days and persuaded this guy for a deferred payment of $10,000 to come down to Santa Marta to "sit" for him. One of the rules of the game, with which I was not familiar at that time, was that whenever an operation is in progress, both parties to the deal must exchange hostages. The American smuggler sends down his brother or his cousin or his son to live for a couple of weeks with the Colombian connection, and the connection sends one of his relatives to the States to live under the eye of his American customer. That way the temptation to cheat is counterbalanced by the realization that if you don't fulfill your end of the bargain, a member of your family will die. The Kid had told the Colombians that this dude who was coming down to sit for him was his brother-in-law. The Colombians, eager to get their money, had gone for the deal. When Jamsey arrived in Santa Marta, he moved into the Kid's pad, and the Kid, with his passport restored, had jumped on the first flight to Miami.

Once in the States, he had rushed to his stash, gotten his money and lined up a couple of pilots and a plane for a fast move. One of the three deals that had gone bad just before I met him had been a load of 700 pounds of hashish. He had put the boxes out at the Finca Las Mercedes. Now, six weeks later, the stuff was still sitting out there waiting for the pickup. As soon as the Kid had made all the necessary arrangements on the American end of the scam, he had flown back to Colombia, paid off his sitter, laid some bread on the Colombians and got set to do the trip.

A couple of days before the plane was due, he was back in high gear, doing up enormous quantities of cocaine and spinning his engines at turbine velocity. The night before the final inspection of the strip went by in a nonstop spate of long-distance phone calls punctuated by short, sharp snorts of blow. Right in the middle of one phone rap, the Kid is startled to see the walls of his apartment turning pink. Already it's dawn. The next thing he knows, there's a harsh "oogah! oogah!" outside in the street.

Bounding over to the jalousied windows, he takes one look and recognizes his crew. They're sitting down there in the dirt street in an open Nissan Patrol, a cheap Japanese knock-off of the British Land Rover. The Kid shouts out the window and then dashes out of the pad, skittering down the narrow, twisting stairs till he hits the foyer. Flinging a few words in Spanish to the concierge, he runs out of the building and jumps inside the car. With a kangaroo jerk and a squirt of dust they're off for La Guajira.

The Finca Las Mercedes is by now the hottest smuggling strip along the coast. This little yucca plantation near the village of Dibulla has a 7,200-foot runway that can handle anything up to a four-engine jet. For a couple thousand dollars, you can come in here any day of the week, load up, gas up and take off again without ever stepping more than five kilometers inside Colombia. Short of sticking the strip out into the Caribbean like the deck of an aircraft carrier, you couldn't ask for a better, safer landing spot. The only hang-up is that with so many flights coming and going every week, things can get screwed up. Some cheap asshole tries to slip by without bribing the cops or one smuggler takes a fancy to another smuggler's load. The answer is to get your tail out to the field a day or two before your flight comes in and make sure that everything is *tranquillo*. That's the Kid's mission.

At seven in the morning in Rodadero, the deliciously cool air that blows down every night on the beach from the giant refrigeration units that are the Sierra Madres is still holding the hot sticky day at bay. Once the men get out on the new two-lane blacktop and start racing over hill and dale, they begin to rejoice in the jollity of the road. This is one of those rare moments in the Game when the usual dirty work seems like child's play.

After an hour's steady driving, they pull off the highway before a cluster of wooden stands. They order up breakfast à la Colombiana: cold beer, hot *arepas* and chitlins. The Kid has no appetite, as usual; but he smiles indulgently as he watches his men scarf up this mess. In the back of the jeep are the Fernandez Brothers: short, dark men who resemble little sumo wrestlers. Behind the wheel is the Kid's favorite driver, Alejandro. When they get back on the road, the Kid drains the last drop from

his beer bottle. Then he takes careful aim at an oncoming cactus tree whose huge branched limbs make it look like a giant menorah. *Thup!* He scores a direct hit, tearing a big chunk out of the ancient plant. The workers raise a cheer.

Two hours out along the road, the landscape has changed. Instead of riding a roller coaster over the foothills of the subsiding Sierra Madres, the highway is now zooming along the flat coastal plain. The ground has turned lush and jungly. They rush past neat plantations of towering coconut palms. Stands of banana trees whose gigantic, sometimes tattered leaves stretch toward the sun. Once, twice, three times, they whir over metal bridges that span rivers flowing down from the mountains. The name of this moist and fertile region is Palomina. It produces the finest Santa Marta gold.

After crossing the third bridge, they slow down and turn off on the dirt track that leads to the farm. Shifting down, they buck and bump along this rutted track for five miles until they reach the gate of the *finca*. Then they drive past the overseer's house, make a sharp left turn and park in the shade of a clump of mango trees. As they get out of the car, they stare at all the stuff that has been stashed under these trees. Bales of grass on palmetto-log platforms, greasy old 55-gallon drums of aviation gas, a wind sock and a big green scale. Everything is ready for the arrival of the next plane.

Glad to stretch his long legs, the Kid starts walking the strip looking for potholes. Most of the crashes at these dirt strips are due to broken landing gear. This morning he paces virtually the entire length of the red dirt runway without spotting a single hole. "Mory's boys takin' care o' biz," he muses as he squints out over the nearby sea, as if expecting to see a plane coming in. Suddenly, he snaps to something strange. He's been on this property now for nearly half an hour —and he hasn't seen a soul! If his head weren't so fucked up with drugs, he would have noticed it sooner. "Hey!" he thinks. "Why didn't we git a holler from Pedro when we turned in at the gate? Why ain't somebody plowin' or haulin' or doin' sompin' 'round here? Why is it so damn quiet?"

The Finca Las Mercedes is the hottest smuggling strip along the coast. You can come in, load up, gas up and take off again without stepping five kilometers inside Colombia.

Walking quicker now and looking sharp, the Kid comes back to his men, who have sprawled in the shade. "Paulo, Manuel, walk with me! Alejandro—you stay here with the car." Now he leads his men down a narrow path toward the corral. He's stashed his load back under the hay and the horse blankets. He's almost reached the spot, when out of nowhere three soldiers pop up with their guns at the ready. "Stand where you are!" they shout.

The Kid isn't standing still for any man. With the bound of a startled deer, he spins around and darts back down the path toward his car. Instantly, the still air is rent with the roar of automatic rifles. The Kid hears a ghastly scream. He tosses a quick glance over his shoulder. He sees Manuel stumbling head foremost into the ground. Terrified, he puts on a tremendous burst of speed. Finding the other brother, runty and clumsy, blocking his path, he shouts, "Git the hell outta mah way!" Then he seizes the man by the shoulder and flings him to the rear. The next instant there is another burst and another scream. The second brother has been hit. He pitches forward so violently that his head slams into the Kid's back like a cannonball. The Kid thinks he's been shot. Desperately, he struggles to stay on his feet, to keep running. Then, just as he braces for the volley that will take his life, he hears a voice shouting, "Woody! Woody!"

Ducking 'round a bend in the path, the Kid hunkers down and peers up the path. He sees the soldiers. Two are standing, one is kneeling. They're all holding AR-15s. They look like a firing squad. Walking toward him is an officer with one hand held high in the air. The Kid recognizes the man. He's Tienente Vargas, the commander of the local FA-2 detachment. The Kid has done business with the Lieutenant many times. The moment he recognizes him, he knows he's been saved.

Without even glancing at his two countrymen, who are lying directly in his path, the officer advances shouting, "Woody . . . my friend! Are you all right? These stupid men could have killed you! Thank God I got here quickly. What a mistake!"

Taking the panting Kid by the arm, the Lieutenant leads him further down the trail, away from his detail. Then he starts to explain the "problem." "Yesterday," he says, "a giant four-engine Convair landed on this strip without making any payment for protection. If the gringos had been smart, they would have loaded fast and taken off. Instead, they spent the whole day on the ground. When my spies tipped me off, I mobilized every man in the district. At dawn we hit the strip. We caught the smugglers, their load and the plane. I sent word to the headquarters of the Rondon Batallion at Santa Marta. They relayed the message to Bogotá. Today, it will be in all the papers. I will be famous. I may even receive a promotion! Meantime, we are standing guard here, waiting until the army pilots arrive to fly the big bird back to Barranquilla."

Having told this part of the story as if he were being interviewed by a newspaper reporter, the Lieutenant modulates next into a different key. Now he's the helpless, hands-tied functionaire, explaining to an irate foreigner why he had to be arrested in a waterfront cafe. "Naturally, Woody, when my men see you come to the strip, when they see you walk the strip, they believe you are with these other gringos. I know better. The minute I see *el alto mono*, I say to myself, 'Oh, my god! It's my friend, Woody!' " Then, lowering his voice to a conspiratorial undertone, as if there were someone within earshot who might overhear and report these dangerous confidences, Tienente Vargas finally gets to the point. "Your little business is in order, my friend. However, Woody, two men have been killed. *Marimberos*, doubtless. Still, there will be questions, problems. I shall have to file a full report. For this work, I must have more money. You should loan me $500, right now! Then, my friend," he smiles, "everything will return to normal. Only, tell your people with the plane not to come until we get out of here."

When the Tienente finishes his pitch, the Kid is so relieved that he's ready to burst into tears. He shoves his hand in his jeans and pulls out his roll. He peels five hundreds off the top and lays them in the Lieutenant's hand. He even manages to make a few jokes. Before he can leave, however, he has to make sure that his men are really dead.

As he walks toward the inert bodies, he starts to

shiver uncontrollably. The soldiers are standing around staring at their work. The man who slammed into the Kid and drenched him with his blood has been ripped open from his shoulders to his waist. His back is covered with gore. His brother, who was hit first, is lying face down further up the path as if he were sound asleep. Blood is oozing still from two wounds, one in his back and one in his buttocks. As the Kid stares at the bodies, he suddenly sees how they will appear in the next day's papers. Just another dope killing in La Guajira.

With a final burst of talk and clasping of hands, the Kid bids farewell to the Lieutenant. Alejandro took off with the car at the first sound of firing. Now the Kid has to hike back to the coastal highway, no short distance, and get a bus back to town. It will take him hours to reach Santa Marta. Meantime, his pilots are poised for a takeoff early the following morning. Back in the States, there would be plenty of time to warn them. Down here with these lousy telephones, he may never get through. Then the pilots will come down and land on a hot strip. God! What a horrible thought. Somehow he has got to get word to them.

Slogging along in the midday heat, he finally makes the road. He stands out on the highway until he spots a bus roaring toward him at full speed. It's painted red and tattooed all over like the skin of a Maori warrior. A fringe of jiggle-jaggle balls is jouncing atop the windshield. The driver brakes to a stop and takes the Kid aboard. The bus is crammed with peasants taking their produce to market.

As they race along the highway, the Kid sinks deep into thought. He decides that his only hope is to get to Barranquilla, where the phone service is much better than in Santa Marta. It will add a couple more hours to his traveling time, but it may save the day. As soon as the bus pulls into the squalid marketplace, littered with refuse and resounding with loud salsa music, the Kid springs off and whistles up the nearest cab. He promises the driver $100 if he can get him to Barranquilla in two hours. With a screech of burning rubber, the old Chevy takes off and goes racing into the warm light of late afternoon.

A roar of automatic rifles. The second brother pitches forward so violently that his head slams into the Kid's back like a cannonball. The Kid thinks he's been shot.

By six that evening, the Kid is pulling up in front of a tall modernistic apartment building in the Del Prado district. His buddy, Reynaldo, lives here. As the Kid rises in the elevator, he's praying that Reynaldo will be at home. The moment the door of the apartment opens, the Kid rushes inside with a few garbled words and pounces on the phone. Speaking his twangy but fluent Spanish, he places the order for the call, begging the operator to make haste because there is a "great emergency, a very great emergency!"

The moment he slams the phone down, he's pacing back and forth, back and forth in the flat, slamming his fist into the palm of his hand and pouring out the day's events to Reynaldo. The swarthy, heavily bearded Puerto Rican hustler says very little. He looks gloomy and haunted, a wasted junkie face. Suddenly in the midst of his jittery, telegraphic rap, the Kid stops dead and asks in a low, urgent voice, "Ya ain't got a set o' works, have ya?" Reynaldo reaches in a drawer and pulls out an insulin pack, bought from a local drugstore.

In a flash, the Kid is in the bathroom, dropping a couple of choice rocks into a bottle cap and filling it with amoeba-polluted water from the tap. He knows there's pure bottled water in the kitchen. It would take just another minute to fetch some. He hasn't got that minute. Now he drops a bit of cotton in the cap to act as a filter. He's drawing the little syringe full of milk blood. When it's loaded, he starts tapping the needle into the big vein in his forearm up near the elbow hollow. The Kid has good ropes. A couple of taps and the spike is in the vein. Now he struggles to control his shaky right hand as he presses down on the plunger. A little push and suddenly his body is filling with a hot rush. It starts like an infrared lamp focused on his loins and rises to fill his belly, chest and head with suffocating heat.

Just as he's getting into it, he feels a violent wave of nausea. The Kid is a puker. Coke, heroin, it all makes him heave. Throwing his head down into the toilet bowl, he gags on that yellow-green bile that empty-stomached junkies throw up. Soon, he gets it under control. Then, he's back to playing with the needle. Stepping on it for a bit; then jacking back, with a little blood showing in the chamber. Then, a little more mother's milk. All the time he's thinking in a sort of dopey, bemused manner: "If I bolted this mother home, I'd go dead in a second!"

As the minutes tick off the clock, time blows away. The Kid starts to feel high and happy. Finally, he pulls the needle out of his arm. He lays the syringe on the sink. He'll be back for another little taste later. Right now, he's got himself together.

When he gets outside the bathroom, he sees that night has fallen. He hears the whine of an electric blender from the kitchen. Reynaldo is preparing their favorite food. he takes some lumps of panela, crude sugar, and drops them into canned pineapple juice. Then he grinds up the stuff into a frothy sweet mixture. It's the only form of nourishment that they can keep on their stomachs. The Kid wants no food tonight. He wants only the sound of that telephone ringing. Restless, as always, he wanders out on the balcony overlooking the city. He stares down into the street. What he sees staggers him.

There, right at the foot of the building, is a big freight truck with its tailgate down. A crew of workers is heaving bale after bale of marijuana into the back end. "Jesus Christ!" he flashes. "Kin they be doin' shit like this right out in the public street!" The next thing he knows, he's looking at soldiers in jungle gear, swinging through the trees, automatic rifles strapped to their backs. They're coming down on the dope-loading crew. He's about to scream a warning, when the phone rings, loud and persistently. Suddenly, he realizes that he's been dreaming with his eyes wide open. He's done up so much cocaine in the past week that he's starting to hallucinate.

Shaking his head violently, he scrambles toward the phone. "Yes, this is Pedro Vargas," he cries, staring at the ceiling. "Yes, ah'll accept charges." Now, he's getting through to his people in the States. The phone is ringing. He hears a guarded "Hello?" "Lissen, Bob!" he shouts. "It's me! Ah got some bad news for ya. Ah had an accident on the road. Two o' mah men got hurt real bad. We cain't go fishin' tomorrow. Les put it off three days . . . ya heah me? *Three days!*" In a couple of minutes of fast, cryp-

tic conversation, the whole operation is rescheduled. When the Kid hangs up the phone, he teeters forward as if he were going to collapse.

Exhausted as he is, he still can't lie down and give himself up to sleep. The coke is still cooking in his brain. Impulsively, he decides to run out and go to Gloria's pad. He broke up with her six weeks ago, but he knows where she's living now in Barranquilla. He needs someone soft and sweet. He can't bear to stay here with this junked-out Reynaldo. A few minutes later, he's walking into another apartment in the same neighborhood.

Gloria is all dressed up to go out on a date. The guy is an upper-class Colombian who the Kid knows is in the Game. Rude now and overbearing from the pressures in his mind, he virtually orders the man out of the apartment. The Colombian takes one look at the coke-crazed gringo and figures it's better to leave than fight.

Gloria is alarmed by the Kid's appearance. There are great dark rings around his eyes. His body is emaciated, his tight jeans getting loose around the hips. His skin looks almost green underneath its thick tan. She persuades him to lie down. She holds him in her arms. She rubs his cramped muscles and speaks to him in a low soothing voice, like a child. Gradually, his responses become slower and less coherent. He babbles intermittently of this and that. Finally, he falls into a restless, twitching sleep. It's the first sleep he's had in days.

Three days later, the kid is back on the same road to the Guajira. This time he's got Reynaldo in the jeep with a couple of new workers. They're all armed to the teeth. The Kid is cradling a .44 in his lap covered with a newspaper. He imagines himself confronting Tienente Vargas and gunning him down.

When they turn off the highway onto the deeply rutted dirt road, they blow a tire. There's no jack in the jeep. While three men hold up the back bumper, the Kid changes the tire. Now, they're late for the landing. The Kid is sweating profusely. His hands are shaking. He has reached the limits of his endurance. One more fuck-up and he'll turn the gun on himself.

When they reach the strip, the Kid switches on the shortwave radio and begins to call: "Scud to Bud! Scud to Bud!" There is no answer. Now, he's getting desperate. Then, he notices that the radio is set to the wrong frequency. Some fool has been playing with the device and changed the setting. Spinning the knob to the correct wavelength, he tries one more time. "Scud to Bud! Scud to Bud!" Instantly, a voice crackles over the speaker. "Goddamn, Woody! Good thing you called. I wuz gonna give you one more minute and split!"

The Kid drops the mike and jumps on his favorite farm pony, which has been saddled and tied in the shade of the storage area. Galloping down the strip under the hot morning sun, he takes off a big sombrero he's wearing and waves it wildly toward the oncoming plane. The ship can now be seen coming in low over the water like a flashing dot. As the plane draws closer, its engines become audible. The Indian workers, who have been lying around under the trees like statues, suddenly bestir themselves. A current of excitement ripples through the somnolent plantation. As the plane touches down at the far end of the runway and comes racing toward the trees, the Kid chases it on horseback, lashing his pony with the reins.

The plane is a two-engine Aero-Commander, painted red, white and blue in honor of America's bicentennial year. As soon as it comes to a stop, it rotates loudly on its axis, the engines whining, and points its snubby low-slung nose toward the sea. Finally, the engines cut off. As the props slow down, the cabin door opens and out climb two youthful-looking men dressed in jeans, sneakers and wearing sunglasses. The Kid leaps off his horse and runs to the plane. As each man steps to the ground, the Kid greets him with a bear hug. Then, all three men stroll into the shadow of the trees, as the workers run forward dragging the gas pumps, the barrels of fuel and the boxes of hashish.

"You can fly with us, Kid, but it's gonna cost you. You weigh, what, 150. We figure this stuff will bring us about $700 a pound. That's gonna have to come out of your end."

"Hey, man, where *were* you?" challenges one young blond dude, who could be the Boy Next Door. "Yeah, what is this shit?" echoes his companion, short, dark-haired, also typically American and small-town in appearance. The Kid, who is now wired out of his nut, fills in telegraphically the story of the bust, the shooting and the near wipe-out of himself and the whole operation. The two pilots listen in silence, shaking their heads in disbelief. Then, the Kid springs another surprise on them. "Ah'm goin' outta mah mind down heah!" he exclaims. "Ah gotta fly back with you boys." The two pilots exchange a long look; then the older one says, "You can fly with us, Kid, but it won't be easy as you think. First of all, it's gonna cost you. You must weigh, what, 'bout 150, 160 pounds? Well, we figure this stuff will bring us about $700 a pound in the States. That's gonna have to come out of your end. The other thing is . . ."

Before the pilot can continue, the hopped-up Kid is jumping all over him with assurance that the money doesn't matter, that he knows that he's good for it, that they'll make it up on the next run, blah, blah, blah. The Kid is so desperate to escape that he'll promise anything. He won't listen to a word the other guys say. After hearing a couple of minutes of this coke-crazed rap, the laconic chief pilot says softly, "Okay, Kid. You got it!"

Within 45 minutes, the plane has been loaded and refueled. The electric pumps have been pulled back from the wings. The big green scale on which the hash boxes were weighed has been struck. The pilots are back in the cockpit, having guzzled down a couple of beers and taken three or four snorts of the Kid's high-quality coke. The Kid is crammed in the back with the boxes.

As the engines work up to speed, a cloud of dust rises and envelops the plane. The Aero-Commander vibrates and flutters for a few minutes at the end of the runway. Then, it starts to roll rapidly down the rough strip, bumping and swaying but gathering speed rapidly. Long before they reach the pile of underbrush at the end of the runway, they cant steeply up into the air and fly out over the Caribbean. Up and up they go, climbing for altitude, aiming for 10,000 feet, where you don't need cabin oxygen but where you can cut through the thin air with maximum efficiency.

The flight back is plotted straight up the Windward Channel between Cuba and Haiti. The mountains of Haiti are about the only things of interest they see on the entire eight-hour trip. The Kid has brought along a little portable tape deck out of which whines

the tinny sounds of his favorite American rock bands. Every half hour, he rolls up a fresh joint and passes it forward to the pilots, who sometimes toke and sometimes wave the dope away. Occasionally, they see a commercial plane in the distance. Sometimes they spot a little island below them or a ship cutting a wide white furrow in the blue sea.

An hour after nightfall, they begin their descent toward the coast of South Carolina. Down and down they come until they're skimming barely 50 feet above the water. Flying on the deck allows them to slip under the antiquated coastal radar. Once over the land, they zoom up again into the normal flight paths. Then it's down again into a small private field that leaves its lights on at night after the operator goes home. A cryptic radio call has assured them that the ground crew is in position and ready to go.

They make a smooth three-point landing on the finely paved runway. When they reach the end of the strip, they spin around, ready for a quick takeoff. At that moment a station wagon comes racing out of the darkness. The two pilots clamber out of their seats. One leaps to the ground, the other braces himself at the cabin door. With the Kid passing out the boxes from the back of the cabin, they make a human chain that connects with the men in the wagon. One, two, three, four....With a steady beat, like a machine, they unload the plane in 90 seconds. Then, they're buttoned up again, watching the dials dance, as they gun up their engines and race down the runway and up into the night air.

Now they're flying due north, over South Carolina, over North Carolina, far from the scene of the crime. When they reach the vicinity of Charlotte, the senior pilot turns to the Kid and says, "There's your chute, Woody," pointing to a big orange pack on the cabin wall. The Kid stares at the man in disbelief. "Whaddya talkin' 'bout?" he rasps. "Look, Kid," says the flier, "this plane took off with just one man inside it and it's got to land with just one man inside it. You know I'm hot. I'm not even allowed to fly. If I come down in this thing, with all the seats out and gas cans all over the place, they'd lock me up forever. I'm gonna jump further on. You get out here."

The pilot turns to the Kid and says, "There's your chute. This plane took off with just one man inside it and it's got to land with just one man inside it. You get out here."

The Kid is stunned by this announcement. Then he thinks: "Sure, this sonavabitch kin jump—he was a fuckin' paratrooper in the army. But what about me? I never jumped outta nuthin' in my whole life." Then his racing mind takes another leap. He freezes as he thinks: "What if this bastard is jis tryin' to get ridda me? What if this is his scam to *off* me?" He looks at the pilot keenly. Then, he thinks, "Naw, ahm jis gittin' paranoid. Why would anybody kill their connection for a lousy 500 pounds o' hash?"

So he watches and listens with glazed attentiveness as the pilot explains the workings of the orange-covered chute. The Kid has a lot of trouble concentrating but he gets the idea. It's not that hard. Besides, he's an athlete. He can take a fall. Then the pilot straps the chute on his back. They reduce their speed to the stalling point. They force open the door of the cabin. The moment the first gust of outside air hits him, the Kid realizes this thing is going to be harder than he figured.

It's January and the air outside the cabin is about 20 degrees below zero. The Kid is wearing tropical clothing. He could go into shock when the numbing cold hits him. He reaches in his boot for one last long pull. Then he braces himself against the open door and hurls himself head forward into the roaring wind. Tumbling head over heels, he counts out loud, *"One! Two! Three!"* Then he grabs for the ring on his chest. He pulls the rip cord and prays. A gentle jolt and he starts to swing like a pendulum.

The moon is full and the ground is covered with snow. Looking down, he can see the lay of the land perfectly. As he plummets to earth, he braces himself for the impact. His teeth are chattering insanely and his whole body is going numb. When he hits the ground, he rolls head over heels in the soft snow. Then, he scrambles to his feet and unbuckles the harness with deadened hands. Stepping free of the chute, he starts to jog. Frantically, he fights to warm up his deadened body. Then he reaches into his boot again. Thank god, he didn't lose his blow. A couple of deep, lung-expanding pulls and he feels the rush.

Now he looks around him and sees a nearby highway. Jogging toward the road, he spots a truck approaching. He shouts and waves his arms. The truck slows to a stop. "Hey, boy, whatcha doin' outcheah?" drawls an old farmer from the cab. "Some guys left me offen heah from hitchin'," drawls the Kid, "an' ah ain't got the *foggiest* wheah ah am. Kin ya git me to the neahrest town?" "Jump in!" shouts the driver, as he revs up his engine and takes off down the highway.

A few miles further on, the Kid sees a motel and asks to be let out. He dashes into the place and signs the register with a phony name. The clerk eyes him suspiciously. He's strangely costumed for winter, and he's still wearing the blood-soaked shirt in which he had his "accident." By now the blood has turned black. He looks like he's been splashed with tar.

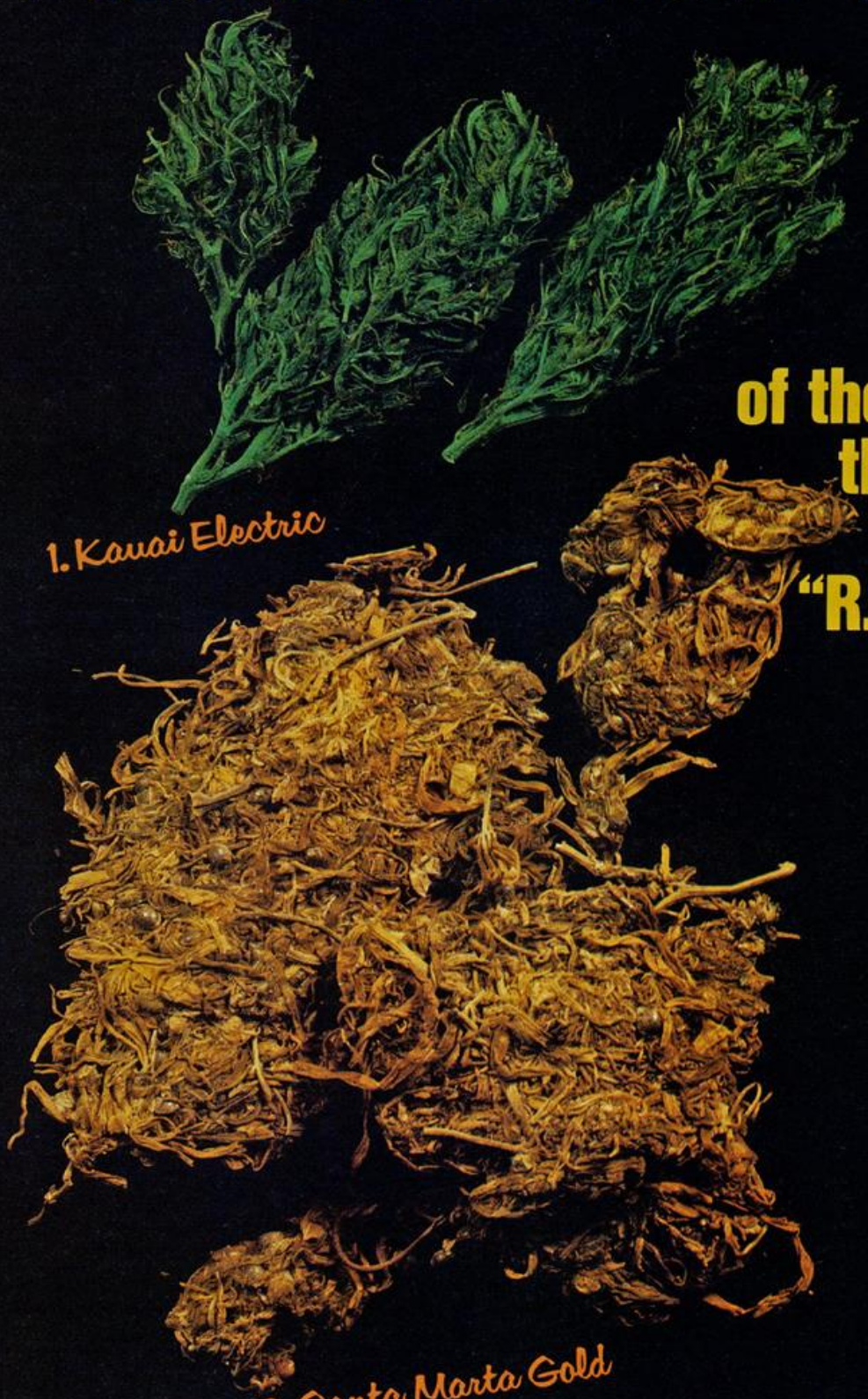
The minute the Kid hits the room, he picks up the phone and dials a number in Fort Lauderdale. He gets Miles on the wire and tells him that everything has gone off according to plan. He orders Miles to pick up Rusty and meet him at the airport in Atlanta. Then he cleans himself up quickly and orders a cab for the airport at Charlotte.

Before dawn breaks, he's closeted with Miles and Rusty in the airport motel at Atlanta. They scam out their next moves. The plan is to have their half of the load stashed in a freight locker in the airport. Then they'll lay back for a couple of days and see if there's any heat on the case. You can't be too careful with stuff that can put you in a federal penitentiary for five years.

The boys had been tooting and toking pretty steadily for over an hour, when the Kid, who had never yet sat down, suddenly got a bright idea. "Hey, fellas," he said, "look at all that pretty snow out there. Whatta we hangin' heah for, when we could be havin' some fun in the street?" With that they all made a dash for the door. The next thing I knew, they were filling my quiet residential block with shouts of glee and roars of laughter as they pelted each other with snowballs, ducking behind parked cars and leaping up to fire fast balls or stumbling oafishly into snow piles. When they came tramping back into the apartment, flushed and drenched, they seemed to have forgotten all about Colombia and dope smuggling and death.

"R.," Dope Connoisseur, Presents:

The Five-Year Review



1. Kauai Electric

2. Santa Marta Gold

A Taster's Tour of the Highs & Lows, the Whys & Hows Plus "R."'s Top Ten Hits of the Past Half Decade

The five years since the first issue of *High Times* appeared have seen both dramatic and subtle shifts in the shape of the marijuana market, shifts reflected in the consciousness of millions of Americans and in the culture they create and consume. In this report I'd like to attempt a review of the ebbs and flows, the tidal patterns of the dope supply and demand, and try to draw some lessons from the low points as well as the highs.

The evolution of the cannabis market in the past five years can be divided, roughly chronologically, into seven often overlapping and interlocking stages.

1) The Age of Plenty and Variety
2) The Rise of the Exotics
3) The Narrowing of the Market

4) The Colombian Gold Rush
5) The Rise of "Fool's Gold" and the Decline of Colombian
6) The Advent of Sinsemilla
7) The Embryonic Third Generation and the First Signs of New Hope

The Age of Plenty and Variety

Perhaps the best way to recall the glories of the Age of Plenty and Variety is for me to reproduce from memory a sample "menu," circa 1974, from the notorious but now defunct "smoke-easy" known as Crosby's. It was a place whose legend has been created by semifictional versions of famous episodes in its history (see "The Night They Raided Crosby's," *High Times*, Winter '75), but the menu was real and the tasty items on it were available at reasonable prices.

You'd walk into the carpeted elegance of Crosby's loft, and there, propped up on the end of the long burnished wood "tasting table," would be a blackboard with the name and price of the various kilos and lids heaped upon the table.

On an average night in 1974, about the time the first issue of *High Times* came out, the menu read something like this:

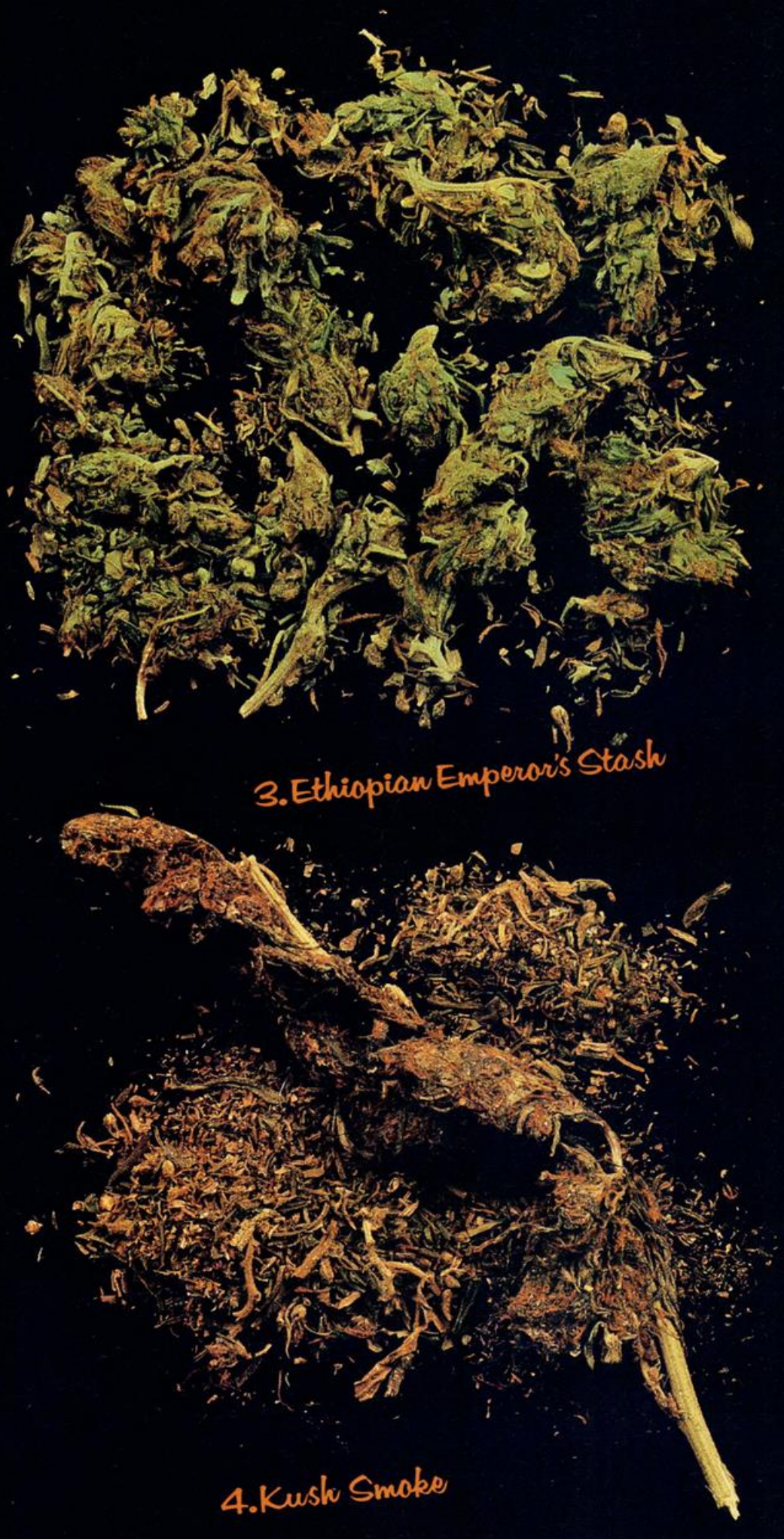
MENU
Week of 6/16/74

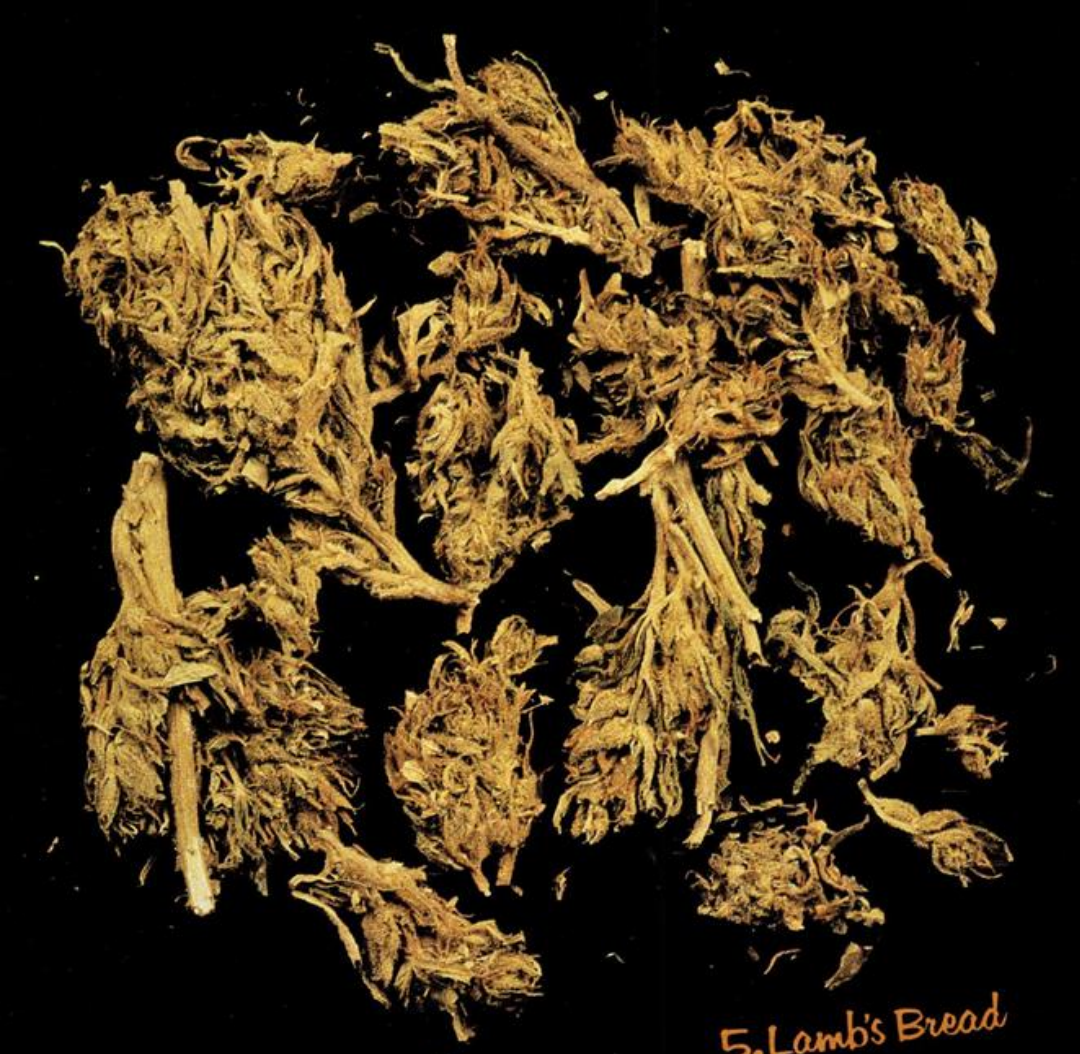
	OZ	¼	LB
• Mex			
Commersh	$22	60	200
Oaxacan tops	30	110	330
Mich.	45	150	550
• Colombian			
Red	40	150	420
Multi	35	130	400
Gold	45	160	500
• Panama red	50	180	600
• Jamaican			
Commersh	35	140	350
Red buds	45	170	480
• Hash			
Moroccan	80	300	
Nep.	120	N.A.	
• Mushrooms	30	120	450

What a paradise this peak of pod plenty was. Sure, not all the items were always available, but there was bound to be something to fit your fancy. The most difficult thing about a trip to Crosby's was finally having to make a choice, assuming you could get through the sampling process without passing out. Good dope, lots of it. Good company and good conversation. It was hard to believe things could get better, but at least for one more year they did—the year when we entered stage two:

The Rise of the Exotics

Yes, by the end of the first year, in addition to all the goodies on that menu above, almost every time you showed up at Crosby's or similar smoking salons you would find a





5. Lamb's Bread



6. Wacky Weed

new and exciting example of the surprising second generation of dopes. By the end of the year the menu would include the following premium-priced entrees:

	oz
• Colombian	
Chiba	65
Wacky weed	75
Santa Marta gold	60
• Thai	200/240
Per stick	15/20
• Hawaiian	160

While Thai was certainly the most glamorous among the new treats served up, I think not enough credit has gone to Chiba, which, for the sake of historical justice, deserves a footnote as the first high-level breakthrough to second-generation quality grass. Chiba hit the States shortly before Thai and opened up a lot of minds to the higher possibilities of grass. Opened up a lot of wallets too: it was closer to a psychedelic than any other previous grass available—breathtaking, rushy, superenergetic and cerebral grass—and demonstrated to marijuana marketers that people would pay $75 an ounce, almost double what they were accustomed, if the grass was, like Chiba, a quantum leap above the ordinary.

Chiba established the reality of the high-priced gourmet market, and after that the supply began to match the demand.

Chiba was followed by other Colombian specialities, like the wild and unpredictable "wacky weed" and the spicy, potent, pollen-coated Santa Marta gold. The Colombian exotics were followed by the amazing advent of Thai and Hawaiian, and suddenly we had arrived in 1975 at the true high point of the grass market. Smoking was genuinely "trippy" back then. The disappearance of real acid and mescaline had prepared the way for high-class grass to serve as a surrogate psychedelic. The grass high seemed to have an ever-expanding potential for surprising and delighting; there seemed no end to the new varieties and experiences that would turn up to turn us on.

Alas, we were spoiled. It was in the 1975 season that things began to slide downhill.

The Narrowing of the Market

The first sign was the narrowing of the multiplicity of sources of the high. Whole countries began disappearing off the market map. First to go was Panama, with Panama red becoming more a memory and a myth than a marketable commodity. Smaller Caribbean sources began to dry up. Bermudian/Honduran/Bolivian grasses disappeared. Most swift, shocking and upsetting was the sudden disappearance of Jamaican. It was partly a result of a vicious U.S.-sponsored plant-destruction campaign waged by the Jamaican military,

Gold looked so good that people became conditioned to the notion that if grass wasn't gold, it couldn't be good. All that glitters is not great grass, and not all great grass is gold.

but it was also a consequence of *brand consciousness*: given the choice between Colombian and Jamaican, the U.S. consumer was choosing Colombian, and as a result Jamaican lost its quick turnover profitability to dealers. The tidal wave of Colombian also broke the back of the Mexican market. While the loss of commercial Mexican might not have seemed a big deal at the time, it was accompanied by a truly lamentable unavailability of those wonderful hypnotic Mexican varieties like Michoacan, Oaxacan and Guerreran in all but southern border states.

In addition to this, the hash market also declined, with larger quantities of weaker Lebanese and Pakistani product supplanting the higher qualities of Nepalese and Moroccan.

The Colombian Gold Rush

More and more, Colombian gained a de facto monopoly position in the marijuana market, and, as is the case with legal commodities, monopoly control and lack of competition began to take its toll on the quality of the product. When Colombian first came in, during the last years of the Mexican monopoly, it was synonymous with quality. It meant something special and new. Once it became the only brand in town, dealers began getting away with marketing any old thing that went by the name "Colombian." The brand name rather than the high became paramount.

But it would be unfair to blame dealers, because consumer ignorance is more responsible for the brand-name blindness. Look what happened with the "gold rush," perhaps the single worst development in the past five years if not the entire history of the marijuana market.

It started with the justly renowned Santa Marta gold that began showing up in quantity during the 1974–75 harvest season. Santa Marta was an authentic high-level gold. It didn't have the psychedelic upper reaches of Chiba, but it was powerful and energetic, a very "up" high. More than that, Santa Marta set a new standard for beauty that pleased the physical senses. It was pretty to see, with its plump blond buds bursting with pollen-furred flowers. It *smelled* delicious, with a fresh, spicy, piquant peppery-flowery fragrance. It *tasted* especially good: tangy warm and spicy on the tongue, with a fruity tinge that attested to its flowery freshness. It even *felt* good: moist and resinous as you crumbled the buds.

The Rise of "Fool's Gold"

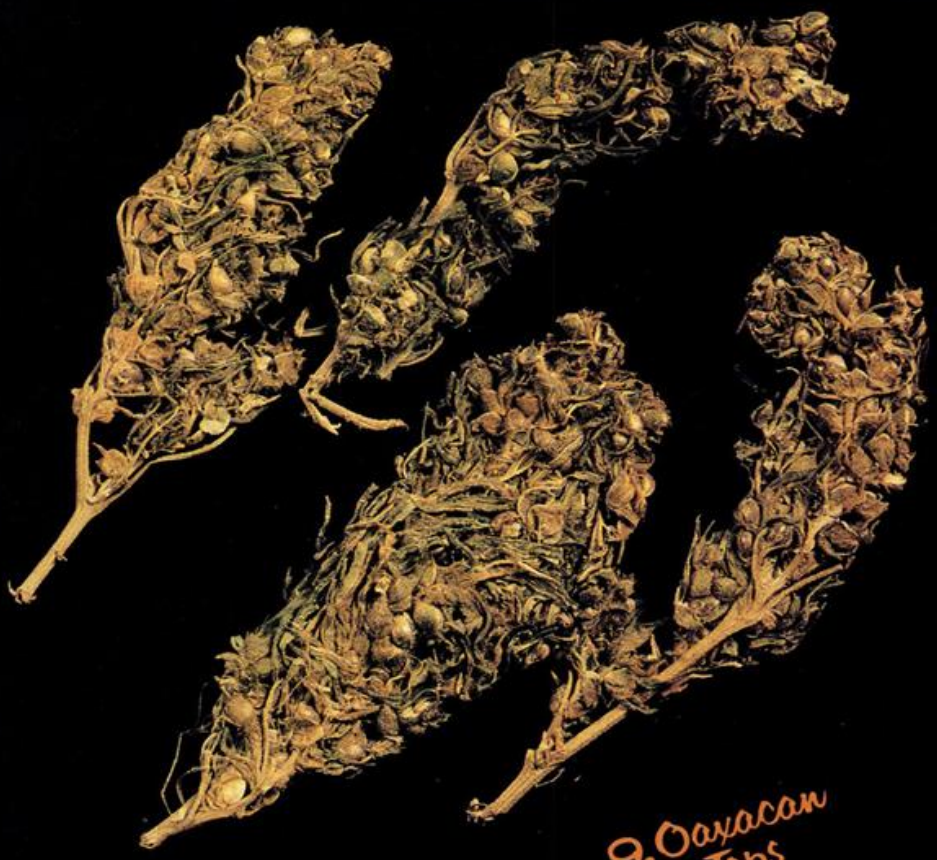
The problem was, it looked so good people began to be conditioned in an almost Pavlovian sense to the notion that if grass wasn't gold, it couldn't be good. And that all gold was good. They began choosing a lid not for the internal state of mind it inspired but because of the impression it made on their external senses. Unfortunately this is not a reliable way of choosing. All that glitters is not great grass, and not all great grass is gold.

The original genuinely great golds like Santa Marta blinded people with their glow, and customers began asking dealers, "Got any gold?" rather than, "Got anything good?" Darker Colombians didn't have a chance, no matter how good. Most wacky weed is not gold, often didn't look great, but it did the trick, more than one trick in fact. But the bottom fell out of the wacky-weed market when customers would repeatedly choose a weaker grass just because of its blond color. Knockout new grasses couldn't crack the Colombian scene if they didn't have a bleach job. A promising new entry in 1977, for instance, was Manizales black, a hypnotic sensual high, but after the first shipment the importers obviously decided it wasn't worth the risk of bringing it over the border when blond-blinded dope smokers wouldn't give it a fair chance.

And unfortunately this blond blindness brought out the worst in some dealers. They realized they could sell just about anything if it had the right color. It made things simpler. Some unscrupulous growers would actually treat the dope to bleach it, creating bleached-blond "fool's gold." Others wouldn't bother to change the color—they'd just make it look more gold by *comparison*. Then merchants took to having only two "sample ounces" to show customers. One was a dark foul-smelling ounce of obviously aging commercial Colombian, the other would be an ounce of something brown. They'd tell customers they had a choice between "this commercial stuff" (pointing to the dark lid) or this "gold" (pointing to the brown). Almost anything that was slightly more brown than gray would look "gold" by comparison with the "commercial."

The gold rush was not the only factor in





9. Oaxacan Tops



10. Chiba

creating the current crisis in Colombian. Mass-marketing malfunctions combined with brand blindness for a synergistic negative effect on the market. Here again, as with the rise of "gold," what at first seemed a hopeful development turned out to be a disaster. Because, paradoxically, it was the disappearance of the summer drought in 1976 that signaled the worst phase of the decline.

Most of you remember the perennial drought that used to afflict smokers. Beginning with the summer of 1968, each successive year found the multiplying demand for marijuana outstripping the supply, the fall harvests all sold out and smoked up by spring, and a long parched summer to endure. The shortage was so bad that it had driven many users to seek substitute kicks in downs and smack. But suddenly one summer, the summer of '76, things changed. It started out as the worst drought of all. But then toward the end of summer (after the political conventions were over) grass started to appear. Not a lot, but enough. Only there was something strange about this grass. It was *different*.

The chief difference was the smell. It had a musty odor. Dealers would call it "earthy"—some even had the nerve to call it "earth dope," as if it were more "organic" and vitamin rich or something. At its worst it could smell positively moldy; but "musty" is probably the best word for it. That summer it didn't even look good—it was kind of gray green, mildewed-looking, with tough, dry, over-compressed buds. Some batches were moist, but not the lovely fresh moistness of newly harvested dope; they were moist as in *dank*. Still, in some ways they were strong. They *would* get you high, only it was not a clear high, buzzy at its best, confused and dizzy, even a bit seasick at worst. Yet because of the dread deprivation imposed by the drought, it sold. Although the product improved over the years, and looks brown enough to be called "gold" these days, summer-drought dope still has a fuzzy edge to the high—all of which might be okay except that it's now no longer the stuff you get during the summer, it's what you get all year round.

The reason is warehousing.

More than any other factor, warehousing is the source of the current deterioration of dope quality. It began when big importers realized it would be a smart investment to hold back a good chunk of their harvest loads in Florida warehouses over the winter and spring, so that they could unload it at premium prices when summer-drought dread drove prices sky-high and customers were more desperate than discriminating. When mass consumption of Colombian became an estab-

lished fact of life, warehousing became a common practice not only in the summer but all year round.

All of this would be okay if it were not for one deplorable-but-true fact of cannabis chemistry. Grass does not get better when it's stashed in storage. In fact the crucial tetrahydrocannabinol (THC) complexes tend to break down the longer it sits unsmoked.

According to grass-growing expert Ed Rosenthal, the longer grass lies around, the greater the disintegration of the high-inspiring cannabinols into the cruder cannabidiols. These latter, according to Rosenthal, give a confused, sleepy, dizzy, fuzzy undertone that undercuts the clarity of the cannabinol highs. The high disintegrates with them. I find many of these warehoused batches of weed don't get you *off*, so much as get you on edge, make you high-strung rather than high.

And unfortunately that's not all the damage warehousing does. It encourages the growing and shipping and storing of huge standardized loads, cuts down on the individual variety and personality of marijuana. Even those grasses with a distinctive character lose it the longer they wait around in a warehouse. You'll notice all dope tastes and smells about the same these days—its condition is more a consequence of the whereabouts of the warehouse than the field in which it's grown. The decline in Colombian has become so abrupt recently that it is my belief it is a secret scandal to all those in the know. In my opinion the rise of high-priced domestic sinsemilla in the marketplace is less due to the virtues of the seedless weed than it is to the crisis in Colombian.

The Advent of Sinsemilla

The gold rush was followed by the green rush. To sinsemilla. Now five years ago green was still a color of shame in the dope world. It meant the much despised "homegrown"—raw green, uncured window-box weed. Stuff that was hard to give away, much less sell. But beginning in '76 a new kind of green became commercially available. By that time pale green Hawaiian and Thai knockout grass had paved the way for consumer acceptance of green. And in fact much of the first sinsemilla had to be fraudulently sold as Hawaiian and Thai because no one would pay the astronomical prices being charged for homegrown no matter how fancy a homegrown it was. Sinsemilla was no ordinary green of course. The special-cultivation seedless buds were the color of emeralds, jade, precious stones. For the price of precious stones. But, did it get you truly, preciously, stoned?

The column I wrote questioning whether sinsemilla might be both overpriced and overrated was the most controversial of any I've written. Basically my complaint about sinsemilla was the same as my complaint about fool's gold: it looked, smelled, tasted better than it smoked. It was, and still is, my belief that many sinsemillas give you a bland, sweet, but unexciting high. The "surfer girl" of dope, I called it. Missing the wild trippy exoticism of the best imported weed. Missing the soaring, cerebral, sensual upper reaches of Thai and Hawaiian. Too conventional: upper-middle-class grass.

Outraged sinsemilla growers and smokers protested.

It's the best high ever, they declared. How account for such a difference in taste? For one thing, I think many sinsemilla fanciers have forgotten, or never knew, just how fine the very finest dope could be. They missed the first Thai sticks when they came in, they've only had "fake Hawaiian," never tasted Oaxacan tops. In addition, many of them missed out on the great psychedelics before PCP and the other garbage entered the acid picture. So they don't know what they're missing when a grass isn't trippy. Instead they're accustomed to coke-and-'lude highs and don't expect much more from grass than the generalized feelings of well-being they get from pills and powder.

Sinsemilla is the "surfer girl" of dope: missing the wild, trippy exoticism of the best imported weed and the soaring, cerebral, sensual reaches of Thai and Hawaiian.

Worse, most sinsemilla fanciers have fallen into the external sense trap that fueled the fool's-gold fraud.

Take the bud-judging contest that climaxed a harvest season in a northern California sinsemilla-growing county. According to a sinsemilla growing figure on the scene, the best buds from each farm were rated by a panel on the basis of five criteria. *And only one of them was the high.* The other categories—taste, smell, overall appearance, "bud conformation"—are legitimate categories if the bud is considered an aesthetic object to be mounted and framed. But if it is going to be smoked, if you're paying $180 an ounce to get high from it, the only important category should be effect. Unfortunately, it's my opinion that most California sinsemilla tastes the same, smokes the same, with the same bland effect; so if all those other categories weren't thrown in, it would be impossible to tell any two smokes apart. Even the sinsemilla growing figure reported that many sinsemilla farmers themselves *prefer Hawaiian* to their own product and will pay up to $4,000 a pound to import primo Hawaiian for their personal stash. Sinsemilla customers subsidize this expensive habit by pouring their money into the bland green brand.

Fortunately there have been signs of improvement in the past year in three areas.

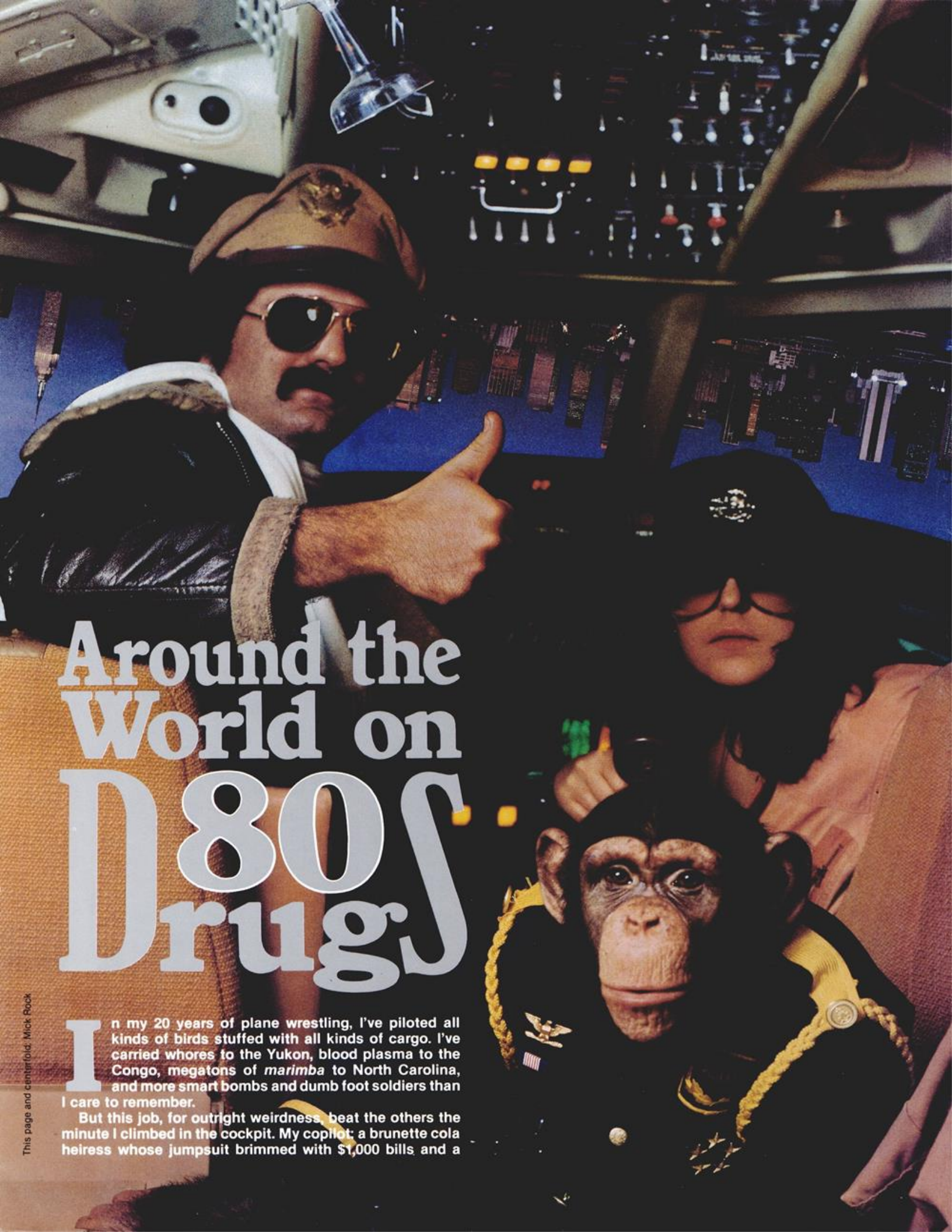
The Embryonic Third Generation

First of all, some sinsemillas are beginning to separate themselves from the pack. Ozark sinsemilla, for instance. Grown in the mountains of Arkansas and Missouri, this hillbilly sinsemilla packs more to a punch than the average West Coast variety. It has something of the white-lightning wallop of the moonshine they make in the mountains down there, the kick of an Ozark mule. The best way to describe the difference between it and the West Coast product would be to compare it to the difference between laid-back California Eagles-type rock and the whacked-out drive of the best of southern rock.

Then, as I reported recently, there are the technological triumphs of third-generation sinsemillas: A hybrid like that obtained by crossing *Cannabis indica* "hash plants" with the best of *Cannabis sativa* from Thai or Hawaiian seeds, and cultivating the hybrid as a sinsemilla plant.

Then there are the high-tech imports: foreign exotic marijuana strains given intensive care and cultivated as sinsemilla. Recently I reported on two exceptionally pleasing developments: a low-priced but delightful Mexican sinsemilla and a high-priced but explosively potent Jamaican sinsemilla. In addition there are several recent Colombian sinsemillas showing up, which demonstrates that, if the consumers aren't, the growers in that country are getting hip to the need to reverse the decline in their nation's reputation for quality dope.

But the most enduring and persistent sign of hope has come from the continuing appearance of new exotics, a tribute to the resilience and glorious multiplicity of the pod plant's personality. In the past five years, each time the market begins to seem dull and depressed, a brand-new taste treat will appear. One year it was African grass: thrilling Tanganyika green, Congolese black, and absolutely awesome Ethiopian said by Rastafarians to be the source of Haile Selassie's godhead. Highly unlikely but highly explosive dope nonetheless. The next year, specialties from east Asia might make a brief appearance on the gourmet market. Sumatran: subtle, sweetly swamplike and hypnotic. Balinese grass: shimmery, dreamy, pulsating with the savor of Shiva. Some commercial grasses go through a cycle and decline after the initial rush, but the persistence of exotic newcomers reassures us of the resourcefulness of the pod plant and the people who grow it. The hits just keep on comin'. ◘



Around the World on Drugs

In my 20 years of plane wrestling, I've piloted all kinds of birds stuffed with all kinds of cargo. I've carried whores to the Yukon, blood plasma to the Congo, megatons of *marimba* to North Carolina, and more smart bombs and dumb foot soldiers than I care to remember.

But this job, for outright weirdness, beat the others the minute I climbed in the cockpit. My copilot: a brunette cola heiress whose jumpsuit brimmed with $1,000 bills and a

This page and centerfold: Mick Rock



body that defied the law of gravity. My navigator: a chimpanzee stoned on yagé, who steered the airbus by telepathy not radar. My cargo: the staff of *High Times*, celebrating the Fifth Anniversary of their magazine. My mission: simple—touch down in every dope capital in the world, wait on the strip for three hours while the passengers exchange extravagant amounts of currency for the cream of the intoxicant market, then blast the 727 into the sky, level it off, and put on the smoking, snorting and swallowing lights.

They called it the Anational Airborne Festival of Dope. The cargo hatch opened up for bales of buds in Santa Marta, the Kona coast, the Nigerian interior; cocaine in Bolivia, Peru and Indonesia; hashish and beer in Germany; khat in Yemen; Quaaludes in Philadelphia; opium and MSG in Hong Kong . . . after the first 20 stops the geography and pharmacology began to blur.

But goddamn if it didn't go smooth as chrome steel—except for one rough spot on the Katmandu hash run when some yogis started monkeying with the navigator's ESP. ◘

Centerfold: Skates courtesy Horizon Skate Shop, Venice, Ca.; Wine courtesy Hudson Valley Winery, Highland, N.Y.

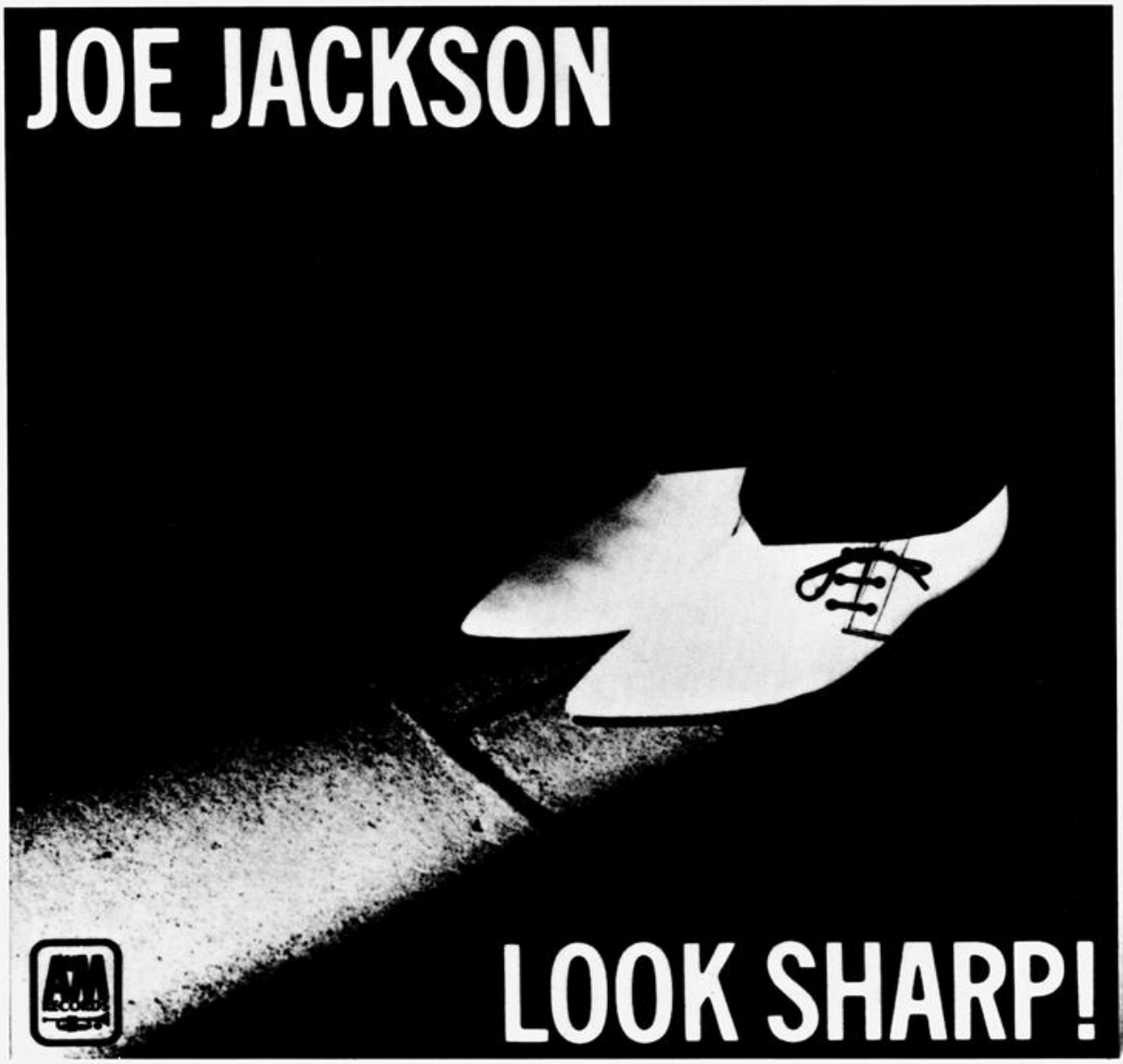
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SHARP MUSIC FOR A DULL WORLD.



JOE JACKSON "LOOK SHARP!"

features "Is She Really Going Out With Him"

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GLOBAL GRASS ROUTES

Where it comes from ... and where it goes

Five years ago this month Richard Nixon was preparing his resignation speech, Patty Hearst was on the lam with the SLA, and the nation's fuzz had just announced their dope-bust haul for the previous year: a little over ten tons of pot. Ten tons? That's one rather average shipment by today's smuggling standards.

An incredible network of connections has evolved during these five years— fleets, flotillas and caravans filled with megatons of pot and hash destined for the world's heads—and the cops have missed almost all of it. It is the biggest smuggling operation of all time, enriching the lives and pockets of virtually millions of people, from Colombian *campesinos* to American baggie manufacturers. And it has done this without trade regulations, federal licensing or cargo inspectors. Pure capitalism.

Today the smuggling industry is going through changes like never before. Heat from the police, intensified political pressure and the formation of marijuana monopolies threaten many of the world's importers despite an ever-increasing public demand for their wares.

High Times discussed the current shipping situation with a dozen top importers, a score of middle- and minor-echelon distributors, and the usual klatch of dealers, camp followers and pot epicures who call New York's dope culture their home. From these firsthand interviews and *High Times*' vast banks of dope lore emerges a picture of efficient chaos.

Small importers and dealers fear that the one-time cottage industry of smuggling has today given way to big business. Like breweries and power companies, the independents find the ante for the do-it-yourself venture too high and the danger threshold too low. They grimace when rumors of marijuana combines and mob involvement come from their connections.

Meanwhile, many experts, from New York district attorney investigators to marijuana-air-force squadron leaders, feel the halcyon days of big-time independent dope smuggling are over. They believe a return to single-engine-plane, small-boat, and suitcase smuggling is imminent.

Both views are correct. Pot smuggling has always been a crime, and it's always been organized, and the natural inclination for organizations to grow when they are successful has produced some major shipping lines that would rival the Onassis empire. But it's harder to hide a freighter of pot than a suitcase of pot, and the cops are after the big movers today with more vengeance and money than ever before.

The major action in the smuggling industry during the past five years has been the Colombian connection, but before that, most of the pot that came into the United States was Mexican. New Orleans slaves, vipers and beatniks toked up on herb that crossed the Mexican border so casually that in the first years after pot was made illegal less than 300 pounds annually got busted because

by Michael Chance

Plumadore

border agents didn't know what it was.

When American pot culture caught fire in the '60s, a steady stream of cars filled with Mexican pot began flowing through U.S. Customs. These primitive smugglers got caught after their stories about bringing alfalfa back for their horses no longer convinced the border agents. Vehicular smuggling became quite the rage for a while, with removable door panels, phony frames, hollow seats and similar ploys employed against the gate. Prods, dogs and specially trained agents soon rendered these methods obsolete. This gave birth to the pioneers of big-time smuggling—the daredevils who traveled the uncharged airways and waterways to bring home the load.

The flagships of the Mexican connections were single-engine planes piloted by bored Vietnam vets or any of a number of ambitious southwestern bush pilots, among whom flying is a way of life. With the determination of Pony Express riders, they set about to deliver the goods. Thousands of Cessnas and Cubs flew the terrain from Mexico to Arizona, New Mexico and Texas, following the pipeline roads and landing in the desert. The casualty figures for the Mexican-connection air force are staggering: from January 1975 to January 1977, more than 165 planes crashed, with at least 31 known dead. Another 150 dope-toting planes were intercepted in midair. Dope journalist Jerry Kamstra has reported that in 1975, "during top-secret Operation Star Trek, a 54-day experiment with portable radar units, Customs radar showed 250 suspect radar blips, or 'bogeys,' between San Diego and El Paso. That's what the radar picked up, and most marijuana-airforce pilots are experts at dodging radar. Twenty-three of the suspicious bogeys were tracked down, and each captured airplane contained marijuana. A Customs officer in El Paso this year watched 13 illegal aircraft cross the border on his radio scanner in *one hour* between El Paso and Denning, New Mexico."

While lots of bush pilots were diverted to the Caribbean during the Guajiran Gold Rush of '76 to '79, most are now back to rooftopping tons of Mexican in under the Southwest border radar, dropping it high up in saddleback valleys of the Sangre de Cristo range. The gate-smuggling operations have remained surprisingly stable. Trucks ostensibly filled with T-shirts still roll through the Nogales inspection station and unload bags of weed on the other side. Fat Mexican women still beat the walk through, carrying weaved baskets stuffed with weed.

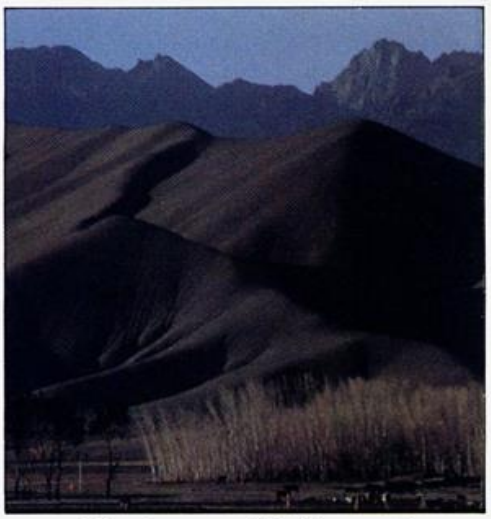
The Mexican connection's main competition in the late '60s and early '70s was Jamaica. Most of the ganja that appeared in those years arrived in seagoing sailboats. But there was still not enough profit margin to make private yachts worthwhile in the event they got busted, and the day of the freighter was a couple of years off. The favored route was through the Windward Passage between Cuba and Haiti; some chose the Mona and Lee passages further east. Importers and distributors loved the ganja because it sold at about twice what the prevailing Mexican went for.

Besides the good pot, Jamaica's entrance into what some people termed ODEC (Organization of Dope Exporting Countries) was occasioned by the eruption of the U.S. government's first dope war in Mexico—Operation Intercept—in 1969. Actually, this was just a skirmish; later dope offensives such as Operation Buccaneer in Jamaica, Operation Condor in Mexico and Operation Fulminante in Colombia incited full-scale civil wars with troops pitted against their own people in a battle for control of marijuana growing areas. Always, the United States has initiated, funded and choreographed these wars. Operation Intercept kicked off Nixon's war on drugs.

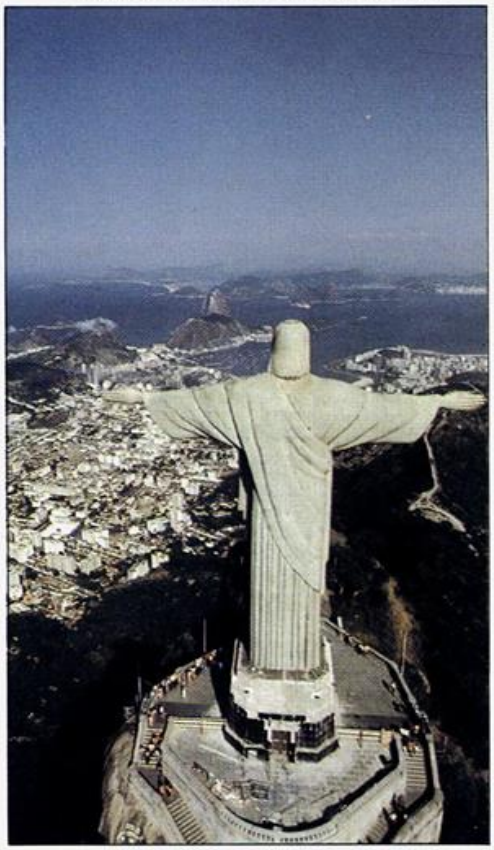
The first time around, though, the feds didn't know what to do. They reorganized the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, tossing in a few odd bureaucracies such as the dope branches of the IRS and Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, to form the Office of Drug Abuse Law Enforcement. Precursor to the Drug Enforcement Administration, ODALE was given carte blanche to deal with dope in America. Figuring that Mexico was the worst offender, they infested both the southeastern United States and Mexico with narcs and informants, beefed up the border patrols and brought in pot-sniffing German shepherds. It was a public-relations failure for the government, because they rarely turned up anything more than a few kis, but it did convince some in the corps of the Mexican connection that there must be a better way, and off they went to join the flowering Jamaican connection.

But the feds caught on quickly. Though they did put a brief crimp in the Mexican line, they failed to stem the flow along the 1,500-mile border, and the operation faded away. By 1972 it became apparent from their army of informants, underground-media dope stories and general observation that Jamaica was exporting a lot of pot, so they decided to try again. Jamaica was just their size.

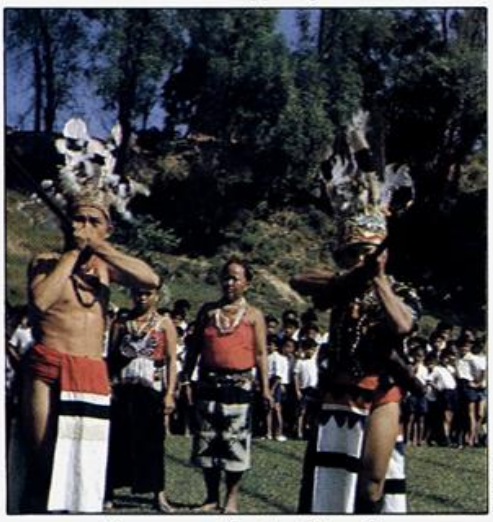
Operation Buccaneer, launched in 1974, was a three-pronged offensive: blockading the island; destroying the crops with herbicide; and paying off the national pols more than the smugglers. The Coast Guard, which by now had gotten into the act, patrolled the three passages that the smugglers used, shaking down suspicious sailboats and yachts. In the mountains they sprayed tens of thousands of acres with paraquat, a gambit they repeated in Mexico in 1975–76 only



Afghanistan: world's oldest market.



Brazil: untapped gold.



Shostal

Borneo: pot for the future?

to have it blow up in their faces when it drove a health-crazed America to hysteria. Armed troops swarmed over the hills, fighting running gun battles with the herb men. By 1973 the United States had managed to cut off completely the flow of pot from Jamaica, its most resounding success and the model used to convince Congress to fight more dope wars.

Again, the smugglers shifted. Now they knew the South Atlantic, the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean. There were connections in Florida and New York panting for pot. And from Colombia, rumors of mountains made of solid gold.

In the fall of 1971 and spring of 1972 Colombia received some visitors who would change the history of that nation. No one knows who they were, for no one has ever stepped forward and claimed the prize for being the first to import Colombian pot into the United States for commercial sale, but they had completed their package and brought the results to Miami by the spring of 1972. Its reputation rapidly preceded its presence, and by early summer middle-echelon dealers were clamoring to their connections for some of the fabled pot.

Communications in the paranoid netherworld of the early '70s pot culture were more often false than true, but the stories trickling up from Miami that a new move was afoot to beat the cops and bolster the sagging dope economy had the ring of truth. Colombia has an ideal strategic location, with access to two oceans and, thus, both U.S. coasts.

Colombian pot got its official kickoff in the United States during the 1972 presidential conventions in Miami. Thousands of demonstrators, many of whom smoked pot out of rebellion if not personal interest, were turned on through the efforts of local Miami dealers and a short-lived group called the Pot People's party. This group, formed for the conventions and dissolved soon afterward, was by far the most popular concession at Flamingo Park, the demonstrators' stronghold. Huge throngs fanned out in front of their table, waiting for a toke of the weed that was so strong it was supposedly like getting stoned for the first time all over again.

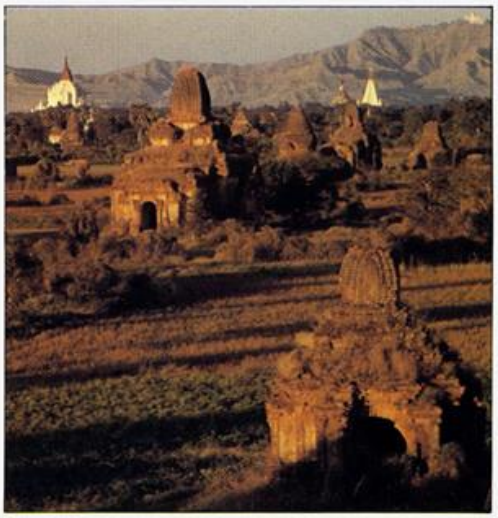
Tom Forcade, founder of *High Times*, and then a leader of the Zippies, a splinter faction of the Yippies, later credited the Pot People's party with inspiring *High Times*. "I looked at the dozens of radical groups, then at the mobs at the Pot party table, and saw there was the constituency of the future." The ever-resourceful Zippies scored a couple of pounds of the superweed to distribute at their smokeins, further boosting its reputation. A lot of connections were made during the conventions, and by the end of that summer any dealer worth his shake knew that Colombian was the pot of the future.

It was the beginning of the clouds-of-glory period of dope running. Almost overnight Caribbean flotillas were organized, front men dispatched to the Colombian countryside, warehouses rented and stuffed to the rafters with bales of fume. Mother ships bobbed heavily at anchor off the Florida coast. So open were the operations that just about anyone with long hair, a fast boat and a fistful of money could draw alongside and buy a bale or two. By 1976 the marijuana maritime ruled the seas. They ran the Coast Guard's defenses as if running through a sieve. Fading freighters registered in places like Liberia and Liechtenstein bristled with the latest in technological gear: directional radio locators, over-the-horizon radar, sonar navigation for night movements. Shrimp trawlers held a special fascination for smugglers and were employed so often that repeated shakedowns of legit shrimpers by marine patrols brought protests by the shrimp lobbies.

It wasn't until 1976 that the feds began to get a handle on the connection. While their total haul in 1974 was still under 50 tons, they managed to grab that in just one bust when they ordered the legendary Night Train to heave to off the Bahamas. After a running gun battle the freighter finally surrendered, telling the feds, "We have no captain, just a crew." That year, the feds, led by the Ccast Guard cutter *Dauntless*, and armed with the Hovering Vessels Act, busted more than a hundred tons on the seas. Often they boarded suspect ships on the high seas and when they found pot hauled the ship to shore and let the crew go.

As the Colombian market continued to boom, multiengine and cargo planes able to make the long haul from the Guajira peninsula to the mainland began plying the skies. Douglases and Lockheed Lodestars were the favored craft, along with multiengine seaplanes. Flying from abandoned and makeshift airfields, they rarely encountered resistance of the type that the Mexican-connection pilots contended with daily. The routine announcement by the DEA and Customs that a fleet of anti-dope planes was on the horizon came to be a joke among Colombian-connection pilots wise to the fact there were only two rickety pursuit planes in the whole Southeast. The threatened Mirage surveillance jets never materialized in this area either, though reportedly they have been employed in Colombia's ongoing dope war.

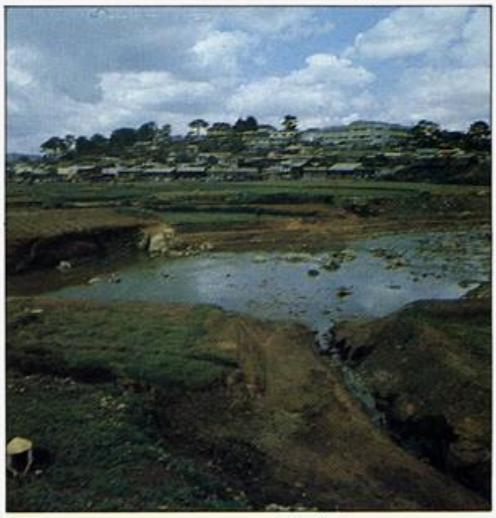
The current Colombian dope war, launched last October under the code name Operation Fulminante, is an all-out DEA-inspired Colombian government offensive against the established dope barons—*marimberos*—of La Guajira, who have simply been pulling in too much untaxable money. The main thrust has been in La Guajira and smuggler ports along the eastern Colombia coast. Over 33,000 square kilometers of grassland is under siege. A whole army bat-



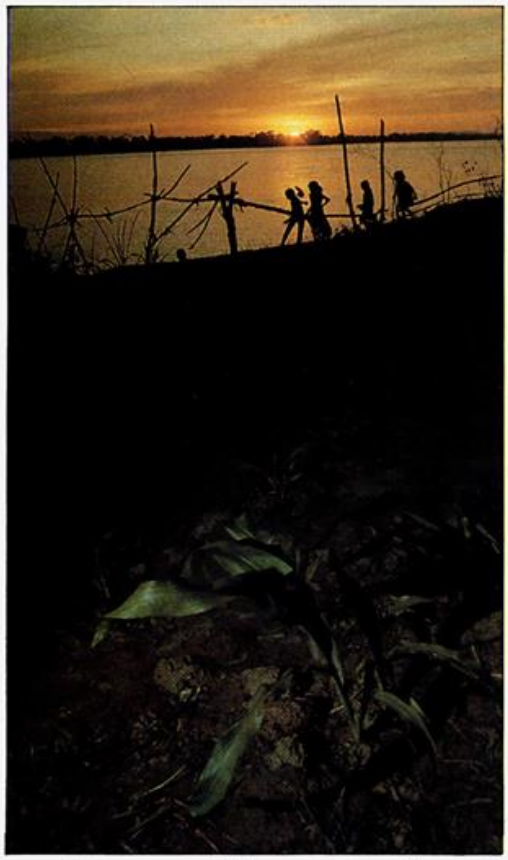
Burma: pols call the shots.



Cambodia: still delivering.



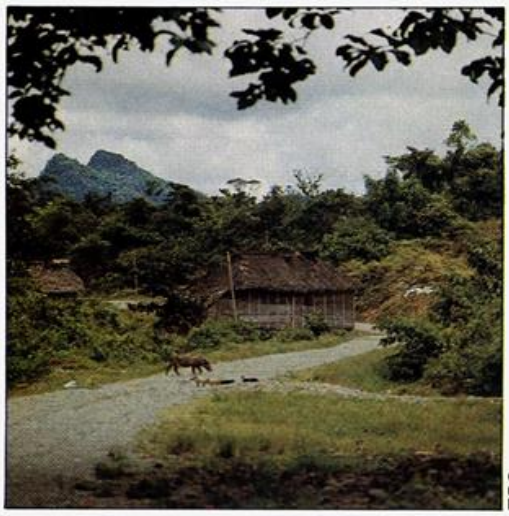
Vietnam: no more Park Lanes.



Laos: communists sever connection.



Canada: an army of suitcase smugglers.



FPG

Colombia: dope war ups the ante.

talion has been detailed to patrol the area, with the air force providing combat helicopters and combat jets. The navy has chipped in with four destroyers, various patrol boats, and even a Cartagena-based submarine. The United States has contributed some $3.5 million to the war, some antique radar units, and low-profile Vietnam-type "advisers." So far the propaganda officers of the antidope forces claim more than 5,000 tons of pot has been seized, more than 750 dope workers have been busted (including 30 Americans), and 16 planes have been impounded. At least a score of people are said to have been killed, four of them pilots.

The pressure on pilots is incredible. Seventeen planes have crashed so far, including one that hit high-tension lines while trying to run the mountains near Santa Marta, electrocuting the pilot and causing a blackout on the coast. Worse yet, when a district Colombian army colonel is replaced by one of the "Fulminante" brass, pilots can be held hostage by the new military commander for weeks, until his U.S. connection—hopefully—sends out properly augmented bribe bread.

At the same time, an assortment of U.S. agencies has made Miami so hot that it is no longer the major port of entry. Though private yachts, sailboats and an occasional independent syndicate still make the trip, it is simply too risky for any seasoned smuggler who appreciates the cardinal rule that one must not get caught.

The dope-bust figures for the Miami-area U.S. Coast Guard and Customs district tell the story. The *High Times* "Hit Parade," an index of the biggest busts nationally, lists during the summer and fall of 1977 a string of Miami dope busts that stagger the imagination. The top 15 or 20 busts every month were invariably off Florida waters. Today Florida still regularly appears in the "Hit Parade" lists, but only once or twice a month—nothing like the 50 tons a month the feds were knocking down in their hog-heaven days.

This April, Florida enacted a law that requires mandatory sentencing for smugglers. Even more severe than New York's infamous Rockefeller laws, it calls for three years for possession of ten pounds or over and ten years hard time for a hundred pounds or over. Within six months, predicts a longtime Miami connection, what few brokers are left will head for healthier environs.

The net result has made Miami a bad connection for profit-minded middlemen. "If it does come in, it goes right by," complained another Miami-based dealer. "And it costs just as much as it does in New York or L.A. It's like Atlantic City here, faded glory." What traffic there is often opts for "channeling"—dumping their bales off Key West inlets, passing the marine patrols clean and retrieving them on the other side. It is not a very professional maneuver, but so prevalent that a cult of beachcombers flourishes off the misguided flotsam.

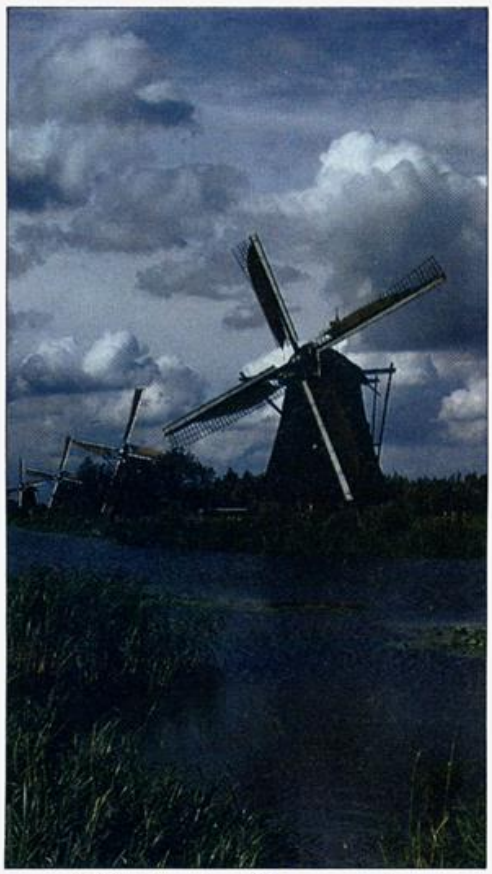
The big money has shifted to New York, New Orleans, New Jersey and other ports where the mob controls the waterfront. Multiton shipments now come right into legitimate ports, where they are unloaded by union longshoremen. In the last quarter of last year New York–area feds seized more than 40 tons of pot, 20 tons of hash and a quarter ton of bootleg Quaaludes, the latter baled up like pot. Fourteen tons of the pot belonged to a Long Island–based operation that appeared to be financed by the mob. Last year another huge bust on Long Island turned up a notebook with the names Vesco and Lansky entered. After a 22-ton hash bust off Sandy Hook, New Jersey, the DEA announced that "this wasn't a mother-ship operation. This ship was going to come right in."

The biggest bust, 30 tons of pot and the bale of Quaaludes, was made on a trawler docked in Jamaica Bay, Queens, last November. It gives an indication of this new breed of smugglers and cops. The New York Police Department was tipped off by three different tipsters that the ship would be unloading that night. It took the cops several hours to mobilize once they were apprised of the situation, claiming in defense at a heated press conference afterward that they couldn't find a judge to sign the search warrant, nor could they find enough weapons. When the raiding team was assembled it promptly converged on the wrong dock at a port in Brooklyn, some distance away. When they finally did swarm onto the ship almost four hours after the initial tip, all they found was the boo, a pot of tepid cappuccino and some pepper-and-sausage sandwiches. A few weeks later the confiscated pot was ripped off from the police warehouse. "An inside job," the cops announced.

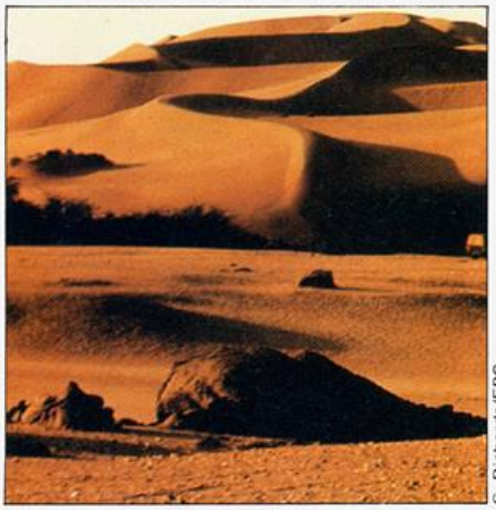
It is this element that has many of the independents worried. They fear that such organizations as the Mafia and gambling syndicates may start bankrolling the smuggling operations, buying up the best pot and holding out for top dollar. This theory was first voiced in the Yipster Times almost two years ago. A well-connected dope journalist charged then that "marijuana combines" were organizing to force up prices and drive out the fierce independent competition that allowed the middleman selection and profit margin. Though this is in part the case, it should be pointed out that unlike the old-line crime organizations who have recently gotten into the act, the "marijuana combines" are simply independents who have grown so powerful that they can strongly influence the market. But it doesn't mollify the little guy, who is now forced to pay higher prices even for large orders and sometimes required to buy a certain amount of



Denmark: hash heaven.



Holland: center of Euro smuggling.



C. Richards/FPG

Africa: U.S. heads said no thanks.

commercial-grade pot in order to purchase the primo grades.

Several importers and ton dealers contacted by *High Times* were of the opinion that the halcyon days of independent dope running as we knew it are over. So severe is the pressure from the cops and the organized crime scene, that the independents are going to eventually be squeezed entirely out of the picture.

One Miami-based buyer who has worked the area since 1973 told *High Times* pessimistically, "It's all over. There were some guys who gave the marijuana syndicate a run for their money, but they gave up in the end. There's still a lot of loose stuff that comes in, but it's expensive and it's usually not that hot, mostly commercial. The loose stuff comes in on private boats. You can always count on a few tons showing up during the International Boat Festival. The cops monitor the air-rental agencies; they've gone up and down the coast telling every homeowner to be on the lookout for suspicious ships unloading; so even if you do want to put together a package, you've got to do it a long way from home."

Not only are the middle-echelon traders getting the horn from the big syndicates, but they are getting squeezed on the other end by consumers reluctant to pay cost pass-alongs. "The $50 ounce is the magic number with Colombian," a New York dealer told *High Times*. "Nobody wants to pay over that. If they do, they figure what the hell, when you deduct the weight of the seeds it makes it only about half as expensive as top-notch sinsemilla, and they'll buy that. But our prices keep going up. I used to be able to get a thousand pounds of primo at a little over $300 a pound, take it north and move it all for $450 a pound. Then the prices went up to $385, and now it's over $400, but I can't get more than $475 unless I sell it all at one time. It's hardly worth making the trip."

Not all middlemen agree that this shift is necessarily bad. It may end up saving money for pound and ounce dealers. A New York pound dealer stressed the ease of his operation: "I met these Italian guys I used to buy firecrackers from and they asked if I ever wanted some pot. I said sure, and they brought over some fine-looking weed. Pretty soon I was buying regular. I know this pot's from the Mafia, but it's always there and I get it for $35 less a pound than I used to."

Whether or not the tendency in the Colombian connection toward monolithic marijuana combines continues, there is no reason to believe independents will be muscled out. Like big airplanes, big operations have a way of calling attention to themselves. Also, they are hard to keep organized. Considering the American love affair with Colombian pot, and the consistent track record of the importers, it is doubtful that either monopolies or dope wars will cause more than a temporary slowdown in this vital shipping line.

And, of course, there are all the other connections. All the world's a stash, and who knows from what dark, forgotten corner of the planet will creep the next superpot, the weed that will launch a thousand ships and scramble the marijuana air force into action while the feds doze off La Guajira? Already the scouts are out, like geologists searching for oil deposits, sampling the local produce, sewing a few seeds for future research. Here is *High Times*' survey of the global connections, and what to expect in the next decade.

Afghanistan

Among the most venerable and august of the international cannabis marketplaces, Afghanistan continues to produce some of the world's finest hash, and probably will into the third millennium. For touristing heads it's a gas, but serious transporters face the enormous obstacles presented by Afghanistan's surly neighbors. There is an old Persian saying that leaving Afghanistan is like taking the tusk from a live elephant. Landlocked, and with private airplane travel severely restricted and highly scrutinized, the overland route is the only answer. Thousands of danger freaks have braved the 5,000-mile trip back to the United States in vans lined with Afghani hash, receiving the remuneratory $20,000 to $50,000 in return. Some don't make it. The rest have retired to Marin County and similar haunts. More cautious and cunning types have resorted to a variety of cargo ploys from hash vases to hash jugs, but this is so old hat to the Customs squad that it's seldom worth the trouble, unless you come up with some really new twist, like hash oil in a Pan Am fuel tank. Some armchair observers say the communist takeover may swell the hash flow, as it supposedly did in Lebanon, but this extrapolation is based on error: most Lebanese hash comes not from Lebanon but from Cyprus. The van-caravan and suitcase smuggler will probably continue to bring back the most Afghani.

Brazil

From all accounts, respectable grass can be grown in Brazil, and some in fact occasionally makes it back to the United States as a novelty item. But for the most part, Brazil's political situation precludes any large-scale operations. There was a time in the late '60s and early '70s when guns could be traded for pot in Mexico and in parts of South America and Asia. Deals with revolutionaries have been known to go awry, and the bagman is sometimes ripped off in the name of *la Revolucion*. There has always been an overlap between the CIA and the DEA, but in recent years they have become virtually indistinguishable in such countries as Brazil, Chile, the Golden Triangle nations and Mexico by claiming, with some justifi-

cation, that dope revenues are financing revolutionaries. Faced with the alternatives of cops or revolutionaries or CIA agents, most importers have chosen to leave Brazil's potent weed where it is.

Borneo

The equatorial mountain jungles of Borneo have long been discussed by visionary importers. Tales of wild superweed have trickled back from nomads visiting the formerly British northern provinces, and one scout who made the loop to Pontianak while on a business trip to Thailand reported that even in its uncultivated form the Borneo weed was some skullfuck—close to Thai, Vietnamese, Burmese and other delicacies from that part of the world. It wouldn't be any more difficult than the Thai connection, probably easier considering there is something like one cop for every 70,000 square miles. With its short hop to the Hawaiian connection, and clear selling from there, Borneo could become the next Colombia.

Burma/Cambodia/Vietnam/Thailand/Laos (The Southeast Asia Connection)

There was a time when Burmese monks blessed the pot crop in hopes it would bring them closer to nirvana come harvest, but today you need the blessings of the local officials to make the heavenly portals, and those aren't always easy to come by. In the heart of the world's finest cannabis region, these Asian nations are unfortunately cursed with spies and informants of every ilk, and much of the best growing areas are infested with Red Army insurgents. Despite the pitfalls, these countries have been known to harbor notoriously corrupt officials, and the right manna can still move mountains. Shipments of Burmese, Thai sticks and Cambodian tops turn up once or twice a year to the great delight of exotic-stock dealers. Burmese shake runs over two grand a pound, with Thai sticks and Cambodian tops pushing three grand. That makes a freighter of Asian pot worth four freighters of Colombian pot, a nautical formula that has launched many a ship.

The Asian connection is one of the great untold stories of dope journalism. Vietnamese pot abounded during the war—remember Park Lanes?—and even after the war, potent Nepalese hash, Thai sticks and Buddha grass continued to stream in. As the communists took over in some places, the traffic shriveled. Smugglers caught by the Vietnamese were routinely treated as spies, a heavy rap. Laotian pot farmers were put in self-criticism collectives. Earlier this year, Cambodia announced that henceforth all smugglers of narcotics, including grass, would face the firing squad.

Canada

As frequently appears to be the case, the Canadian connection seems more an extension of the U.S. connection than its own entity. Not that Vancouver, Toronto and Montreal are not pothead capitals—they are—it's just that no dope is produced there, and the pot smuggled in proceeds directly across the border to the United States. The stuff that stays there is second-rate, overpriced and hard to get. A lot comes from merchant mariners who sell their short supplies high. For a while Canada was popular with suitcase smugglers from South America who would circumnavigate the United States and enter across the wide stretches of unpatrolled border. This laborious scam only paid off for coke smugglers, and occasionally still does.

Vancouver swarms with heads, but many of them are from the States and most of the smuggling rings are largely U.S. expatriates. That is not entirely the case, of course. One major exception is Robert Rowbatham, who was convicted, after a protracted and eloquent court battle, of smuggling in a ton of hash. Norman Mailer even testified in his defense. Rowbatham became endeared forevermore to dopedom when he told the judge he was doing the people of Canada a favor and would do it again if he had the chance. The unamused judge gave him 25 years. Some tentative attempts at homegrown have yielded no surprises, but this could change with the advent of sinsemilla technology such as portable greenhouses and thermal control.

Colombia

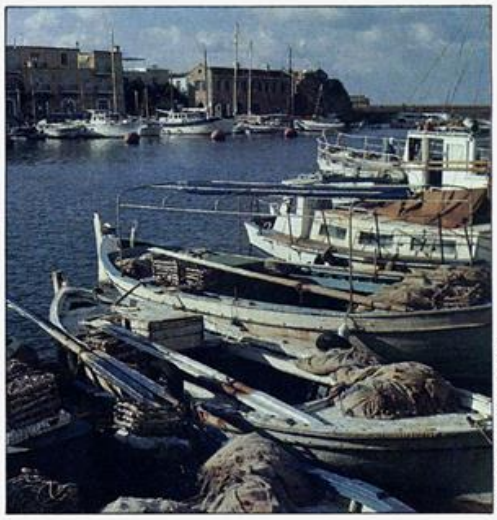
The entire situation in Colombia will change overnight if Colombia decides to legalize pot. Already the influential National Association of Financial Institutions has come out for legalization, along with hundreds of thousands of lumpen dope workers. Only the government, headed by President Julio Cesar Turbay Ayalo, holds out against legalization, and that's because the United States is calling the shots. If Colombian pot goes legit, there's no way they'll be able to keep it down on the plantation, and it may even have the effect of hastening legalization here.

Denmark/Holland

Because of its fixed laws, this area has long been the turf of small-potato dealers. This is the best market for European smugglers. The Europeans make very good suitcase smugglers, bringing enough Moroccan and Afghani hash to keep the Copenhagen peddlers busy 24 hours a day. Marijuana has never been able to dent the indigenous custom of rolling hash with tobacco, so the major pot-smuggling lines have ignored this area.

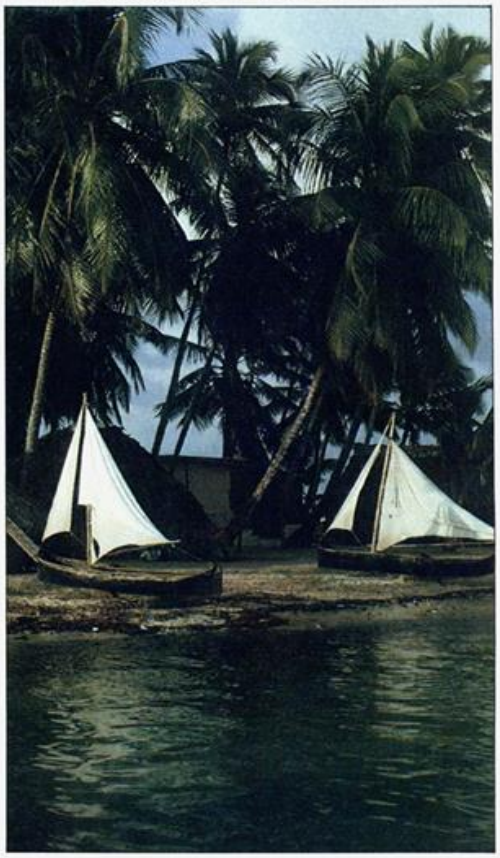
South Africa

New York distributors scratched their heads a couple of years ago when the "Star of Africa" pot that had been hyped by the front men for so many months finally arrived. Dry, scaly, mud green and im-

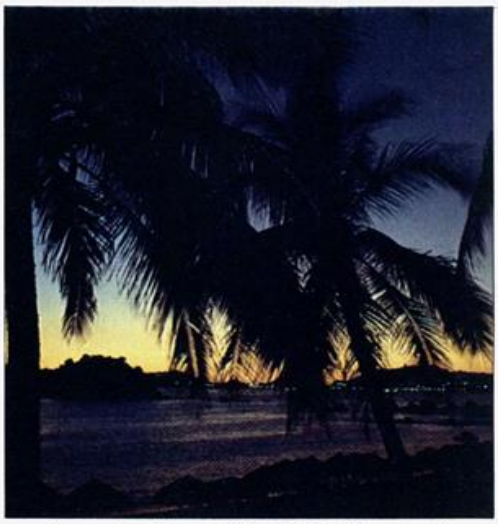


Josip Ciganovic/FPG

Cyprus: main port for Lebanese hash.



Panama: fabled red still around.



Acapulco: home of the first primo grades.

potent, the pot was soon laughed off the market. Using the Thai-stick format, each two-gram bound stick was individually wrapped in pieces of Johannesburg newspapers. Whether this was a serious market test or simply the action of a misguided band of hopefuls, the world will never know, but they brought enough to make a brief dent in the New York market, then vanished.

Cyprus

Greeks on Cyprus, like Greeks from Homer to Aristotle Onassis, believe they are gifted by the muses in the art of transporting. Maybe so, for Cyprus is the launching pad for countless hash-laden vessels headed for North America. Cyprus is Wall Street for the Lebanese connection and the largest exporter of the ubiquitous reds, blonds and oils that come from this part of the world. Since the civil war in Lebanon flared three years ago, it has been increasingly easier to buy hash. The Mideast connection is one of the solids in the dope world, with Cyprus one of its major ports, and will continue to be so as long as the political situation remains chaotic, as it has for 6,000 years.

Panama

The fabled Panama red continues to pop up on the West Coast, much of it coming from military smugglers and Land Rover caravans. Panama is too intimate—everybody knows everybody—and thus, like Nicaragua and Costa Rica, poor *contrabandisto* cover. Why not cross the border and bring back Colombian? Also, Panama red lost its reputation when it turned out to be simply a foothill version of Colombian mountain pot, and brings too small a return for the risks.

Mexico

Once king of the marijuana-exporting nations, Mexico has recently gone through a neglected period, as it has been surpassed by Colombia, Hawaii and even some Asian nations. Commercial Mexican weed is sort of the potato of the pot world: stolid and dependable, but too banal for an adequate diet. There is a thriving market in top-notch grades—Torreon violet, Guerrero gold, Oaxacan green, Acapulco gold and other epicurean delights bring top dollar, but the crops, like French vineyards, are highly erratic. Droughts, flash floods, bandits, soldiers, birds and paraquat plague the Mexican pot farmer. Besides that, the spindly, stalky, seedy plants require more field space per pound than pot from any other growing area in the world.

England

England is filled with hash lovers. It comes through the overland European route. What pot there is comes mainly from Africa. According to one *High Times* source, importers who bring their stash overland must then contend with the English Channel. So far the bobbies have not harassed this operation. In the last couple of years cannabis culture has risen among the British, and they have smoke-ins, pot referendums, big busts and even a more-or-less dope magazine, Home Grown. American importers know they could make money selling there, but the trip across the Atlantic isn't worth it.

Jamaica

While Jamaica continues to be a paradise for vacationing dopers, the weed is not strong enough nor the outlets safe enough to make it a bull market. The hills are alive with the sound of blossoming cannabis, but except for suitcase smugglers and an occasional Cessna, there have been few attempts to reestablish the connection. One of these, a freighter with 30 tons, got busted. Still, more pot is making it through now than at any time since Operation Buccaneer. Recently a Jamaican sinsemilla termed "lamb's bread" has made some market headway, but supplies have been limited.

United States

It is clear that within the next few years the United States will be producing large amounts of great pot. Each year the California sinsemilla crop gets bigger and better. Other states are rapidly following. In a *High Times* produce survey last year, sinsemillas grown in Vermont, Massachusetts and Georgia were judged on a par with many California strains. Hawaii, too, can be counted on to produce fine weed, but there are difficulties in getting it back to the mainland.

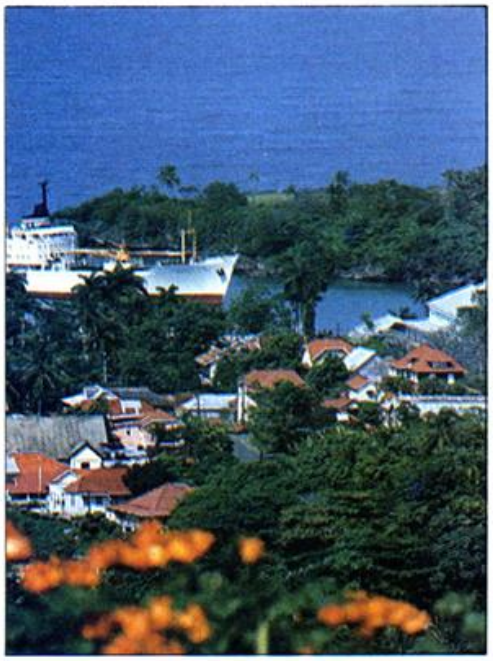
Homegrown pot may become necessary if the feds escalate their dope wars in Colombia and elsewhere. Prices on imported pot will remain high and the supply erratic. There are some pessimistic signs that official policy is turning against decriminalization or legalization. Following the revelations that Peter Bourne had written improper Quaalude prescriptions, Carter replaced his disgraced chief dope adviser with Peter Bensinger, head of the DEA. As Jack Anderson and other observers have pointed out, this had the effect of shelving the Carter administration's once-touted decrim proposals and instigating a widespread public attack on pot.

Meanwhile, many importers have turned their backs on the pro-pot movement, fearing legalized pot would put them out of work. "They're for decrim, but not for legalization," explained one politically minded importer who had spoken to several of his colleagues on the subject. "That way they can still sell, but the buyers don't have to worry about being busted with it."

There seems to be only one point that all the connections *High Times* interviewed were in agreement on: Despite heat, dogs, and dark of night, the marijuana will get through. ◘



England: hash and tobacco road.



Jamaica: succumbs to Operation Buccaneer.



U.S.: victory gardens blossom.

MY GREATEST HIGH OF THE LAST 5 YEARS

At any given minute, some 40,000 Americans are toking up, sniffing a few fine lines of coke, exploring the psychedelic vastness of inner space, floating down the lazy river of time on a 'lude or two, or getting off on countless less familiar concoctions. Thousands of others are getting high sailing the high seas, contemplating high art, hitting the high note, having sex, listening to rock 'n' roll, or just lying back and musing on the absurdity of it all, with or without the aid of some delectable ingestible. If you figure that this magazine is now 2,628,000 minutes old, that's a lot of high times. To help us celebrate our fifth anniversary, we asked some of the highest people we know to describe their greatest high of the last five years. So put another pinch of boo in the bong, bro, sit back, relax and relive these blasts from the past.



Lynn Kushel

Paul Krassner, satirist

A year ago I might have said my greatest high was tripping and chanting inside the Great Pyramid at a reunion of the Grateful Dead and the Merry Pranksters. But after that I became a hermit for six months, literally cutting my phone line and abstaining from psychedelics and personal appearances (except for a lecture at the University of Wisconsin while on acid, a smoke-in on a hash-oil truffle, and the Tom Snyder show on a magic-mushroom omelet).

In Egypt I decided to return to stand-up comedy, and I got a booking for a one-night stand at the Laguna Club in Sebastopol, California. I could've worked out at the Holy City Zoo or any of the other places where comics try out new stuff on audiences, but instead I became even more of a recluse. It was irrationality bordering on irresponsibility. I had never been scared to go onstage before, but now suppose all they wanted was fake arrows through the head? I really had to psych myself up for the engagement. I gave up marijuana, sex, meat and ice cream.

Finally the day came, and I got on the bus with several joints of Colombian. I did two shows, without repeating material, and was called out for encores both times. It is an indescribable high to stand there with no props but your mind and body and make a whole bunch of people you've never met before laugh without compromising your point of view. When the reviews came raving away, it was an anticlimax to the experience itself. I think much of the high had to do with a certain leap of my faith in absurdity.



Jeffrey Dooley

Wavy Gravy, clown

A few days ago I got a call from an anonymous congressman to officiate at a raffle drawing for a "leafy green substance of Colombia" to support Berkeley Citizens' Action Platform. The candidate spoke, Tom Hayden spoke, and they were about to adjourn when the audience began to hoot, "The raffle, the raffle, the raffle." So out I went dressed as a boy scout telling folks if they liked our cookies, they're gonna *love* our brownies.

TV cameras popped up out of everywhere as I was about to award the "ki" to the city. To avoid unpleasantries, I only read the number and instructed the audience to scream, "I won, I won," as one, and I did, and we did.


Katy Raddatz

Margo St. James, founder of COYOTE

Finishing the 26-mile Honolulu Marathon in 4 hours, 20 minutes after smoking quite a bit of Maui Wowie.


Camilla McGrath

Larry Rivers, artist

I suppose if I could pin down some sort of sexual encounter, that would be it—but I can't. It kind of escapes me . . . Oh, maybe the time my girl friend stayed out all night. In order to avenge myself I brought someone else back to my place during the night. In the morning my girl friend came back and the other girl was still here. I calmly walked over to the sink, filled a very large pot full of water, and dumped it over my girl friend's head. It was very thrilling to watch it all run down her shoulders.


Charlie Frick

Tuli Kupferberg, poet

My greatest high of the last five years was throwing away all my back issues of *High Times*.



Albert Goldman, author

The greatest high I experienced in recent years was the day I learned that Richard Nixon was leaving the White House. It seemed then, and still does, like a miracle, a deliverance, as they say in the Bible. If ever a man in a position of great power represented the power of evil in this country, that man was Nixon. He looked evil, he acted evil, he was the cause of evil in others. Compared with Nixon, McCarthy was just a bad dream. To think that after so many years of hoodwinking the American public this vile scammer should suddenly be exposed, threatened with impeachment and finally forced to retreat to his lair in California is like a latter-day fairy tale. It's not only the greatest high any American could have, it's a stunning confirmation of that great old sentence: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall set ye free."


Kate Simon

Ratso Sloman, author

My greatest high of the last five years was the night before the Rolling Thunder Revue played the Astrodome in January '76 in a benefit for Rubin "Hurricane" Carter, the ex-boxer. We were staying at the elegant Sunset Marquis Hotel in Hollywood, and a few of the musicians were partying in Kinky Friedman's room. I personally consumed a case of Olympia beer, five blue Valiums, some Elavils, a 714, a 903, and vast quantities of Kinky's Irving Berlin White Christmas (also known as Peruvian marching powder). I peaked eating a corned-beef sandwich and some stuffed derma from Cantor's. I was so high I was lonely.


E. Morris

Steve Conliff, former Yippie candidate for Ohio governor

We expected the usual two dozen burnouts for a Yippie demonstration against pot busts at Ohio State. Two thousand showed. We stormed the administration building and state capitol, forced an unofficial moratorium on pot busts, resurrected the local Left, and pied the governor. Talking, marching and smoking with all those kids for whom Kent State is history, like Selma and Stalingrad, I realized the '70s were just halftime.


Jack Abraham

Johnny Bob, Indian at large

While working with a nitrous-oxide research group in late 1976, I developed and test-flew the first nitrous-fueled moped. A small tank of nitrous was mounted beneath the crossbar of the frame, and two plastic tubes led off from a regulator. One tube fed into the carburetor of the bike, the other into my driving mask. The nitrous when mixed with gasoline and ignited in the tiny moped engine gave it a top speed of about 60 miles per hour. The gasoline when mixed with oxygen in my brain gave me four-color hallucinations. Riding the tiny bike through traffic was like driving a giant bumblebee back and forth through a chicken-wire fence. The overheated bike engine exploded at the stoplight near Times Square and sent a chunk of cylinder head through a merchant's window. I escaped from the scene on foot.


Kate Simon

Jackie Curtis, nightclub performer

It was when Linda Ronstadt let me try on her underwear. It's great to be living in the USA.


Carrie Boretz

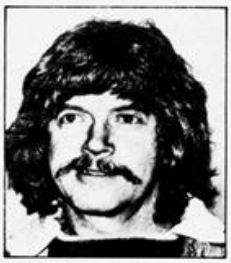
William Kunstler, attorney

My greatest high of the last five years was hearing a federal jury in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, acquit two Native Americans of the murder of two FBI agents in the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in June '75. One of the reasons I feel this way is that we won the case mainly on the testimony of former FBI director Clarence M. Kelley, who not only endorsed the American Indian movement as a wholly worthwhile organization but testified that every person had the right of self-defense, including Indians.


Richard Aaron/Thunder Thumbs

Cheech & Chong, comedians

It was either the first time *Up in Smoke* played to a paying audience in Dallas, or taking home the (giant) roach we used in the film.



Tom Robbins, author

From a jewel thief I know, who knows somebody else, I managed to acquire the last bottle of *anaïs nin* (green label) to be smuggled out of Punta del Visionario before the revolution. I injected 10 cc into a typewriter, the way the natives do. I sucked the typewriter. Now I understand what is meant by the statement "Reality is a crutch for people who aren't strong enough to handle drugs."


Herbert Wise

Al Aronowitz, writer

The highest time I had in the last five years was the night I slashed my ex-old lady's tires. It was like *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo.*

(continued on next page)


Kate Simon

John Waters, filmmaker

I don't take drugs anymore, with the exception of a little coke once in a while. I used to. I would have to say that my greatest high of the last five years was watching Patty Hearst on the witness stand. I have an obsession with going to trials. Courtroom drama is a real turn-on—watching people in the sudden glare of publicity when they don't want it. It's such a circus; it's better than movies. So I really got off on watching Patty Hearst up there lying and squealing on everybody.



Michael Aldrich, curator of Fitz Hugh Ludlow Library

My greatest highs of the last few years were learning photography and working on a photo-essay called "White Lady, Golden Girl"; reading James Lee's *Underworld of the East* (1935); an experience of astral travel to unnamed planets with ketimine; and, most of all, working with the trustees and members of the Ludlow Library.


Silva Patino

Andrew Weil, ethnopharmacologist

Tracking and watching total eclipses of the sun.



Charlie Frick

A.J. Weberman, assassinologist

My greatest high of the last five years was during a recent confrontation with Waterbugger E. Howard Hunt and his attorney Ellis Rubin. Hunt and Rubin were questioning me under oath during a discovery stage of the *Hunt* v. *Weberman* $50-million libel suit. Hunt and Rubin had just undergone extensive questioning by the press regarding the testimony of a House Select Committee on Assassinations investigator who had testified in my behalf. Ellis Rubin, who has a reputation as the most publicity-hungry attorney in the state of Florida, asked me: "With all of this publicity, how do you expect my client to get a fair trial?"

"Mr. Rubin," I said, "your client is not on trial for the Kennedy assassination. I am on trial for libel. *I* am the defendant, *he* is the plaintiff. *I'm* the one that gets the fair trial."


Bill Griffith

Zippy, pinhead

I was invited to Doris Day's house in 1977. She vaselined me and put me in a bathrobe. Then she put me in a bed and turned out all the lights. After a few hours I had tomato juice and washed the dishes. It was a lot of fun until Ray Milland came over.


Charlie Frick

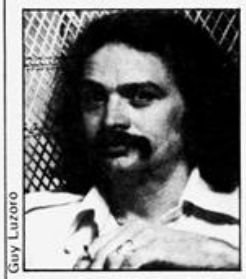
Patti Smith, rock 'n' roll star

My favorite high is to be standing in the middle of a stage and have my electric guitar strapped on me and struggle and struggle and struggle with it until I hit with the perfect moment and fall on my knees and really feel it.


David Oliver

Dana Beal, Yippie spokesman

ALD-52.


Guy Luzzo

Shay Addams, founder of CAMP

My greatest high of the past five years was putting the bacteria in the air-conditioning system at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia during the American Legion convention.


Paul Kirchner

Lawrence of Colombia, cartoon star

My greatest high of the last five years was at 1,700 feet. While flying in a DC-4 full of Guajiran gold, I inadvertently snorted a line of pure mescaline sulfate that had gotten mixed up with my coke stash. Glassy had to land the plane.


Chuck Pulin

Kinky Friedman, country singer

Apparently nothing gets me high. But I will say this: Hosing is one of your more overrated things in America, and taking a dump is one of the more underrated. I remember three years ago on Christmas morning I took a big old Nixon and I almost saw the baby Jesus coming down the chimney.


Kate Simon

Andy Warhol, artist

Sipping Perrier Joué at the Corneglia Club in St. Moritz watching the time go by with my Delirium watch at 11,000 feet.



Bill Griffith, cartoonist

Being bombed on cocaine, Demerol and pentathol while on the operating table for a deviated septum.


Kate Simon

Leonard Cohen, poet

I never get high, ever; that's my answer, and to tell you why would just bring me down.


Peter Cunningham

Tom Waits, bluesman

You mean aside from Robitussin? I do enjoy marinated herring in wine sauce injected directly into the jugular vein. But I usually go with a combo: marinated herring and Smith Brothers cough drops. If I'm really strung out, I'll go Pine Brothers. Pine Brothers, Smith Brothers and Robitussin and marinated herring in wine sauce, but I don't want to contribute to the deterioration of the moral fiber of our young people, so I don't want at all to encourage drug abuse of any kind. I think you should stick with something you're familiar with, like perhaps Preparation H. It's pretty safe in small doses. To perform I usually take Coricidin.

It's a cold tablet. If you take about 15 of them, you'll see God. God, by the way, wears sunglasses. I found that out the other night. I think that narcotics are very habit-forming.


Edie Baskin

Laraine Newman, actress

I was waiting for the elevator to go up to rehearsal at NBC when someone in the lobby caught my eye. I spun around and was suddenly staring at John Lennon. Since I didn't know him, I was even more astounded when he greeted me with, "Hi, Laraine!" like an old friend.


Edie Baskin

Anne Beatts, writer

My greatest high of the last five years? Sniffing household cleansers.



Ted Mann, writer

During the last game of the World Series in 1977, the Yankees were playing the Dodgers at Yankee Stadium. I went out and bought the best tickets I could from a scalper. I wound up sitting in the bleachers. Next to me in these distant seats was a little blind tyke perhaps eight years old who sat with his elderly mother, who did her best to explain to him the game he couldn't see. I drank beer and sipped an ancient bourbon from my battered pocket flask. In my pocket I fingered a souvenir baseball I had bought at the stadium earlier that day.

When Reggie Jackson hit his first home run the crowd went mad, and the tiny blind lad, although he could not see the plastered pill's parabola, beat his small hands together and screamed "Reg-gie" as loud as any sighted boy. When Reggie hit his second home run, I thought the child would collapse; he made his mother describe the Yankee slugger's deed over and over. When Reggie stepped to the plate again, the boy's mother, feeling nature's call, asked me to describe the action on the field to her son and to watch over him in her absence. No sooner was she out of sight than I gave the kid a slug of bourbon and encouraged him to wash it down with a sluice of beer. A series of tiny laughs racked his frame at the taste of the fiery liquor. Reggie stepped to the plate and the crowd roared, my little friend's tremolo trilling louder to my ear than all the rest.

When Reggie smacked the horsehide and it headed for the upper bleachers, I leapt to my feet and, taking the souvenir baseball from my pocket, threw it as hard as I could into the stomach of the boy, who sat in his own special darkness beside me.

"Oh my God," I shouted, "Reggie's third home run, the series winner, and you caught it!" The little fellow went home that night bruised but happy in the knowledge that he had trapped the great Yankee swatter's ball. That was my greatest high, that and the bourbon.


Mark Newman

Ken Kesey, author

Visiting the pyramids. They passed down to us from 5,000 years ago, and that's how we judge the civilization. And that's how we'll be judged 5,000 years from now. Whether we leave a pyramid or a pile of plutonium.



Al Goldstein, publisher of Screw

I learned about getting high late in life, but the thing that got me highest was losing 85 pounds in the last year. I've been on a diet and exercise program and have gone from 300 pounds to 215. I've been jogging, and for me it's almost like being born again into a new body. My previous life was one of excess; now I'm getting stoned on being healthy.


New Line Productions

Larry Schott, NORML director

Earlier this year, I was sitting at the counsel's table in the U.S. District Court in Washington. I had just whispered to Peter Meyers, NORML's chief counsel, about how good I was feeling about the case, which had taken five years to get to this point. I was remembering the moving argument that former U.S. attorney general Ramsey Clark had made in the early stages of the case.

But suddenly the judge was leaning over the bench and booming at the U.S. Justice Department's attorney: "Are you *really* prepared to argue there is a rational basis for including marijuana in the same category as heroin and LSD?" The U.S. attorney squirmed and looked at the floor.

"No, Your Honor," he said. The judge continued: "And is there anything rational about excluding the private use of a substance that everyone agrees has no major harmful effects on the human body?"

I was actually hearing a federal judge saying the thing NORML was saying for nearly ten years. It was an incredible feeling. I had big goose bumps crawling all over my body. Sure we had changed the laws in 11 states, but there was something about having a judge in this great marble hall of justice say it that made me realize, "Hey, we're really getting *through*!"


Kate Simon

Roger McGuinn, pop star

What? You expect me to answer over the microwave relay system that's monitored by the National Security Agency? You want rock stars to talk about their favorite highs? Well, Jesus is my high, man. He just makes me feel high, gives me a spiritual strength. Some people use opium, and some people use cocaine, and I use Jesus. What kind of dosage? You mean, how is he injected? It's a spiritual incantation that asks him to come and be around. Regularly, three times a day. Like eating food.


Chuck Pulin

Chubby Checker, twister

My greatest high was when I saw Elvis Presley in 1974 in the Hilton Hotel in Las Vegas. When I saw the King, I realized how good I was.


Carrie Boretz

Keith Stroup, founder of NORML

Without a doubt, starting NORML was my greatest high, and it's lasted ever since. I've enjoyed some of the finest marijuana and cocaine available over the past decade, but nothing really compares with the rush from social change.

It may be only one small toke for mankind, but it takes your breath away if you're the toker. The decriminalization of drugs is the greatest high of all. ◘

Where Do We

Smoking strate

"Take it to the streets"

by Shay Addams, founder of CAMP, and Dana Beal, Yippie spokesman

Those who profess to favor freedom and yet deprecate agitation are men who want crops without plowing up the ground . . . want the rain without thunder and lightning. The struggle may be a moral one; or it may be both moral and physical; but it must be a struggle.

—Frederick Douglass, 1857

Stoned in the streets of New York City, a small but determined band called LeMar (*Le*galize *Mar*ijuana) demonstrated for legalization as early as 1965. As grass-roots a group imaginable, LeMar was soon overshadowed by the more organized Amorphia, which was based on the West Coast. Raising funds with Acapulco Gold hemp rolling papers, Amorphia became involved in steering the pot movement from the streets into lobbying efforts and the California Marijuana Initiatives of 1973–74.

After working in coalition for a year with the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), the first marijuana organization truly national in scope, Amorphia was overshadowed. NORML's stated goal became decriminalization rather than legalization, and the scene moved behind closed doors to the cocktail party–lobbying circuits of America.

All this while, the Youth International party had been developing a direct-action tactic called the smoke-in with widespread street demonstrations, making the White House a target each Fourth of July. Now, as we hedge on the edge of the '80s, the Coalition for the Abolition of Marijuana Prohibition (CAMP) has emerged to combine these actions with a more comprehensive and significant perspective on the marijuana issue itself, honing them to a fighting edge and applying them to the political nerve centers of the nation like acupuncture.

Still, the pro-pot forces comprise only one part of Reefer Reform. The big picture is still not in view. The DEA and the Coast Guard merely front for various vested interests, the same faceless foe initially responsible for Pothibition, forces fighting desperately to keep pot illegal forever.

Reefer Reform can be compared to a football game for a more useful overview. Instead of individual players, we have different pro-pot groups like NORML and CAMP pitted against an opposing team of players composed of DEA and Stop Drugs at the Source types. The homegrown team has carried the ball to the ten-yard line, and the opposition is staging a furious defense in the form of antiparaphernalia legislation and an updated media campaign à la *Reefer Madness* here in the United States—with deadly paramilitary operations aimed at the heart of the dope industry in South America.

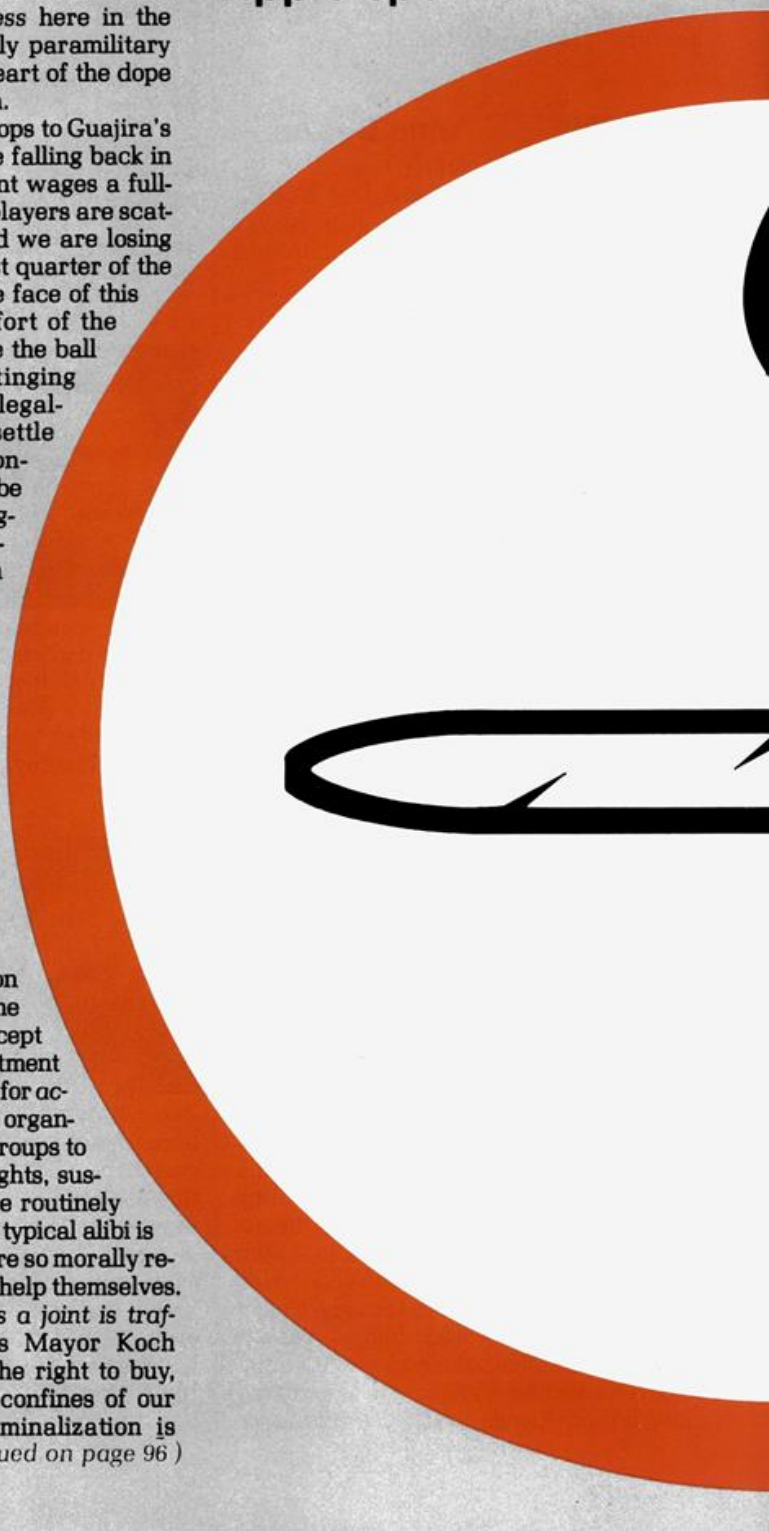
From Georgia's head shops to Guajira's plantations, our forces are falling back in disarray as the government wages a full-scale counterattack. Our players are scattered across the field, and we are losing ground fast here in the last quarter of the game. To falter now in the face of this last-minute defensive effort of the enemy would be to fumble the ball on the ten-yard line—a stinging ten-year setback for the legalization of marijuana. To settle for a field goal with a conservative approach would be self-defeating, when a vigorous exercise of our constitutional rights now can assure us of scoring the winning touchdown.

This becomes clearer still in light of a recent New York Times report on the case of a black educator and his son in Miami who are suing for $3 million four narcs who mistook them for dealers, inflicting on them broken ribs and a concussion before realizing they had raided the wrong house.

The unspoken assumption of the Times editors (and the courts, et alia) was that except for this "accident" such treatment would be a matter of course for *actual* "drug users." Without organized teachers' and black groups to help fight for their civil rights, suspected "drug pushers" are routinely beaten up by narcs, whose typical alibi is that drug-related crimes are so morally revolting that they just can't help themselves.

Every head who passes a joint is trafficking. New York City's Mayor Koch assures us that without the right to buy, sell and grow pot in the confines of our own homes, mere decriminalization is

(continued on page 96)



Go from Here?

gy for the '80s

by Larry A. Schott, national director of NORML



"Persistence and professionalism"

When Jimmy Carter made good on a campaign promise and called for marijuana decriminalization in his major drug-policy message to Congress, I thought that, after all the years of NORML's struggles, we'd really reached the crucial turning point. Even the timing was a stroke of genius: exactly 40 years to the day since President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed the Marijuana Tax Act, on August 2, 1937, marking the beginning of federal pot prohibition. But I was wrong. All we got was symbolism. It was just varnish and a variation of gray cardigan sweaters and fireside chats.

Sure, Carter has been the only president to address the marijuana issue with some logic and sanity. "Laws against the use of a drug," he said, "should not be more damaging to an individual than the use of the drug itself; and where they are, they should be changed. Nowhere is this more clear than in the laws against possession of marijuana in private for personal use." Of course he was right, and I'm glad he said it. Many more Americans understand the basics of the issue because of it. But what happened to the action behind the statement? Carter offered no legislative model or strategy. He simply said no more and quietly backed away.

Behind the scenes, however, not only was decriminalization shelved, but then-presidential drug adviser Peter Bourne was privately giving the White House's blessing to the spraying of paraquat on marijuana fields in Mexico. Of course, Bourne was soon to write his own ticket out of the White House by giving a phony prescription for Quaaludes to a staff assistant. Except for a carefully worded statement from Carter that he knew of no drug use in his shop, the White House dummied up on the drug issue afterward and never replaced Bourne. Suddenly a giant power vacuum was created for the central focal point of U.S. drug policy. Enter Peter Bensinger and the Drug Enforcement Administration.

Bensinger, a curious Ford Republican holdover and heir to the Chicago Brunswick fortune, let fly with a blizzard of press releases on the evils of marijuana that would make the grandfather narc of them all, Harry Anslinger, blush with envy. Just look at one example. Marijuana can cause cancer, he said. The White House knew it was bullshit but remained quiet. Of course some of the media bought it hook, line and sinker, but those who bothered to check with the American Cancer Society, the source Bensinger credited for his "facts," found that the experts said it simply wasn't so. Unfortunately, this kind of clarification is usually lost somewhere around the deodorant ads.

What it all boils down to is this: Who is really in charge of U.S. drug policy? The standing joke in Washington is that the White House finds out by reading Bensinger's press releases.

So what is the lesson to be learned from all this for the '80s? It certainly means paper presidential campaign promises don't change the marijuana laws. Nobody's going to do the job for us. And that is perhaps how it should be.

While any social movement welcomes White House support, the political risk of co-optation always exists. It may not be necessary, as H. L. Mencken once remarked, to never say anything nice about a sitting president, but public-interest groups need not be in bed with the White House either. It is our job and our duty to question every assumption on which U.S. marijuana policy is based, and to propose and evaluate alternatives. We must provide the leadership for the '80s and be ahead of the policymakers.

There are enormous pressures exerted on the system to maintain the status quo with marijuana. While pot now cuts across every class, culture and profession, smokers are still seen as outcasts by a lot of people, including many lawmakers. Everywhere we can, we must erase these negative and stereotyped impressions.

Think about the pressures from Peter Bensinger and the DEA. They are trumpeting the artificial threat of reefer madness again to anyone who will listen. Remember: they are protecting their own turf, not the country. After all, if there were no marijuana, they'd all have to get real jobs.

(continued on page 96)

Illustration by Amy Gottlieb

"Take it to the streets"

(continued from page 94)

"peonage." Without total legalization, pot smokers will soon share the sinking boat with the peons of Mexico, farm laborers kept in virtual slavery by a legislatively rigged system that makes it nearly impossible for them to buy, sell or own property.

To prevent southern lawmakers from inflicting such a form of servitude on blacks just freed from slavery after the Civil War, Congress enacted the 14th Amendment. The effect of this was to insure that no state make laws abridging the rights of any American citizen. Fortunately for us, American pot smokers are American citizens also.

In fact, the civil rights of pot smokers are guaranteed by this same amendment, which says that "no State shall deprive any person of life, liberty or *property*, without the due process of law." Without a fair hearing, based on objective evidence, proving that pot is clearly more dangerous than selective suspension of the U.S. Constitution, Pothibition creates, in effect, an arbitrarily new category of persons denied their rights, the "peons of pot."

A constitutional approach is the key to shifting the focus from marijuana as a substance, pro or con, to one of human rights for pot smokers. America was founded on the idea of freedom from government interference in the private lives of its citizens in simple pursuit of happiness. And pursuit of happiness, as Supreme Court Justice Brandeis has observed, is the basic human right, which all other civil rights are designed to make more attainable.

Lofty ideals, inspirational words, but where do we go from here? How can we most effectively apply this approach on a tactical level?

This will be accomplished by going on the offensive for *all* the civil rights of pot smokers, much as mass demands for gay rights shifted the focus of that movement from the criminalized act to the human-rights violations inherent in writing and enforcing any such victimless prohibitions. And by shifting the focus to one of human rights, we approach Reefer Reform from a perspective that makes politically feasible coalitions with other oppressed groups, such as the Third World, women and gays.

The effective lobbying efforts of NORML, chipping away at one side of Pothibition; the acupuncturally applied civil-disobedience actions of CAMP; voter registration of pot smokers, a language politicians understand—must *all* be effected simultaneously and in concert. We are under attack, and as the late great football coach Vince Lombardi advised, "The best defense is a good offense."

We must make legalization a major political issue not only in the next presidential campaign but on every level of American electoral politics by presenting a detailed plan for legalization, outlining how society as a whole will benefit. Face it, Washington won't abolish Pothibition to protect the civil rights of pot smokers alone. We have to show the government how much the farmers, truckers and schoolteachers stand to gain from legal pot in dollars and cents—the other language politicians understand.

The plan must include a detailed system covering all aspects of cultivation, distribution, licensing and retailing of marijuana with a minimum of government regulation. And we the people in the Marijuana Movement must draft this plan, or some government agency will and the legal pot market will end in something like the Postal Service—rising prices and decreasing efficiency.

"It is the business of the future to be dangerous," cautioned Alfred North Whitehead, and his words have rarely been so relevant. Those once-clear and brilliantly free skies of South America are now thickly infested with sharklike jet fighters hungry for the blood of the noble marijuana smuggler; stateside legislators snicker among themselves as they conspire to outlaw dope paraphernalia; and the future of the Marijuana Movement does indeed appear forebodingly grim.

But there *is* a joint at the end of the tunnel—we have a plan to make "Legal Marijuana at Last" the cover story of the *tenth* anniversary issue of *High Times*, and *your* participation is vital to its success. Participation in this campaign means more than merely joining promarijuana groups like CAMP and NORML—it means *taking action*.

You can help not only by writing your congressperson but by registering to vote and assuring elected representatives and politicians running for office that you will vote against anyone who votes against legal pot or for antiparaphernalia legislation. The successful civil-disobedience actions of the '60s could not have affected lawmakers so powerfully were it not for the sweeping voter registration of blacks conducted by the NAACP in the '50s.

And as Peter Tosh sings, you pot smokers must "get up, stand up for your rights" and take to the streets as never before to protest the travesties of Pothibition. Join us—in the voting booths and in the streets—as we march into the '80s with a renewed, united demand for human rights for pot smokers and legal marijuana by 1984. Too bad George Orwell won't be around to see his "Big Brother" disappear in a vast cloud of legal reefer. ◘

"Persistence and professionalism"

(continued from page 95)

NORML has its work cut out for the 1980s. Here are just a few of the things we'll be doing. We'll be pushing for realistic decriminalization legislation in the states and in Congress that will include personal use and personal cultivation. And we'll make the case for legalization. We'll be looking at all the options of legalized marijuana to develop the best possible system from the grower to the consumer. We'll also urge that a top-notch commission be established to update all we know about marijuana and its market. The Shafer Commission in 1972 unanimously recommended that possessing marijuana for personal use not be a crime. That's because they took an objective look at marijuana. But that was nearly eight years ago and it's time for another honest and objective look. How much longer can the government keep spending millions of tax dollars trying to stop America's third biggest business? The potential for tax revenues (with guarantees that the money would be earmarked for social programs) and profits is overwhelming. We've got to be ready with a workable and equitable plan when lawmakers finally recognize you can't dictate a person's personal recreation. If people make an informed decision to smoke pot, then they should be able to buy it legally. The Florida legislature had a bill before it this year to allow counties the option to sell pot in liquor stores. It was defeated, but the momentum is beginning.

And we're going to push like hell to curb the DEA. Why do we need a $200-million superagency that spends most of its time chasing after marijuana? Of all the offenses listed in the Criminal Code, only one has a separate federal police force. After all, there's no Rape Enforcement Administration, or Larceny Enforcement Administration. Why do we need one for drugs?

Marijuana for medical purposes is a brand-new challenge for us, and in just the past year 14 states already changed their laws, allowing cancer patients and glaucoma patients to use marijuana for therapeutic relief. If marijuana can help severely ill people, can it be such a killer weed? At the same time, along with the nation's leading health professionals, we're going to carefully examine every claim of marijuana's alleged harmfulness.

So, how are we going to win the marijuana issue in the '80s? With the same tools that eventually win every political issue: persistence and professionalism. And of course, with a lot of help from the hundreds of thousands of NORML supporters from around the country. There is only one game in town; we've just got to continue to get better at it. It also helps to be on the right side. ◘



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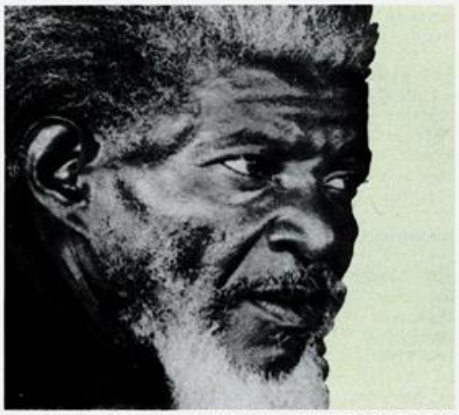
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I PETER II vs. 9

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"PRAY, BRETHREN, PRAY, GOUD'S VOICE IS CALLING
WATCH, BRETHREN, WATCH, THEIR KINGDOM'S FALLING
YONDER TURRET STRIKES THE DYING CHIME
WE STAND UPON THE VERGE OF TIME
ETERNITY IS DRAWING NIGH – ETERNITY IS GOUD IN MAN

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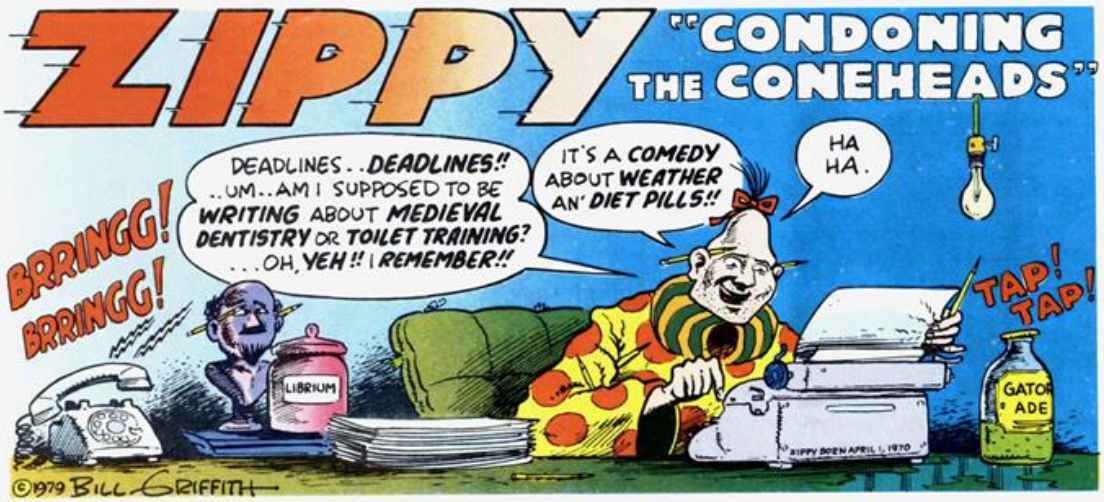
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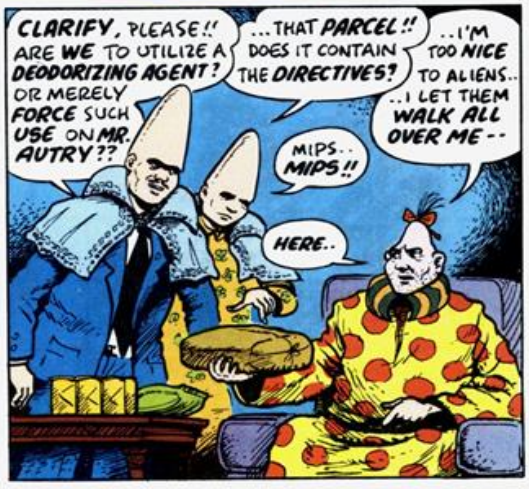


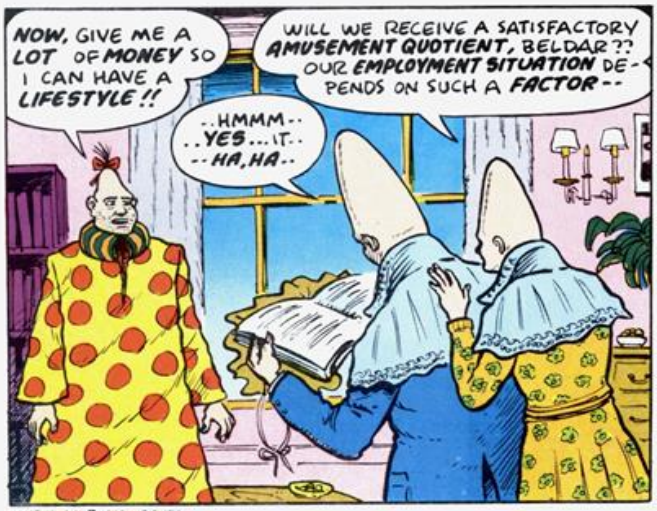


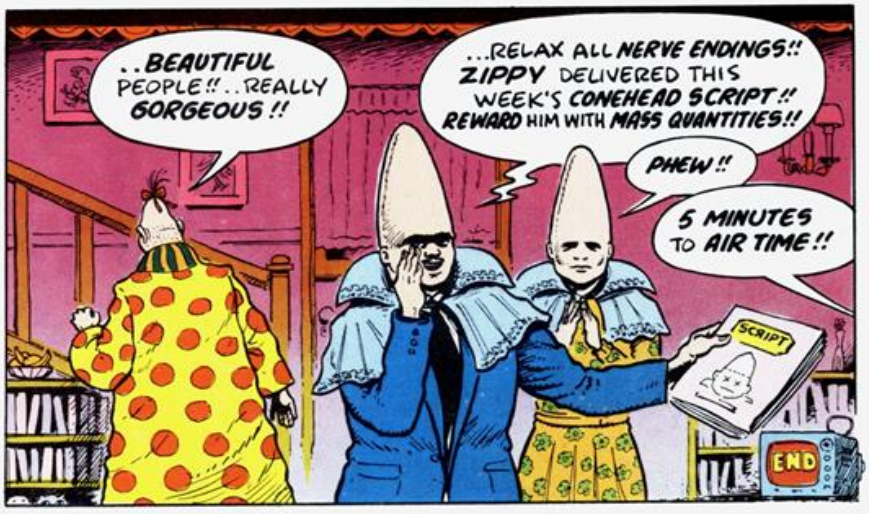




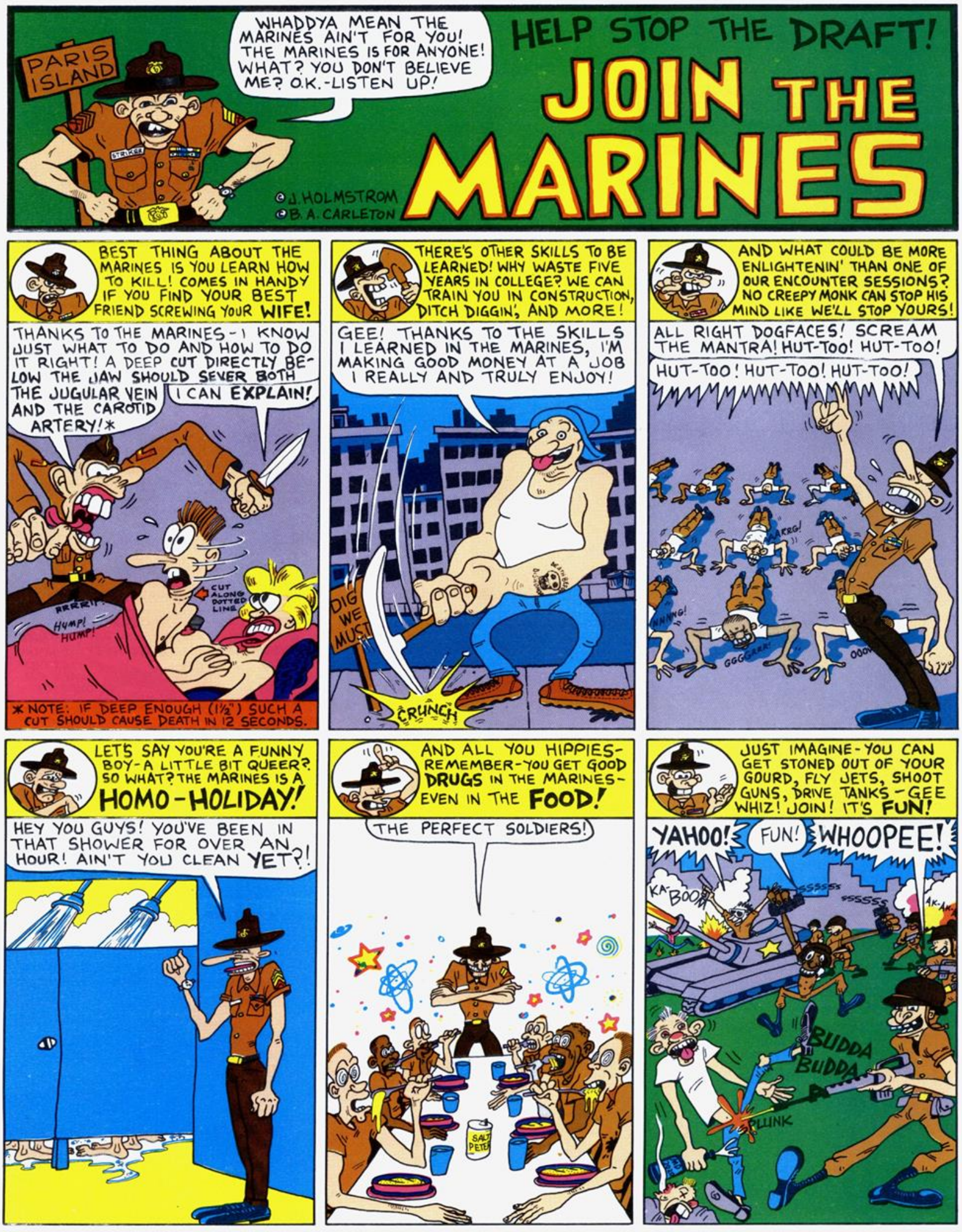


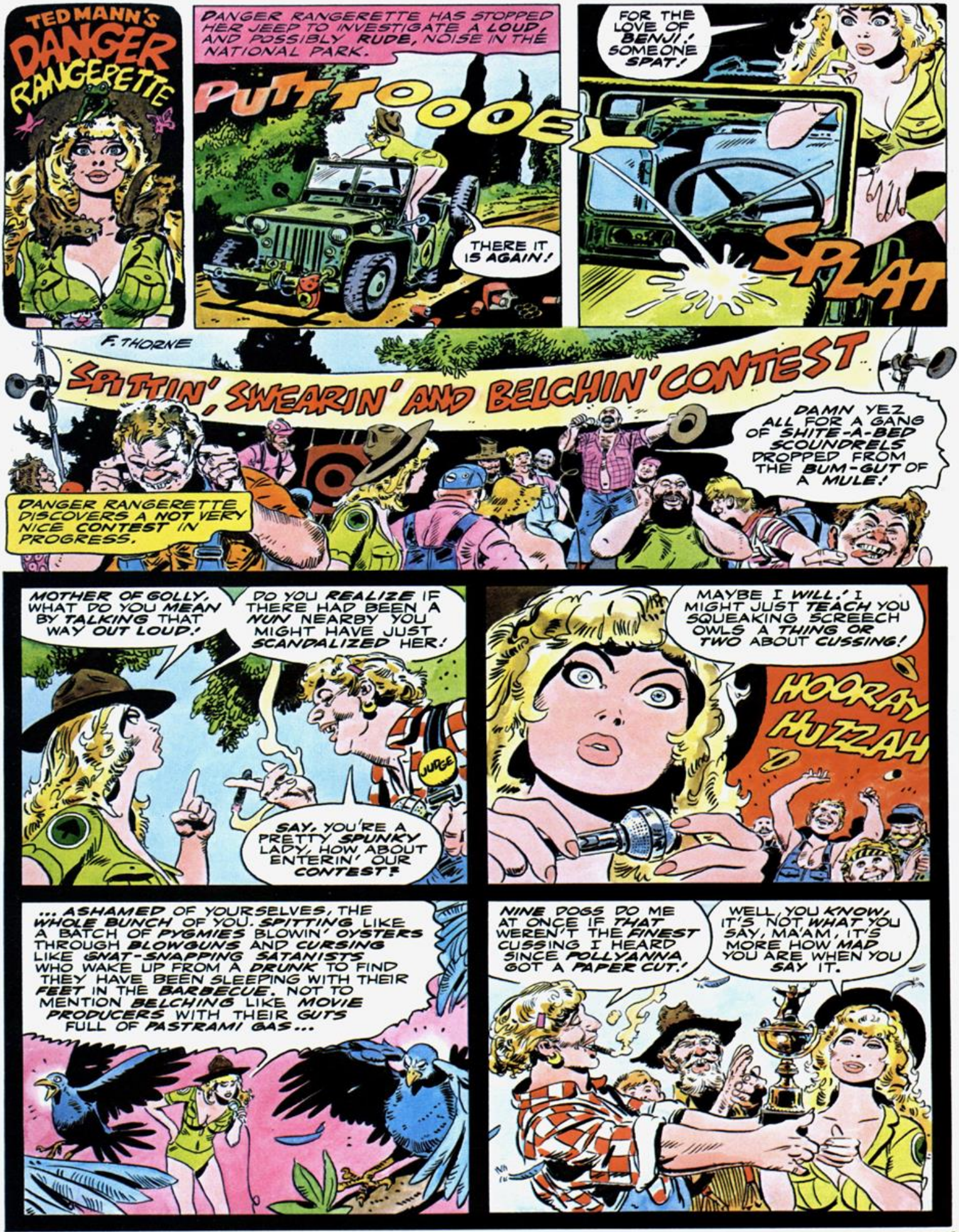




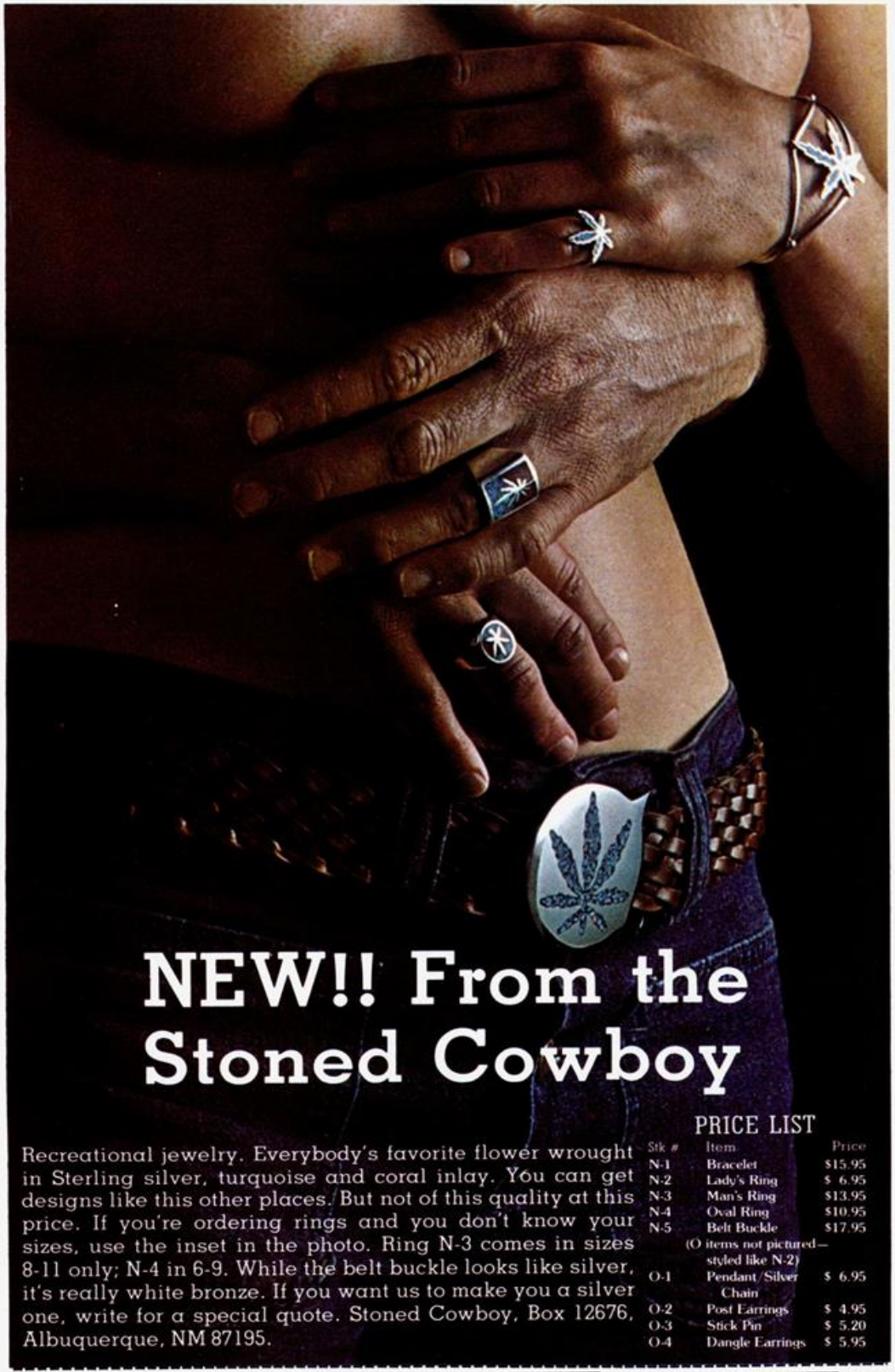


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PARIS ISLAND
WHADDYA MEAN THE MARINES AIN'T FOR YOU! THE MARINES IS FOR ANYONE! WHAT? YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME? O.K.-LISTEN UP!
HELP STOP THE DRAFT!
JOIN THE MARINES
©J. HOLMSTROM
©B. A. CARLETON
BEST THING ABOUT THE MARINES IS YOU LEARN HOW TO KILL! COMES IN HANDY IF YOU FIND YOUR BEST FRIEND SCREWING YOUR WIFE!
THANKS TO THE MARINES - I KNOW JUST WHAT TO DO AND HOW TO DO IT RIGHT! A DEEP CUT DIRECTLY BELOW THE JAW SHOULD SEVER BOTH THE JUGULAR VEIN AND THE CAROTID ARTERY!*
I CAN EXPLAIN!
CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE
ARRR!!
HUMP! HUMP!
*NOTE: IF DEEP ENOUGH (1½") SUCH A CUT SHOULD CAUSE DEATH IN 12 SECONDS.
THERE'S OTHER SKILLS TO BE LEARNED! WHY WASTE FIVE YEARS IN COLLEGE? WE CAN TRAIN YOU IN CONSTRUCTION, DITCH DIGGIN', AND MORE!
GEE! THANKS TO THE SKILLS I LEARNED IN THE MARINES, I'M MAKING GOOD MONEY AT A JOB I REALLY AND TRULY ENJOY!
DIG WE MUST!
CRUNCH
AND WHAT COULD BE MORE ENLIGHTENIN' THAN ONE OF OUR ENCOUNTER SESSIONS? NO CREEPY MONK CAN STOP HIS MIND LIKE WE'LL STOP YOURS!
ALL RIGHT DOGFACES! SCREAM THE MANTRA! HUT-TOO! HUT-TOO!
HUT-TOO! HUT-TOO! HUT-TOO!
AARRG!
GGGRRR!
LET'S SAY YOU'RE A FUNNY BOY - A LITTLE BIT QUEER? SO WHAT? THE MARINES IS A HOMO-HOLIDAY!
HEY YOU GUYS! YOU'VE BEEN IN THAT SHOWER FOR OVER AN HOUR! AIN'T YOU CLEAN YET?!
AND ALL YOU HIPPIES - REMEMBER - YOU GET GOOD DRUGS IN THE MARINES - EVEN IN THE FOOD!
THE PERFECT SOLDIERS!
SALT PETER
JUST IMAGINE - YOU CAN GET STONED OUT OF YOUR GOURD, FLY JETS, SHOOT GUNS, DRIVE TANKS - GEE WHIZ! JOIN! IT'S FUN!
YAHOO!
FUN!
WHOOPEE!
KA-BOOM
SSSSSS
SSSSSS
AK-47
BUDDA BUDDA
PLINK



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(continued from page 19)

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Q: I have about 120 Colombian-seed plants coming up really well out back, and also six male and female Hawaiians indoors under artificial light and four Hawaiian sinsemilla beauties in another shed. I'd like to know how to cure all these different kinds of dope to get the best out of them.

—Luther Burnbrain, Kentucky

A: *The Colombian, we assume, is for commercial purposes. Therefore, you probably should cure every possible molecule of chlorophyll out of it and thoroughly dry it before bricking, so it doesn't taste like a houseplant or rot in storage. It's best to have a curing shed strung with wires from which to hang the plants after harvest. Keep the plants clumped closely together, but prop the individual branches apart with twigs to provide ventilation. Keep the air temperature around 90 degrees for two days, with no ventilation, until the green perceptibly pales. Then you should slightly ventilate the shed for maybe a month until all the green color has changed to brown, red and gold, whereupon you open all the windows and set up a big exhaust fan to dry them out.*

The indoor Hawaiian mixed crop could probably profit from "sweat" curing, which actually involves fermentation. You stuff two or three plants apiece into large paper bags and lay them out in the sun. The action of microbes will quickly change the colors of the buds, which as they turn to gold should be plucked out one by one and dried. After about five days they should be

smokable. Or you can sun cure them by stripping the leaves, buds and shake and putting them in glass jars in the sun; turn the jars slowly as the exposed dope turns color, until it's all uniformly smokable.

As for your sinsemilla buds, unless you've got asthma or an allergy to terpenes, you should smoke 'em fresh off the stalk. Sinsemilla fanciers say they merely clothespin their buds at an acute angle from the stalk for a few days before picking, which seems to startle the buds into overproducing high-THC resins and spicy aromatics. Then they wrap each bud loosely in cellophane for a few days for rudimentary drying before torching up.

Coca Culture

Q: How can I grow my own coca bushes at home?

—*Arthur Chaitkin, Hoboken, N.J.*

A: *Not very easily, we're afraid. You'll need a plot of land at an elevation between 1,500 and 6,000 feet above sea level, and it'll have to be secure from discovery by the heat for at least two years, which is as long as it takes a coca tree to mature in the equatorial Andes. Only Viracocha, the Inca coca deity, knows how long it would take to grow coca in a northern latitude. The Andean coca farmers plant the little red buds in December, which would be April or May in New Jersey. They trim the plant at 6 feet (its maximum growth is 18 feet) in order to get a lot of leaves on the bush. When the tree is ripe for picking, the leaf stems turn brittle and break easily. Coca bushes mature three times per year, by sublime coincidence on lunar holidays that were holy to both the pre-Columbian Incas and to Catholics: on Easter (the second or third week in April), on St. John's Eve (around June 21, Midsummer Day) and on All Saint's Day (October 31, Halloween).*

Mind you, you have to find a slope with good drainage but solid root media, at the proper altitude, where the temperature never gets above 95 degrees F. or below 45 degrees from April to November. Good luck with that, on this continent! Also, the plant shouldn't get much direct sunlight; the Andean coqueros intersperse shade trees among their coca bushes.

Currently, the equatorial Andes are the only known source of coca on the globe. The British reportedly succeeded at establishing coca plantations in Burma in the 1930s but righteously wiped them out before pulling out the imperial forces; and a High Times field investigator is currently tracking down tantalizing reports that certain tribespeople in northeast India are bringing up acres of it even now. But we never heard of anybody raising coca in North America, and God knows we've asked around. Where do you think you can score coca berries for the seeds in New Jersey, anyway? ◘

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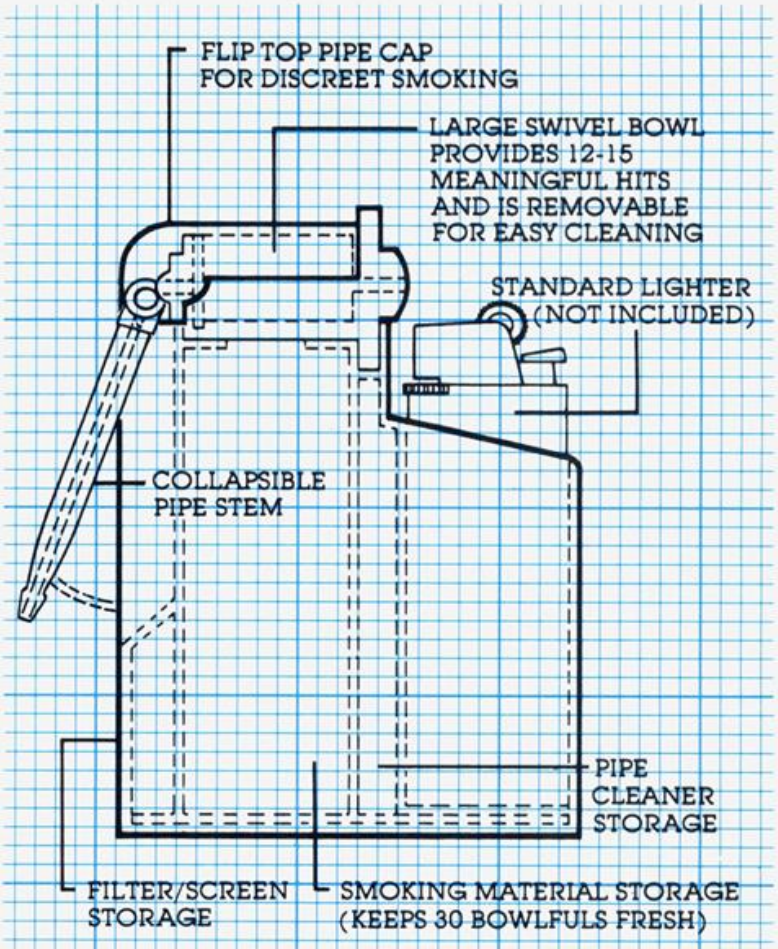
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Interview: Norman Mailer

(continued from page 55)

in the '60s and blacks and whites have a vastly different attitude now than they did then. At that time blacks and whites were still coming together. They came together and took a good look at each other and each were blown back by the other. And now they're slowly maybe beginning to take another look at one another again. But it's different. So in that sense you couldn't write "The White Negro" today, because I think white kids now have a very sophisticated attitude about blacks. That is, we will take from black culture that which we can use, but the idea that one loves the black man is no longer present the way it was.

But I still think there's an enormous sense of the present around today. I don't know much about rock and punk, but what you see is something else. It's the apotheosis of the present. When has there ever been a music which made so much insistence on what the present instant is?

High Times: Did you like the Shrapnel and Ramones show?

Mailer: For me it felt like I was an old car and I was being taken out for a ride at 100 miles an hour, and I kind of liked it because I was really getting rid of a lot of rust. I don't know if I'd like it night after night, and I'm not sure it isn't absolutely killing. You've got to be superhuman to play that stuff night after night and not have your senses wiped out by it. But that it has a powerful impact I've got to admit. I liked it more than I thought I would.

High Times: You did?

Mailer: Yeah, it's great. It was crazy. There was something going on that I had to respect. What I felt was that the revolution that I saw starting in the late '50s is still going on. The same statement. What you big people out there are doing to try to destroy us isn't working. We're taking it, we're eating it and we're spitting it back out again. It made me feel all over again there's going to be a revolution sooner or later in this country, whether from the left or the right or up or down I don't know. But there's something stirring. The more totalitarianized it gets through the corporations, through conforming, through all that horseshit, the more there's going to be that pulse beating way down in the cellar. And that's something that's coming right up out of the cellar, because you can't fuck with American life. You can squash it and distort it, but it just erupts.

High Times: Do you think rock 'n' roll brings it out?

Mailer: Yeah, I think it kind of energizes them. The kids have a deep sense of re-

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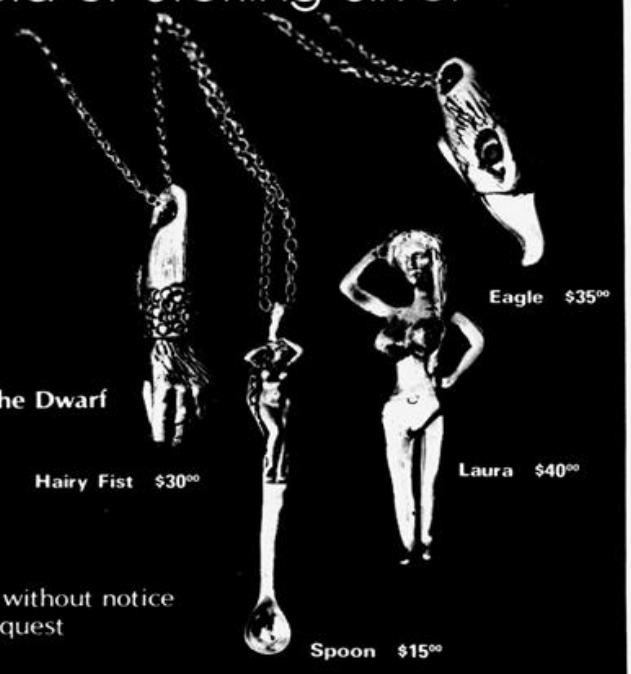
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bellion while they're hearing it. That's something they're with. They're against everything else. While they're hearing it they're with that, and nothing else counts. It's like a religion.

High Times: Yeah, it is.

Mailer: Listen, what's that chant, that gesture . . .

High Times: That's during "Blitzkrieg Bop" . . . A, O, let's go, A, O, let's go.

Mailer: What's the A O mean?

High Times: It's just a sound. It's like gabba gabba hey . . . it doesn't mean anything. It's like in the '60s you used to hold up peace signs and . . .

Mailer: Well, the thing is that, the hand, you see, that of course is the fascist salute [*thrusts arm forward and out*]. And this is the communist salute [*thrusts fist up*]. Here's the thing . . . it's very funny. It's *not* funny. The Ramones' gesture is in there in between the two and it has connotations . . .

High Times: Well, it gets everyone going. It's like, yeah you know.

Mailer: It's so funny, you know. It really is. It's like it's trying to be a popular movement. I mean, it's sort of like a beast with no eyes. You know that poem of Yeats's? "The Second Coming." A very famous poem about some rough beast that is yet unborn . . . slouching toward Bethlehem. A great poem. It's almost like this is the rough beast.

High Times: Where do you think it's going to go?

Mailer: I don't know where anything is going. One thing we haven't even talked about is the idea of economic depression in the next few years. There's almost got to be one, because our production in this country is slowing down. We just are not competitive any longer with foreign countries in any real deep way. Nobody here wants to work anymore.

People in this country now sort of see through the things that other people are willing to live and work and die for. There's not much belief in that anymore.

High Times: Do you believe in it?

Mailer: Not the way my parents believed in it. My kids are important to me. I got nine kids . . . eight and a half—I rent him and his father ,owns him. Yeah, they're very important to me, but the difference is, I think my parents probably were willing to die for me, to die for me in the sense of working themselves into the ground for me. I may end up working myself into the ground for my kids, but not because I think that's the most important thing on earth, I just feel it's a commitment. When everything else is falling apart there's a tendency, if you're at all pro, to hold to your commitments. You figure, well I may not know what I'm doing but I'll hold to it because at least I know if I hold to the commitment, there is at least

a certain grim satisfaction, and there are times in your life when you say, I'll hold things together for the grim satisfaction. Why not? A grim satisfaction is better than no satisfaction at all.

High Times: What about the family in society? Is it breaking down? Is it still important?

Mailer: I think the whole thing is breaking down. Socially speaking we're entering a time of entropy. The forms are all breaking apart. I'd say the corporation is the great adulterator. You know what an oxymoron is? Two things that are absolutely opposed and cannot be put together. Say a purple and yellow, that's an oxymoron. An attractive odium. That's an oxymoron. But a corporation breeds oxymorons. It says, strive and be individual, right? At the same time it says, the only way you can do it is to work in huge organizations. What they're doing is, they are creating conditions in which people work for huge organizations that get larger all the time. Yet all the time they're selling American freedom of enterprise. It's the biggest single piece of bullshit on the shelf today.

High Times: Has the nuclear age affected the quality of life?

Mailer: That's a perfect example of the kind of horror we're in. Somebody called me up the other day and said he signed something forbidding nuclear plants forever. I said I don't know the answer to that. I thought, so we stop all nuclear plants. As far as I'm concerned, the nuclear people are full of the same old horseshit that all the others are full of, which is that they don't really know what they're doing. That is, so far as they can figure it out, they have prevented anything bad from ever happening, and nothing bad will ever happen. They give you their statistics—22 nuclear plants are no worse than one dentist's X ray, and all that—and they'll have charts to show you. But what they don't know are all the things that they don't understand in the nature of fission. Every day they discover a new subparticle in the atom. All they can do is measure the subparticles that they're able to measure. What about the subparticles they have not been able to measure?

And on top of that you get that damn thing on Three Mile Island. A valve didn't work. The guy who came along and saw that valve was supposed to turn another valve to the right but makes an error and turns it to the left. All right, they got a failsafe built in for those two, which all of a sudden doesn't work either. In other words, the mushrooms got poisoned, and so the dishwasher failed to start, which resulted in the bannister breaking in the house two doors away. A string of events that are

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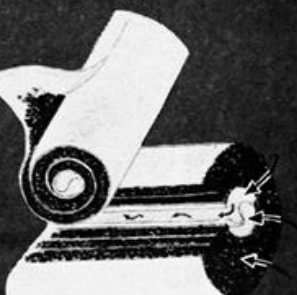
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not supposed to be connected suddenly were connected. Maybe something was going on. Maybe there are occult forces working in nuclear plants. How do they know? They don't know. They're playing with very dangerous stuff.

So, sure I'd be against nuclear plants. What's the alternative? Say you threw away all nuclear plants. Immediately the oil companies take one more huge gobble out of America. The Arab nations are not terribly in love with us, they're a bunch of rich fuckups and they're so lucky they've got to be on the side of Satan. You know, having to be shitting on that desert sand for 5,000 years and suddenly be rich people. It violates every single thing.

Anyway, there they are. They are going to get huge power, those fat suckasses in Houston, who got sort of three congenital idiots, three generations back in the family, and one of them went out to take a crap one day and an oil gusher hit him in the asshole and now they're the wealthiest people in River Oaks. . . they're going to be controlling all the world and you know what that means. That means there'll be more plastics everywhere, because the oil industry now makes half its profits on plastics that come from the crap they can't do anything else with; they make the plastics that our children play with. Of course the other alternative is, we build up the coal and the air will be full of smog again. And they'll be stripmining the face of America. So we're up against it. We're at a point where if you go out and march, you're marching right up your own hole.

High Times: You've used pot and amphetamines. . .

Mailer: Amphetamines I haven't used much. Bennies a little bit. Never used amphetamines.

High Times: . . . and claimed it caused irreversible damage to your thought process.

Mailer: Yeah, I think it did.

High Times: How do you feel about kids smoking pot now?

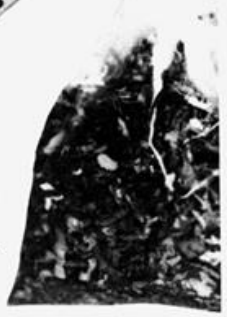
Mailer: I always tell my kids—I don't know if they listen or not—that what I think is, get their education first and then start smoking pot. At least there's something to run downhill with. Because what I find is that pot puts things together. Pot is marvelous for getting new connections in the brain. It's divine for that. You think associatively on pot, so you can really have extraordinary thoughts. But the more education you have, the more you have to put together at that point, the more wonderful connections there are to see in the universe. If you don't know much, then the connections you can put together are limited. You get that oh wow, or oh man, I'm going to get into

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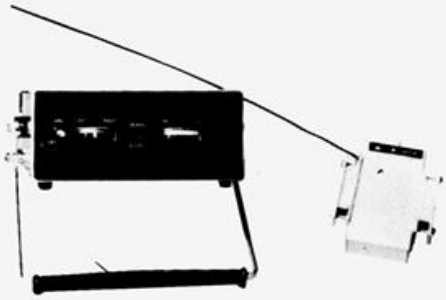
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that, and I'm going to get into anthropology, and I'm going to get into legal machinations, fascinating stuff, I'm going to get into comic books. And so on. Or pyramids, yes. So the trouble is, there you got to stop and idle your mental motor because you don't have the culture to put together at that point.

So I'm always giving my kids this pep talk about, get it together and then take your ride. Whether they listen to me is another matter. It's a rare kid that's going to listen to his father.

High Times: Have you done cocaine and other drugs?

Mailer: Once in a while. I don't like it.

High Times: Why?

Mailer: It doesn't do much for me. It's very much like on a speed trip. I've had pure cocaine and that's just a little less than a speed trip. It puts me in a very ugly mood. It brings out something ugly in me I don't like.

Talking about hating women...I think most guys that take cocaine steadily have a lot of animosity toward women. At least the only time I feel a deep animosity toward women is on cocaine.

High Times: What about heroin?

Mailer: Never taken it.

High Times: Any reason?

Mailer: Just never ran into it. I mean, there was a period in my life when I was thinking about taking it out of curiosity. I'm not sure, I think I might have been a little scared of it.

High Times: Would you want to survive a nuclear war?

Mailer: Probably not. The thought is beyond my imagination. It's like saying, would you like to survive a deep cancer operation? Maybe, maybe not.

High Times: What are your ideas on cancer?

Mailer: Well, I used to feel that it was a punishment given to those who didn't have enough balls to live their own life—going back to talking about what is masculinity—if there was a failure in masculinity. I'm beginning to think that was too simple. A lot of people get cancer because they were too responsible with their lives. They led lives that were more responsible than they really wanted to be. They lived their lives for others more than for themselves. Denied themselves certain fundamental things, whatever they were.

Schizophrenics tend to die of cancer much less than the average population. I think the reason is that cancer is what I call a schizophrenia of the cells. I think there's a choice at a certain point. Either the mind goes or the body goes. I think we all, when we get into the crux in our lives...Do you know what the crux is? When you're going through the single most difficult moment in rock climbing. And if you can get through

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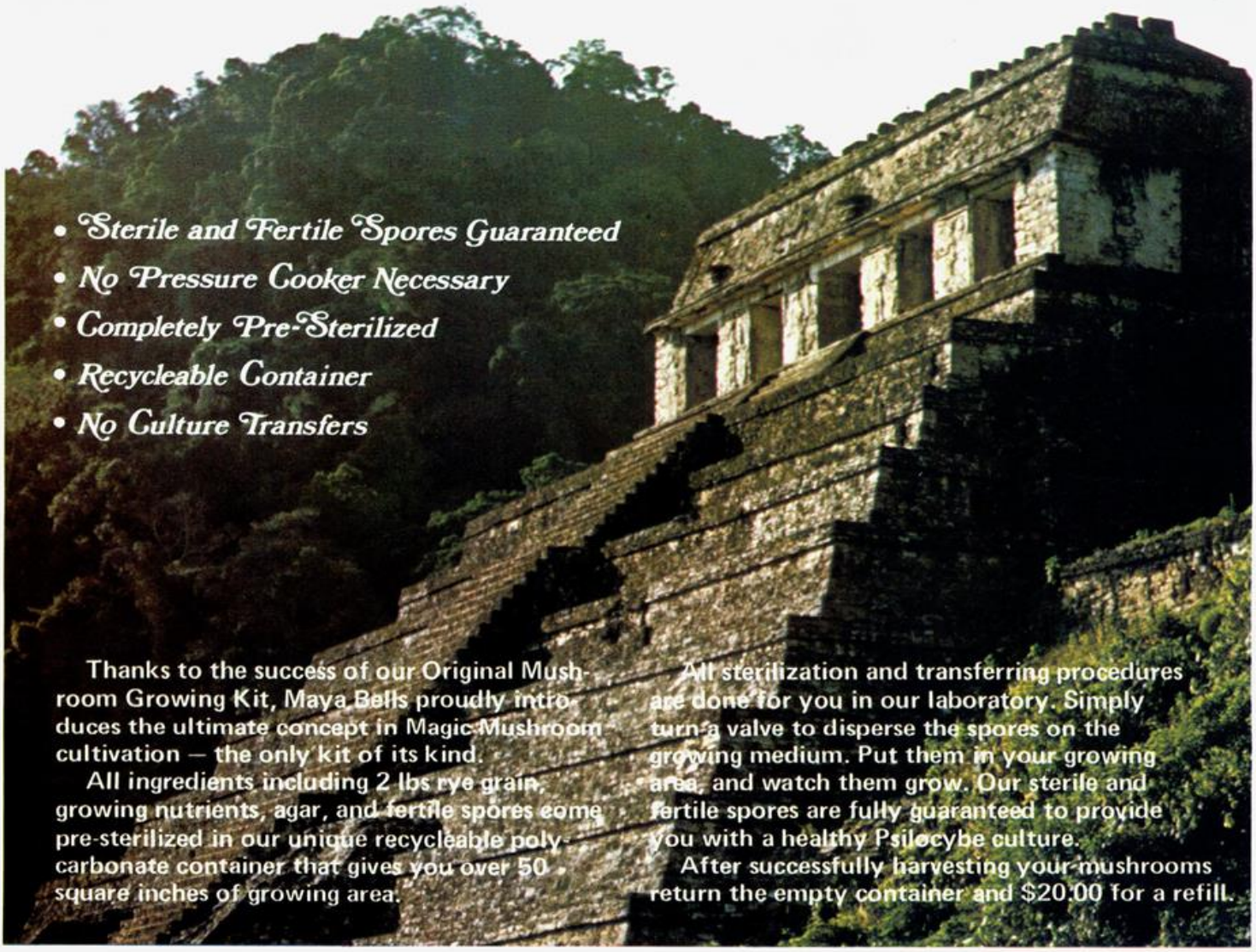
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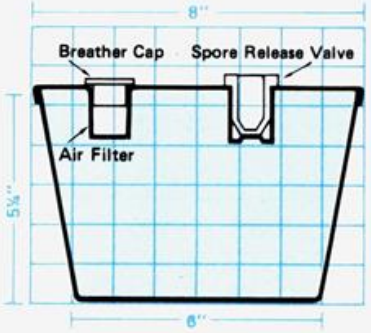
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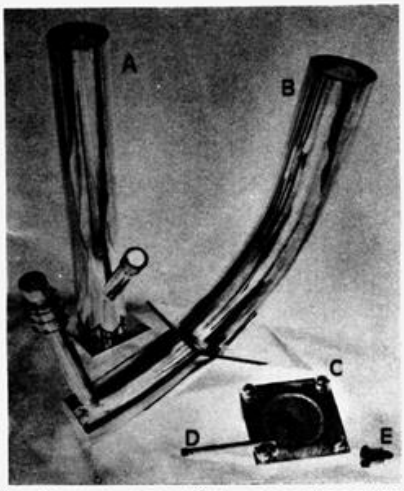
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that, you probably get all the way to the top if you have enough strength left. I think everybody goes through a crux in their lives. And in the course of going through that crux I think we get driven very near toward this insanity of the mind and the flesh. And at that moment certain fundamental decisions may be made. Certain people opt for letting the mind go, other people opt for letting the body go. The cancer comes with that.

Cancer is a revolution of the cells....

High Times: Do you think we're heading into an age of religious wars, with all these cults?

Mailer: I think as the chaos increases, and the entropy, I think there are going to be more and more local sects and local armies and gangs and everything. And people will look for groups. There's no question about it.

If you're part of the garbage and say, I'm an orange peel, look there's another orange peel over there, you know us orange peels got to stick together. Yeah I think that'll happen. Sure. I think within every entity there's a tendency for form to reassert itself at a local level. So you will have all these groups and cults. As the great religions begin to deteriorate—the truly great religions like Catholicism and Muhammadanism perhaps—the cults will grow and grow and grow in strength. And they eventually will have a large historic effect, and maybe coup d'etats and all. Cults fighting cults in the streets and cults taking over the seats of power in government. But not right now. Not for some years.

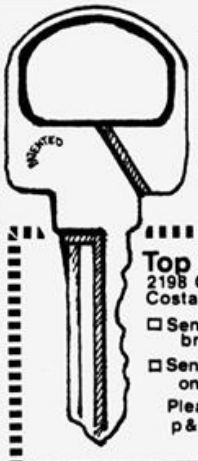
High Times: There's one thing that we didn't get into at all. Can war be glorious? The last chapter of Phillip Knightley's *The First Casualty*, the book about war correspondents, was entitled "War Is Fun." Some war correspondents said things like, where else can you go and shoot a rocket and then play with a bazooka and drive around on a motorcycle and drive around in a tank. Yes, this is fun. I mean, everyone knows from Vietnam about the horrors of war. But do you think it can be fun, and can it be glorious?

Mailer: It's just like everything else in life. Most people don't have fun in life. Most people don't have fun in war. War is an extension of life. You can have more fun in war than anyplace, obviously. Everything else being equal, you can screw the most ordinary girl in the world and if while you're doing it the artillery is firing over the whorehouse, it's pretty exciting. You got to face it. You're more likely to fall in love with the girl on that night than you would back home. In that sense, yeah, of course war can be fun.

High Times: Did you have fun?

Mailer: No, that was my gripe. I didn't

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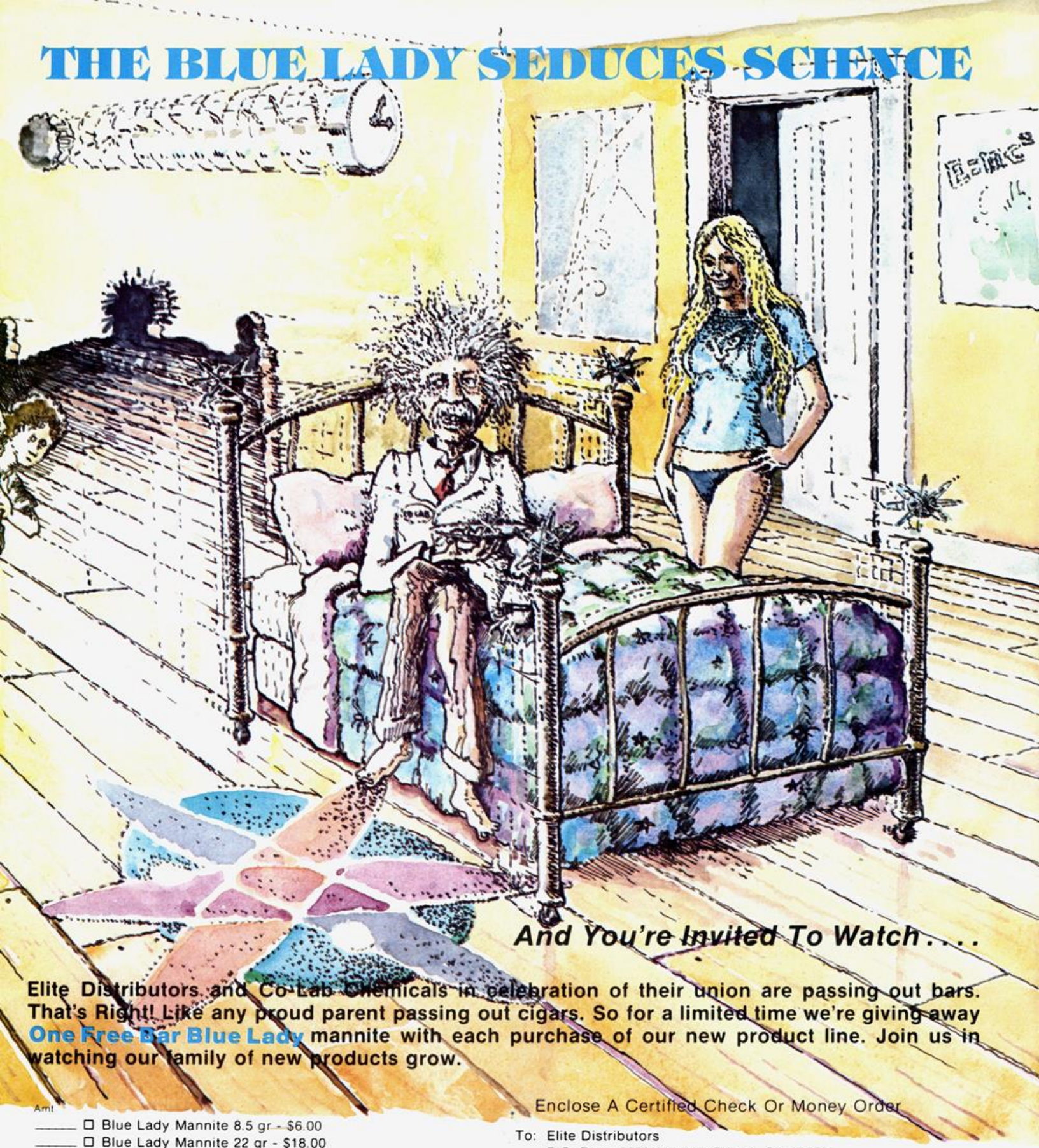
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have any fun in the war. I was mad as hell. I wanted to go over to Europe and live in the Paris whorehouses, and instead I ended up getting yellow jaundice in the Philippines.

High Times: If you were mayor of New York City, if you and Breslin had won, how would you have changed the city?

Mailer: There's no telling now. I think we would have gotten into all the trouble that Lindsay got into, that Beame got into. Everybody would have said it's those idiot amateurs we elected. If we had a couple of real pros in there, all this trouble could have been avoided.

High Times: Why did you run?

Mailer: I told you I'm a religious man. I thought God came down to me and he said you've got to work for your sins, you're going to run for mayor of New York and you will be elected and you will never have an easy day again. You'll work for the rest of your life. So I really thought I was going to get elected. I think it was only a week before the election I realized I was not going to.

High Times: Was it funny to you, the idea of you running for mayor?

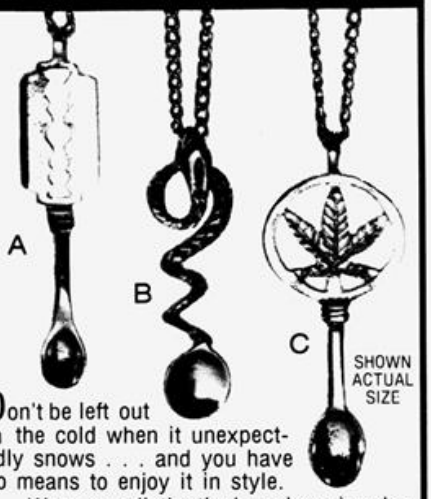
Mailer: That was the newspapers' idea. There was nothing fun about it. It's the hardest, most boring work I ever did in my life. First of all, Breslin doesn't like to work hard any more than I do, and it meant getting up at six in the morning and shaking a thousand hands before breakfast, which probably was the best part of the whole job. Because you could feel better at the end of it than when you started, and what that meant was there was more goodness than evil in the thousand hands you were shaking. It was a phenomenon. Nine days out of ten you'd shake a thousand hands and feel better. That part was okay.

I had to make the same speech ten times a day, however. You get awfully bored hearing your own voice. To this day I can smell and taste my own spit because of running for mayor ten years ago. And you get bored with yourself, very bored with yourself. It's terrible.

High Times: Are you glad you didn't win?

Mailer: No, I wanted to win. You don't like losing. It does something funny to your ego forever. And there was a kind of, what can I say? You worked from six in the morning till midnight, two in the morning. At the end of the day you're stuck with your staff that you looked at every day for two months. You're sick of looking at them and they're sick of looking at you. It's airless and boring and very hard work. I'd never run again unless I was ready to die for the idea. And that's the only reason to get into politics if you're not a pro. Be ready to live in the very center of your idea. ◘

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THE PLANET

Out-of-Hospital Births on Rise

NEW YORK CITY—The installation of nonhospital ABCs—alternate birth centers—is decidedly on the increase all around the country, despite the vehement protests of professional obstetrical associations. Giving birth at the state Maternity Center Association's comfortable midtown Manhattan brownstone, many mothers agree, is the next best thing to having a baby at home. The whole atmosphere is as far removed from "hospital" as possible, and the delivery rooms are actually rather more pleasant than most poor people's bedrooms. A minimum of drugs or other interventions are imposed on mothers, and the nurse-midwife staff actually insists that the father or lover be present throughout the experience whenever possible. Contact between mother and child begins immediately after birth and is maintained continuously afterward.

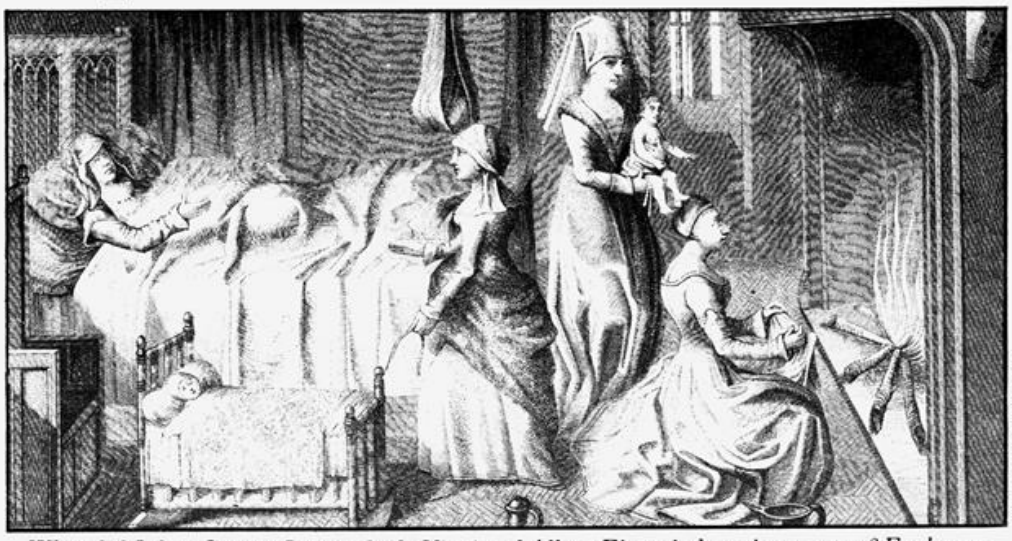
With childbirth itself decidedly on the decline all over the country, and whole maternity wards standing idle in many hospitals, obstetricians view ABCs as a direct threat to their already-endangered livelihoods. The American College of Obstetrics, in fact, has mounted a lurid scare campaign against out-of-hospital births. The docs have actually declared that "home births" are two to three times more "dangerous" than hospital births—although the statistics they produced to back up this claim were blatantly incomplete and manipulated. The college also runs a perpetual campaign of denouncing non-Ph.D. birth attendants, insisting that parturition is a tricky, hazardous process that requires the participation of a fully accredited obstetrician to make sure nothing goes awry.

Actually, the track record of obstetricians, who gained enormous control over the American way of giving birth during the 1945–1960 baby boom, is considerably blemished. For years, doctors were routinely X-raying embryos *in utero*, before it was discovered that radiation causes blood cancer in infants. Thousands of women in the '50s were given the drug diethylstilbestrol (DES) by their obstetricians to avert miscarriage, and now the daughters of these women face a substantial risk of developing vaginal cancer in their 20s. Science magazine recently disclosed that labor-inducing drugs, which have been used for years in obstetric wards, may subtly damage infants' brains.

During the baby boom, hospital maternity procedures acquired a decidedly impersonal, assembly-line aspect. Husbands were rigorously excluded from delivery rooms as inconsequential nuisances. Women were put to bed right after admittance and were required to give birth lying on their backs—both of which significantly *prolong* labor. Worst of all, for the first time in the course of human evolution, infants were routinely separated from their mothers for days after birth and given to them only for brief feeding periods. New studies by Dr. Marshall Klaus at Case-Western Reserve Medical School show that the immediate postpartum period is very critical for establishing an infant's basic powers of self-and-other recognition, and deprivation of the mother at this time can cause possibly permanent behavioral handicaps. (Primate experts have known this to be true in monkeys for years; yet American obstetricians have ignored its obvious implications in humans for over a generation, in the interests of hospital "efficiency.")

The actual statistics on home birthing around the U.S. have not yet been compiled, but the obvious anxiety of the Obstetrical College indicates that the practice is very popular indeed. The Childbirth Education Association reports that more couples than ever before are asking for referrals to midwives and obstetricians who will preside at home births.

Doctors and midwives alike point out that home deliveries should only be undertaken when an uneventful birth is guaranteed, and by women in perfect health. In other cases, an ABC is definitely called for.



Bettmann Archive

What did Julius Caesar, Leonardo da Vinci and Albert Einstein have in common? Each was born at home.

Industrial Energy Conservation Enrages Electric Companies

BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA—The energy crisis is now actually beginning to pit some American industrialists against the big energy interests. A major steel plant here recently installed a giant generator to be powered by the steam given off from the steelmaking process, and has thus achieved independence from the Louisiana private utilities. Of course the utilities charged a gigantic fee to set up backup systems, to be used if the plant's generator ever fails; but the plant will save $3.5 million a year from now on in electricity fees.

The federal energy office estimates that this sort of conservation could save the country one million barrels of oil a day.

L.A. Cops Go Berserk at Punk-Rock Fest

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA—The rise of punk rock has clearly reinvigorated the Los Angeles Police Department (LAPD), which has lately been instigating an enthusiastic series of youth-bashing cop riots, the likes of which haven't been seen since America lost the Vietnam War, putting an end to peacenik demonstrations. The most spectacular cop-versus-kid eruption to date occurred during a punk concert at the L.A. Elks lodge, right across from the celebrated MacArthur ("Someone left the cake out in the rain") Park. Scores of kids were clubbed bloody by a squad of LAPD stalwarts, seven were busted in the lodge, more were busted later for complaining about maltreatment, and cop spokesmen flooded the media for days with desperate denials of police brutality, competing for news airtime with personal accounts from bruised and bandaged teenagers.

The occasion for this exercise in law enforcement was a concert promoted at the Elks lodge by Real Life Records, featuring six of its latest punk ensembles: X, the Go-Gos, the Alleycats, Plugz, Zero, and the Wipers. Some 600 punkers, mainly white middle-class kids, showed up to be videotaped as they pogoed strenuously to the music, the tape to be distributed later as a Real Life promo. Pogoing consists mainly of jumping up and down and bumping into people. According to rock critic Kristine McKenna, "Everyone was having a real good time," before the police crashed the proceedings about midnight, busting heads with abandon.

LAPD lieutenant Keith Bushey, who coordinated the riot, has a different story. A Mexican wedding and a stage show were being held elsewhere in the lodge that night, says Bushey, and "a group of unruly people" were disturbing them. "Large numbers of males were going into the ladies' room," charges Bushey. Moreover, he says that after about 9 P.M. the LAPD began receiving reports that "rocks and bottles" were being flung about by the punkers—behavior that, ever since Kent State, has legally provided police with grounds for murder when it's directed at them. And it so happens that the security staff hired for the event consisted of three off-duty LAPD cops. So along about 11, when Bushey supposedly heard from these cops that "their lives were being jeopardized" by "rocks and bottles," the police riot was on.



Jenny Lens

Calling themselves "punks," today's teenagers seem to have invented a new "fad," which involves getting "worked over" by police officers.

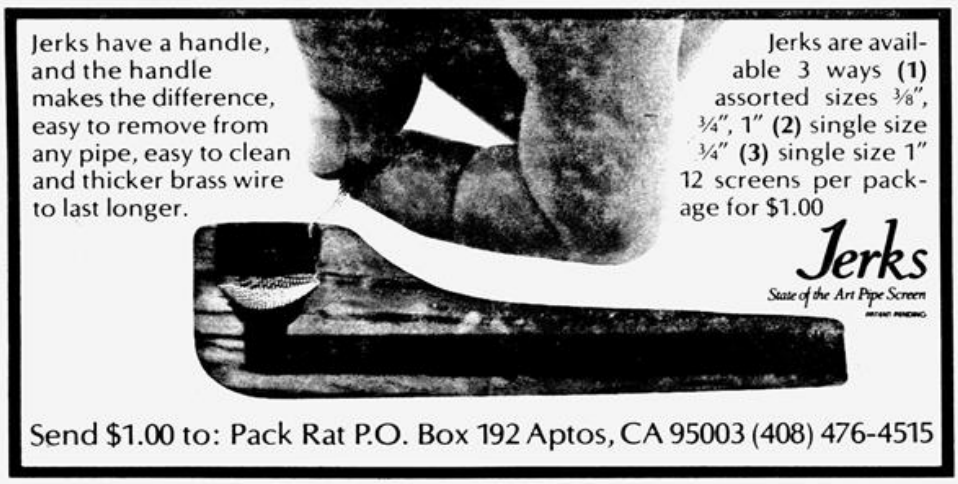
At 11:30 a squad of helmeted troopers stormed up the stairs to the Elks balcony where the kids were dancing, pitching the kids left and right down the steps. Once on the floor, they went straight for the video crew. According to folks who have seen the tape, the first sign of any nonrecreational violence on it occurs when a heavily armored LAPD patrolman slaps a leather glove over the lens and the screen goes blank.

The concert promoters and video crew were quickly hauled out of the lodge, and only videoman Mike Friend was allowed back in, to direct the band to keep on playing loudly while the hall was cleared. Then the cops commenced tumbling the kids wholesale off the balcony floor down 50 steps to the mezzanine, where the kids were pummeled out and made to run a gauntlet of nightsticks across the street into the park. Three women and four men were busted for inciting to riot and officer assault, and three cops were banged up in the affray.

Next day, KROQ radio disc jockey Rodney Bingenheimer opened his lines for witness and victim accounts, which came thick and fast. One of the best-documented was the description given by the father of a hospitalized 13-year-old boy who'd been sitting with his sister when the cops began running amok: "They were tapped on the shoulder about going. My son leaned over to his sister to say, 'I guess we should go,' or something, at which point one of them put an arm around him, picked him up, and threw him over three rows of chairs. Then they jumped on him and beat him up and knocked him unconscious. Our daughter reacted, of course, by punching a policeman for beating her brother, and they worked her over, billy clubs and all, until her body was bruised, and threw her in jail." After a subsequent beating in jail, the girl sustained premature menstrual bleeding.

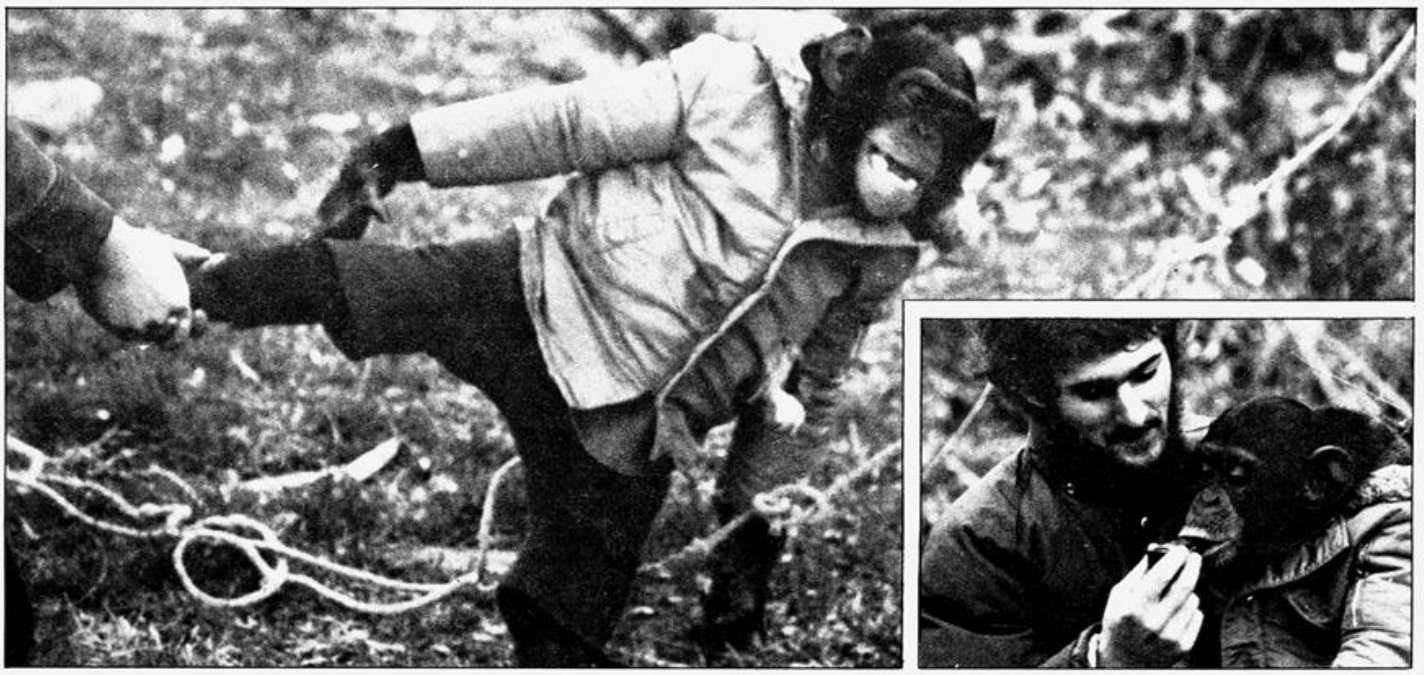
Midway through the KROQ phone-in, Lieutenant Bushey called to indignantly deny that the LAPD had beaten any women at all. That night, channel 2 in L.A. broadcast extensive interviews with several teenage girls exhibiting prominent bruises and bandages, who charged that it was the result of being pushed down stairs, clubbed with nightsticks, kicked and so on by persons whom they described as being dressed like LAPD officers.

Punk-concert promoter Brenda Mullin is currently working to set up communications between punkers, the community and the police. Punk mogul Geza X. Gideon has set up an unofficial switchboard in his offices to handle reports of similar police youth bullyings. "What happened here," says Gideon of the Elks lodge atrocity, "was a moral outrage against justice."



Manhattan Castle Repels Invaders

NEW YORK CITY—City architects dipped into several medieval texts on siege warfare and fortress construction recently to get Central Park's exquisite Belvedere Castle back in operation as a meteorological observatory. The Belvedere had been keeping tabs on the unique weather of midtown Manhattan for generations until last year, when vandalism of the meteorological gear finally forced the operation to move to La Guardia Airport in Queens. La Guardia turned out to be a lousy site for predicting Manhattan weather, though, so the Belvedere was finally outfitted with siege gear. Gates and portholes bristle with steel bars now, overhanging bastions have been reinforced, and the round keep tower has been encircled with a beautiful but nasty crown of downward-poking black iron curved spikes.



Nim Chimpsky, the world's foremost monkey linguist, has invented a special signal—one forefinger to lower lip—meaning, "Hit me with the ganja, you Babylonian Sodomite!" Trainer Tom Martin complies generously—and then they dance together like hey-go-mad.

What Do You Call Your Cohabitee?

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Over 600,000 people under 45 in the United States are living in sin, says the Census Bureau. This news has given rise to a frantic search for proper euphemisms in bureaucracies everywhere, as conscientious form designers seek acceptable alternatives to the terms "husband," "wife" and "married couple." American Airlines' "mate rate" has been deconnubialized into "companion fares," for example. The Ford Foundation has officially translated "spouse" into "meaningful associate," while the National Academy of Sciences just says "special friend." And at any Washington hospital, you now call your main squeeze your "significant other person."

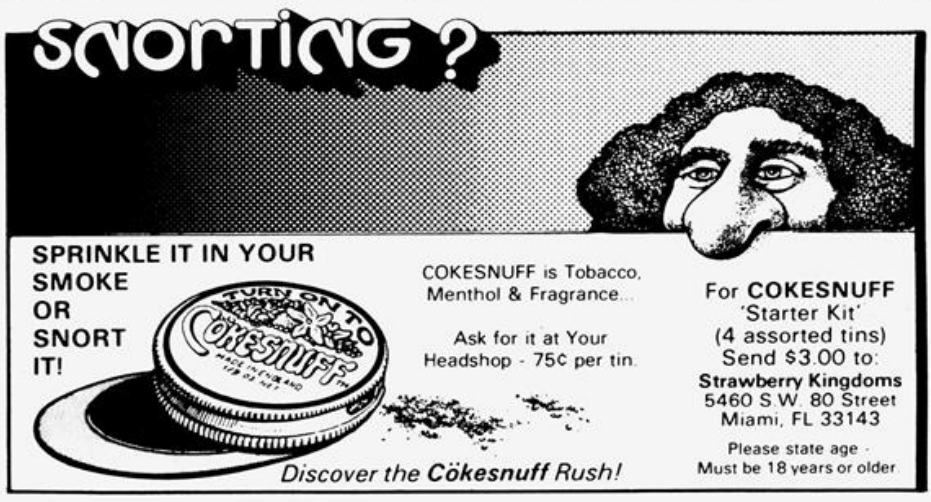
Utah Children Die of Nuclear Cancer:

"Generation of Guinea Pigs" Poisoned by Nukes

CEDAR CITY, UTAH—The term "generation of guinea pigs," applied by NBC commentator Edwin Newman to contemporary kids doing marijuana, might better have been reserved for kids who were born here shortly before the 1950s, when the United States Army commenced blasting off nukes hundreds of miles upwind in Nevada.

Twenty-six nukes were detonated in Nevada between 1951 and 1958, and most of the hottest fallout was dumped in southern Utah. Going through local mortality records, doctors have checked the rate of leukemia deaths that occurred in children 15 or younger during that period: the rate here was two-and-a-half times higher during those seven years than in children elsewhere in the country. Before the '51–'58 period, leukemia here killed fewer children than elsewhere, and the rate dropped back again to subnormal immediately after the nuke tests were stopped.

The southern Utah children were mortally poisoned by doses of radiation that probably never exceeded ten rads per exposure. This dosage is still considered "not excessive" by nuclear-power proponents.

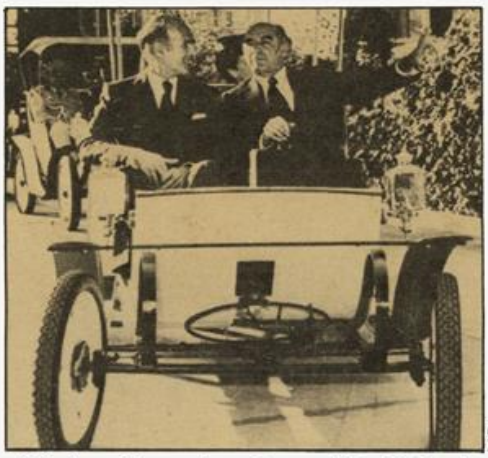




Giscard Serenades Mexico for Its Oil Billions

MEXICO CITY, MEXICO—President Valery Giscard d'Estaing of France has definitely gotten in on the ground floor of the Mexican oil boom, to the distress of observers in the European Common Market and the United States. At a recent state visit here, the cunningly urbane and intellectual Giscard went straight to the hearts of the assembled political and petroleum elite. Having paved the way by sending two top ministers to work out a couple of fat oil deals, Giscard and his stunning wife flattered the very wallets off the Mexico City bigwigs, referring to their "great common intellectual past," which is "engraved in the memory of the people."

Giscard also repeatedly dangled the seductive notion that he might lobby for Mexico's admission to the European Economic Community, which did him no harm. "Nothing but Gallic bluff," scoffed a European observer. "The French are more protectionist than any of us. They fought hardest to keep Spain, Portugal and Greece out of the Common Market. Now they just want to butter up Mexico."



UPI

Who's taking whom for a ride? Mexico's Lopez Portillo steers an electric getabout, showing France's Giscard d'Estaing the better parts of Mexico City while they haggle over oil deals.

In general, though, Giscard's Gallic butter was eminently palatable to the Mexican plutocrats. Unlike President Carter, Giscard stuck to high-society circles, avoiding any visits to poverty pockets, or any gauche remarks about "Montezuma's revenge" or human rights. Mme Giscard slipped up once when she attributed her excellent Spanish to frequent conversations with "the servants"; and Foreign Minister Jean Francois Poncet twice called Mexico "Brazil" in a speech. But Giscard swept it all under the rug by declaring $240 million in standby credits for Mexico to buy French goods.

The Mexicans were not quite taken for a total ride, though. While they agreed to start shipping 100,000 barrels a day to France next year, they resoundingly ignored Giscard's suggestion that the money for it be kept in a Mexican account in the French Foreign Commerce Bank.

Ganja Is Dangerous, Warns Amin's Doc

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA—Field Marshall Idi Amin's personal doctor, Francis N'gnombe, warned that "the fatal herb—ganja—should not be 'liberated' because of the damage it causes on its addicts." Dr. N'gnombe, a native of Zambia trained in Western medicine on Madagascar, made his remarks on a recent tour to Bogota, Colombia, in the midst of this country's heated debate over pot legalization.

Dr. N'gnombe did not say whether the brutal practices of his recently ousted boss were more dangerous than the "fatal herb," but he seemed sure that grass should not be legalized because of "the many evils it causes." A Colombian newspaper described N'gnombe as "looking more like a guru than a doctor" and added that he is well known in Africa as an herbal doctor and for healing patients using "the power of the mind, predictions of the future and thought transmission." Dr. N'gnombe's favorite hobbies are collecting sports cars and adopting children, of which he already has 42 of all races and nationalities (children, that is). His condemnation of ganja doesn't look like a "scientific" opinion antipot advocates will use comfortably.

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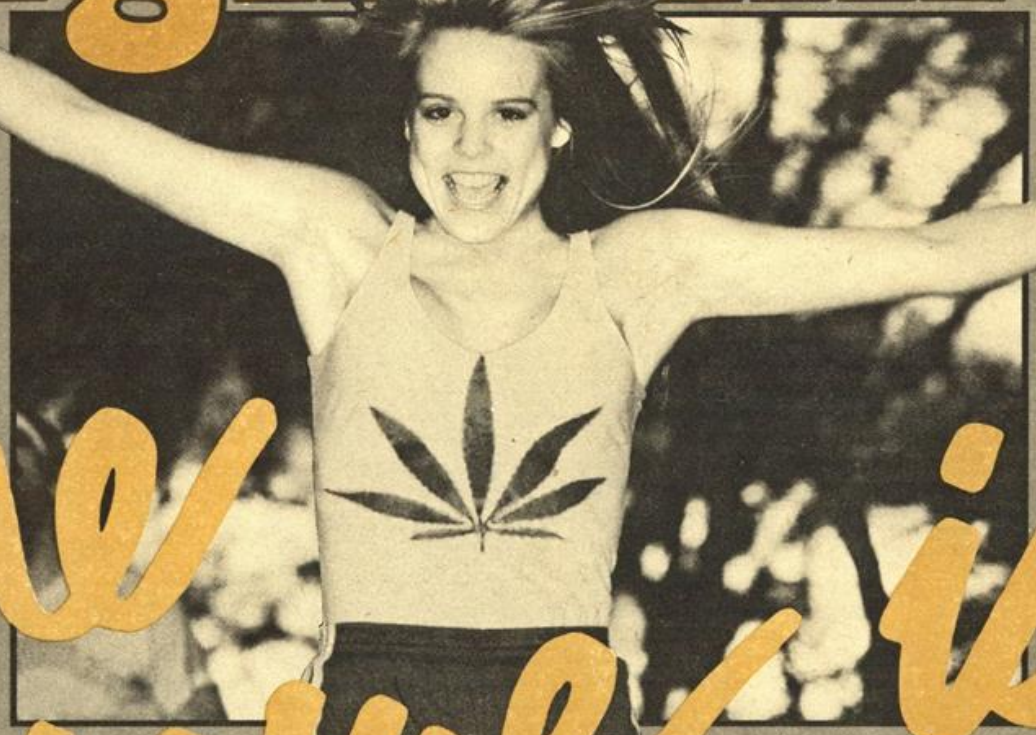
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Cops Snuff Three During Press Blackout

KINGSTON, JAMAICA—A "death squad" of off-duty police vigilantes wiped out three leaders of the Jamaican Labor party, including antigovernment firebrand Claudius Massop, during the last newspaper strike here. While the main national daily, the Gleaner, was shut down by the printers' union, the death squad murdered the three, evidently confident that the slayings and the subsequent police cover-up would gain minimal attention in the world press. The Labor party at the time was holding a "national day of peace and prayer" that had effectively closed down Kingston business on a weekday.

The police, backed up by Prime Minister Michael Manley, called for a curfew in the Labor party ward of Kingston on the night of Massop's funeral, specifically so that no one there would be able to view the bodies.

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Shutterbug Dolphins Seek Loch Ness Monster



Wide World

Top speculation has it that Loch Ness may be stocked with a school of plesiosaurs that avoided the sudden extermination of their species four million years ago. Because dolphins, four million years ago, were already sentient creatures, the meeting in Loch Ness may turn into a kind of class reunion.

LOCH NESS, SCOTLAND—American scientists are currently seeking the Loch Ness monster using a team of Florida dolphins specially trained and outfitted with underwater camera gear. Sponsored by the Boston Academy of Applied Science, the dolphin mission is the brainstorm of Dr. Robert Rines, a Boston patent attorney who has been seeking "Nessie," as he calls the monster, since 1968.

The two dolphins trained all last winter off the Florida coast, wearing vests outfitted with cameras and strobes, taking photos of sea turtles, sharks and any other large aquatic animals they spotted. The results were superb, scientists say, even though dolphins don't ordinarily focus on a single image in their range of vision, having eyes on opposite sides of their heads. The animals seemed to grasp the idea of single-image focusing, in fact, rather more readily than a human might adapt to seeing things the dolphin's way.

At Loch Ness, the dolphins are only sent out for a few hours each day into the cold saltless water to look for monsters. Dr. Rines says he checked it all out with the United States Navy's dolphin-research center in San Diego, California, beforehand. "There is absolutely no danger or discomfort or strain on the dolphins," guarantees Dr. Rines. What the monster or monsters may think about the dolphins, though—as casual visitors or as appetizing snacks—he didn't say.

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Pan-European Court Condemns Thalidomide Censorship

STRASBOURG, FRANCE—In its first-ever decision on freedom of the press, the European Court of Human Rights found the British government guilty when it ruled that the Harold Wilson cabinet in 1972 illegally suppressed an article exposing the baby-deforming trank thalidomide. The article, which traced the history of thalidomide's development and merchandising by Distilling Companies Biochemicals, Ltd., was censored from the London Sunday Times in September of 1972 on grounds that the drug company was still in court on the thalidomide issue. In Britain it's illegal for the press to comment on matters sub judice. Violators are prosecuted under contempt-of-court charges.

British publishers have continually waged war against the contempt law, pointing out that anyone wishing to suppress any information from print need only sue a newspaper for libel for intending to publish it; the libel case then keeps the information suppressed under the contempt-of-court laws for as long as the plaintiff can drag out the suit. This ploy is in fact continually used by crooked industrialists and politicians in Britain to cover up their transgressions. Investigative journals like Private Eye have developed exquisite satirical techniques to convey details of sub judice scandals, but respectable publications like the Sunday Times are continually hamstrung from reporting the plain truth about sensitive matters.

This, primarily, is why Sunday Times editor Sir Harold Evans took the thalidomide censorship to the international Strasbourg court. "We were not simply fighting for freedom of the press," he declares, "but for the right of citizens to be informed." Counsels for the London Parliament told the court that the article would have unduly influenced a 1972 lawsuit by the parents of thalidomide-deformed children against Distiller's, Ltd.; but the court decreed that the censorship "did not correspond to an imperative enough social need to take precedence over the public interest in the liberty of expression."

Beatles Bronzed in Liverpool

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND—The City Council is finally asking the Beatles to come back, nearly ten years after their dissolution as a group. The Liverpool city fathers have kicked off their campaign to woo the foursome by putting up eight-foot-tall bronze statues of John, Paul, George and Ringo in the middle of town.

All through the Beatle "fad," as it was termed here, Liverpool politicos resolutely shunned their city's association with the four mop-tops who grew up here, and regarded the whole "Sergeant Pepper" dope period as a most horrid blot on the superpolluted factory town's good name.

But lately, in the pits of continual recession, Liverpudlians have begun to take a prouder stance on Beatlemania, looking to the tourist proceeds that might conceivably be exploited from it. Pete Best, the original Ringo, has been performing in local spots, and plans are under way for a jumbo Beatles commemorative jubilee, at which it's hoped the Fab Four will get together and jam a little.



Movie Star News

Even Ed Sullivan loved the Beatles. Queen Elizabeth II herself presented them with the Order of the British Empire. But the Liverpool City Council? "A bloody boonch o' fookin' hairy poofs," was what they called the Fab Four—until just now.



Bettmann Archive

Merchants of Venice, like Shylock here, are so immemorially venal that they even tax themselves!

Italian Jew Protests Taxes

ROME, ITALY—Mier Nahum, an Italian citizen, is suing for the right to practice the Jewish religion here without being taxed for it twice. In 1978, when Nahum reported making 3.1 million lire ($3,400), the Italian Jewish community dunned him for 150,000 lire ($165) in religious taxes. Nahum charges that since the government doesn't extend taxing privileges to any other Italian religious minority, Jews here shouldn't be legally obliged to tithe to their faith either.

Italy's chief rabbi Elio Toaff says that the tabernacle tax privileges were extended to Jews in 1929 after the Vatican concordat with the Italian government, which granted special financial privileges to the Catholic church; Jews, accordingly, were given special tax rights to cover costs of synagogues, cemeteries, schools and kosher foods.

Ecologists Run for Parliament

LONDON, ENGLAND—The National Ecology party (NEP) went on the ballot for the first time ever in this year's general election. The NEP fielded candidates for parliament from 50 parishes, after ecology parties in France and Germany succeeded in getting people elected. The NEP in postindustrial Britain didn't expect to win any seats this year (and didn't), but they used the parliamentary campaign as a vehicle for publicly promoting the development of alternate-energy systems, smaller-scale cooperative trade and industry, and national self-reliance. Under British equal-time rules, TV and radio stations were obliged to give NEP spokespersons regular airtime.

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China's Acupuncture Psychotherapy Handles Rising "Schizophrenia"

PEKING, CHINA—Mental illness is not unknown in the People's Republic, and in fact seems decidedly on the increase, to go by rising admissions to this country's 30 mental hospitals. For apparently political reasons, almost none of these people are diagnosed as suffering from depression or other stress-caused conditions; all sources of social stress were officially eliminated by the Revolution, and therefore any "crazy" people must be suffering from organic brain disease, concussion or "schizophrenia." The Chinese definition of schizophrenia, like that used in the United States, is imprecise enough to cover virtually any variety of politically or socially disapproved behavior, and over 80 percent of Chinese mental patients are classed as schizophrenics.

Drugs are routinely given to all schizophrenia patients—Thorazine especially—and antidepressants are virtually never used. Luckily, though, Chinese physicians are well versed in traditional herbal and acupuncture therapies developed ages before mental illness became a "contradiction among the people." Even in the West, acupuncture is recognized as highly effective in the treatment of many physically based emotional disorders: electronic stimulation of the middle ear by acupuncture needles has been shown to alter the activity of many brain hormones and processes known to be involved in abnormal emotional states. Chinese doctors even have a sort of anatomical chart showing the proper acupuncture points for treatment of phobias, depression and true schizophrenia. And lately they've been using low-energy laser beams for the same purposes, though the results haven't been announced.



UPI

Chinese acupuncture therapy was considered lunatic by Western doctors until only recently, when some medicos realized that all they knew about neurology came from lab tests on spinal nerves of manta rays —which don't, like humans, have myelin sheathing.

Chinese docs are also herbalists, versed in a continuous pharmacological tradition of nearly 5,000 years. More than 1,000 herbs and plants are used in psychotherapy alone, some of which are undoubtedly at least as effective as pharmacological tricyclic antidepressants and MAO inhibitors at alleviating stress-caused mental conditions.

Basically, the Chinese attitude toward psychiatry is more preventive than therapeutic. Disturbed people are admonished to lose their self-absorption in work, and to spend a lot of spare time in "self-criticism" sessions with other workers. While this is undoubtedly efficacious in stemming some neuroses, those folks who are driven batty by the very absence of privacy in life here, and the enormous peer pressure to conform to a very limited concept of "proper proletarian behavior," just bounce in and out of nuthouses.

Chinese mental institutions are large and crowded by modern European and American standards but actually provide more opportunities for privacy and introspection than either urban or communal life. Inpatient stays are generally kept to two months, tops, to prevent institutional decrepitude; but outpatient follow-up care is extensive and compassionate.

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President of USSR Drops Out of View

MOSCOW, USSR—Ex-President Nikolai Podgorny dropped completely out of political life this year with an abruptness rivaling that of his dropping of Premier Nikita Khrushchev in 1966. At that time, Podgorny linked up in a celebrated Kremlin troika with Party Leader Leonid Brezhnev and Premier Alexei Kosygin. As president, it was Podgorny's job to make sure the parliament members automatically rubberstamped every Kremlin policy decision, and he did so superbly for 12 years, employing a unique combination of White Russian aristocratic snobbishness and hard-core Bolshevist ruthlessness.

Then, last year, someone suddenly cut Podgorny's strings. All at once he was bounced out of the presidency and his key seats in the Politburo and Central Committee. He retained his elective post in the Soviet parliament—to strip him of that would have been "unconstitutional"—but when the list of this session's approved party candidates was published, Podgorny's name was not on it.

Nobody knows exactly why Brezhnev ditched his number-two henchman, or what he had on Podgorny to assure his acquiescence. Since Podgorny's area of expertise was agriculture and food processing, his sacking may have grown out of a rumored financial scandal in 1976 involving thousands of tons of Canadian wheat.

Kosher Women Exempt from Draft

TEL AVIV, ISRAEL—Women in Israel faced with compulsory military service now have only to swear that they practice the Orthodox Jewish faith to gain a deferment. The new conscription law was passed by the Knesset here after years of pressure from the Mafdal, the highly conservative religious party; it passed by a close margin of nine votes, after Prime Minister Menachem Begin heavily pressured his own Likud party to vote for it. In the same session, the Knesset also narrowly defeated a bill, proposed by the Labor-Centre party, that would have affirmed that women are equal with men under Israeli law.



Israeli women soldiers were critical to winning the 1967 and '72 wars; but now, if they're Orthodox, they can't even enlist.

Desai Saves Sacred Cows

NEW DELHI, INDIA—Prime Minister Moraji Desai, 83, has personally proposed to parliament a constitutional amendment to make the slaughter of cattle a federal crime. Desai, a devout Hindu, did so after his religious mentor, Vinobha Bhave, 82, undertook a "fast unto death" to protest the commercial slaughter of cattle in West Bengal and Kerala, two predominantly Muslim states that produce and process beef for export. The Hindu amendment has the support of all major factions in the ruling Janata political coalition and is expected to become law within a year. Bhave is already eating again.

The Indian constitution has always officially prohibited cow killing, but the law was unenforced by state officials in Muslim areas, where it's traditional to eat meat. Also, beef production was encouraged under Indira Ghandi's "emergency" regime, and West Bengal and Kerala, particularly, developed promising export markets. Thus, when Desai put his proposals to parliament here, many Muslim League members walked out in protest.

Progressives of every religious persuasion have condemned the proposed amendment as a compromise of India's identity as a secular state. Even some who had opposed the Ghandi incentives to beef production explain that they did so because producing beef only ties up valuable growing land as pasture; now more land will be given to holy cattle, and there won't even be any beef coming out of it.

Lingerie Hits China

CANTON, CHINA—The first functioning brassiere factory in this country since 1948 is going up near here. The Teng Hsiao-ping regime has offered land, buildings and a full work staff to the Wacoal lingerie company of Japan, anticipating a forthcoming demand for Western-style underclothes by hundreds of millions of Chinese women. For the time being, though, officials say the bras will be produced primarily for export, until "the time comes for Chinese women to wear Western underwear."

"Mainland Rock" Sweeps East Asia

HONG KONG, CHINA—Samu Hui, the first Chinese rock star to sing in a Mainland dialect, is currently negotiating with top international show-biz promoters for a tour of Europe and North America. Hui (pronounced *Whee*) became an instant chart buster here and in Japan and the Philippines with the release of a hard-rock single titled "Private Eyes," vocalized entirely in Cantonese dialect. It swept the charts not only among the populous communities of exiled Chinese throughout Asia—that was expected—but picked up an enormous following among non-Chinese youth as well. It seems Hui's music reflects the unique hard-rock styles developed by kids in the People's Republic (where Canton is by far the hippest city) energetically working on homemade instruments despite official government disapproval.

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U.S. Techs Help South Africa Develop Oil-Free Economy

PIETERMARITZBURG, REPUBLIC OF SOUTH AFRICA—Research corporations from the United States and several other well-industrialized countries are currently working closely with South African scientists in a feverish attempt to minimize the effect of last spring's cutoff of Iranian oil. Before the revolution led by Ayatollah Khomeini, Iran was the sole supplier of petrol to the Republic of South Africa (RSA), but one of the ayatollah's first acts, after ousting the American-backed Shah Muhammad Reza-Pahlavi, was to ban shipments of oil to the RSA.

President Carter and British ex-prime minister Callaghan reportedly met quietly in Guadeloupe to discuss ways of surreptitiously restoring the flow of oil to the RSA and its northern ally, Zimbabwe Rhodesia, both hard pressed by black-nationalist guerrilla insurgents. While no official U.N. embargo on oil sales to the RSA has been decreed —thanks mainly to U.S.-British opposition—no government in the world currently sanctions such trade. The RSA is now spending an estimated $400 million per quarter on "spot purchases" of oil from shadowy subsidiary companies set up specially for that purpose by Standard Oil and Gulf, among others.

Thus, research and development on alternate-energy schemes is given high priority by Minister of Economic Affairs Heunis, lest continued spot buying at inflated prices cripple the shaky RSA economy.

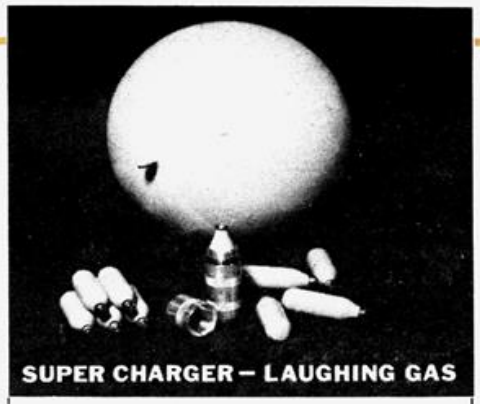
The RSA's white racist government, fearing that even Carter and Britain's prime minister may someday have to capitulate to the growing world opposition to its genocidal apartheid policies, is desperate to achieve independence from imported oil. While South Africa itself seems devoid of oil deposits (though U.S.-supported deep-sea research in the South Atlantic is still proceeding), the area has vast coalfields. The Pretoria government has pumped millions into coal-mining developments, and a massive, highly technological coal-to-petrol extraction plant called SASOL I is now in operation.

An even larger SASOL II plant, estimated to cost $2 billion, is now under construction; thanks to assistance from the FLUOR Corporation of Los Angeles, it should be in full operation by mid 1981.

Along with this project, the huge South African corporation Sentrachem has hired a topflight corps of international technicians to expedite the development of alternative fuels, especially hydrogen gas and alcohol. The international Volkswagen Corporation is working with the state-financed Council for Scientific and Industrial Research on the hydrogen project; they report a basic problem of storing the gas in a sufficiently compact form, but are optimistic that this may soon be overcome.

The alcohol-fuel scheme looks rosier. Sentrachem's plotters are already asking for funds to set up ten plants around the country to draw ethanol from maize and sugarcane. They've advised the government that the biggest economic drawback accompanying the use of ethanol fuel is that automobile petrol tanks will have to be increased considerably in size. Commerce Secretary Jaart van der Walt has indicated that this can be handled by the imposition of new government regulations on car manufacturers and refitters in the RSA.

Unlike most industrial countries, the RSA's private corporations have a solid history of complying with government directives, even when they involve alternate-energy schemes that would be scoffed at as "unrealistic" or "pie in the sky" by Ford or General Motors. When ghetto blacks in many cities rioted after a police massacre of civilians at Sharpeville in 1968, the government, foreseeing an inevitable withdrawal of outside industrial investments, imposed major regulations on the motor and arms industries, and today the RSA is virtually self-sufficient in both. Ironically, then, it may be the ultraconservative, morbidly backward-looking RSA government that ultimately proves the economic viability of futuristic, ecologically wholesome alternate-energy sources.



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Drunk Leaders May Topple Zambia's Government

LUSAKA, ZAMBIA—Dr. Kenneth Kaunda has threatened to step down as chief of state unless his top government aides kick booze and go on the wagon. Kaunda, a teetotaler, has pressed a five-year drive to combat alcoholism, but its prevalence here has relentlessly increased, as it has in all other poor countries of the world. One-third of all traffic accidents in Zambia involve drunken drivers, and cirrhosis of the liver ranks among the top five causes of death. Half of all rapes and 85 percent of homocides reportedly involve liquor—just like everywhere else in the world.

In the last ten years, alcoholism has grown into a major world epidemic. Its incidence in poor countries like Zambia, Brazil and Kuwait has risen threefold, thanks mainly to the spread of Western-style breweries into these areas, making hard distilled lush much more accessible to people than the traditional low-proof, home-brewed wines and beers. "The activities of the multinational companies supplant traditional methods of brewing and distilling, and vastly increase supply," charges Dr. Halfdan Mahler, director of the World Health Organization in Geneva, Switzerland.

Of the estimated 2.5 billion rural poor people in the world, fewer than 10 percent live within one day's walking distance of a Western-style, academically accredited physician. And as Zambia's experience with distilled alcohol has shown, it's these educated, Western-style doctors who most readily succumb to alcoholism. President Kaunda's resignation threat, in fact, grows out of his oft-repeated observation that compulsive lushing has reached super-epidemic proportions among the newly rising class of African professional people: managers, engineers, social planners and health-care experts.

As part of his drive against alcoholism, and to effect a general improvement in Zambia's appallingly scanty health-care resources, Dr. Kaunda has openly welcomed WHO medical instructors engaged in training "primary physicians": traditional tribal herbalists, ceremonial healers, witch doctors. For over a year, WHO has been making a strenuous effort to achieve contact with traditional "bush doctors" throughout the poor world in order to gain their trust. Such persons generally have an astonishing competence in treating both mental and physical illnesses among the local people, and they also have a thorough pharmacological competence, using local drug plants and minerals to successfully treat diseases ranging from influenza to diabetes. Now U.N. doctors are trying to supply these physicians with basic antibiotics and sterile health-care supplies, as well as to instruct them in ways of treating new "civilized" afflictions like alcoholism.



As sort of a practical joke on innocent animals, proprietors of private wildlife refuges in Africa and the U.S. have been sending tourists through the parks in cleverly camouflaged vehicles: big round gray buses to confuse elephants, zippy low-slung spotted getabouts to incite cheetahs to frustrated charges, big brown boats to lure hippos to the surface. Naturalists condemn this sort of brute bamboozlement. "That sleazy Volkswagen," one says of this photo, "could actually give one of those poor zebras a broken heart!"

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Great Train Robber Sues British Leyland

Ronald Biggs, kingpin of the London-to-Glasgow mail-train heist in 1963, is alive and rich and very pissed off in Brazil these days. It seems British Leyland, makers of MGs, Jaguars, Triumphs and New York City's double-decker buses, has mounted an ad campaign boasting that one of its compacts "nips in and out [of traffic] like Ronald Biggs." Leyland attorneys claim they did their level best to get Biggs's okay beforehand, but he's having none of it. Britain's most nimble-footed expatriate—he nipped out of jail almost before they had him in, and nipped up a plump Brazilian wife and a plumper Swiss bank account in the wink of an eye—resents any comparisons with Leyland's fault-prone vehicles. He's threatening to sue the state-subsidized company for $800,000, which is reportedly nearly half his alloted cut from the mail train's $7 million.

They Call the Skin Pariah

The heat came down on Ponchefstroom, South Africa, when the local Dutch Reform Boers learned that a nudist colony had been functioning out in the veldt for half a year. Intensely conservative Dutch parsons thundered forth fire and brimstone from the Ponchefstroom pulpits, condemning the naked interlopers for every evil under the South African sun, including the current six-month drought. The enlightened sun worshipers, declaring the charge to be based on arrant superstition, all donned their clothes to prove it—and behold, the sky did burst asunder, raining like crazy for weeks. The skin farm never reopened.



Virgin, Wizard, Warner Records - Zawodsky

Great Train Robber Ronald Biggs punks it up with the Sex Pistols at a Rio rock bash.

Man Eats Cop's Ear

Kevin Copperthwaite of East London, after being set upon in a pub by two drunken off-duty police officers, phoned the local constables for assistance. When the lads arrived, though, they merely stood about while one of the lushed-out cops, Detective Barry Smith, went berserk. "Smith went crazy and started pushing against my neck," Copperthwaite later testified. "I pulled his head back and bit into his ear. It didn't stop him. His ear came off and I swallowed it because I was choking." A jury at Snaresbrook Crown Court subsequently cleared the self-admitted anthropophagite of assault and cannibal mayhem, on the grounds of clear self-defense.

One Hot Pussy

An eight-month-old kitten named Sam was reported resting comfortably after sustaining an approximate 14,000-volt electrical charge that incidentally blacked out all of downtown Hamilton, Ontario. Young Sam had been prowling through the local power station, it seems, when he set a paw down on an unguarded terminal. Hamilton commerce ceased for a half hour while Sam, singed and smelling dreadful, staggered home and curled up for a long kittynap.

Boer Jokester Clapped in Brig

Izak Goosen is serving a year in jail in Johannesburg, South Africa, with three more on parole ahead, for planting a practical-joke "time bomb" on his neighbor's front lawn. "We were good friends," he tried to explain to the court. "We often played tricks on each other." Nevertheless, since Goosen's "present" was planted amid a string of genuine black-liberation bombings around town last year, the no-nonsense Afrikaner court actually sent Goosen to the slammer.

Peruvian Gold Rush

Enterprising '79ers take note: over *1,600,000 tons* of honest-to-Brink's gold has already been prospected and claimed in two regions of southeastern Madre de Dios Department, Peru, this year. Get a move on!

Yes, We Have No Cannabis

Italian cops believe they are having a "drug plague." Last year, Customs there siezed somewhat less than four tons of dope, mostly grass and hash, and 410 people were busted for narco trafficking. This actually represents a marked increase in previous dope-crime statistics.



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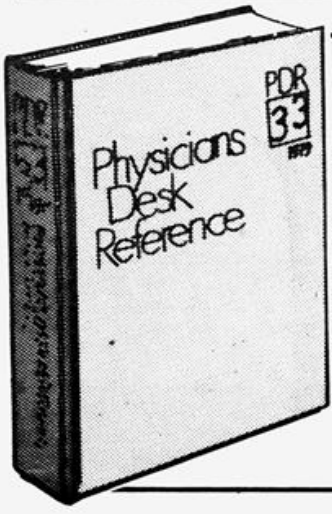
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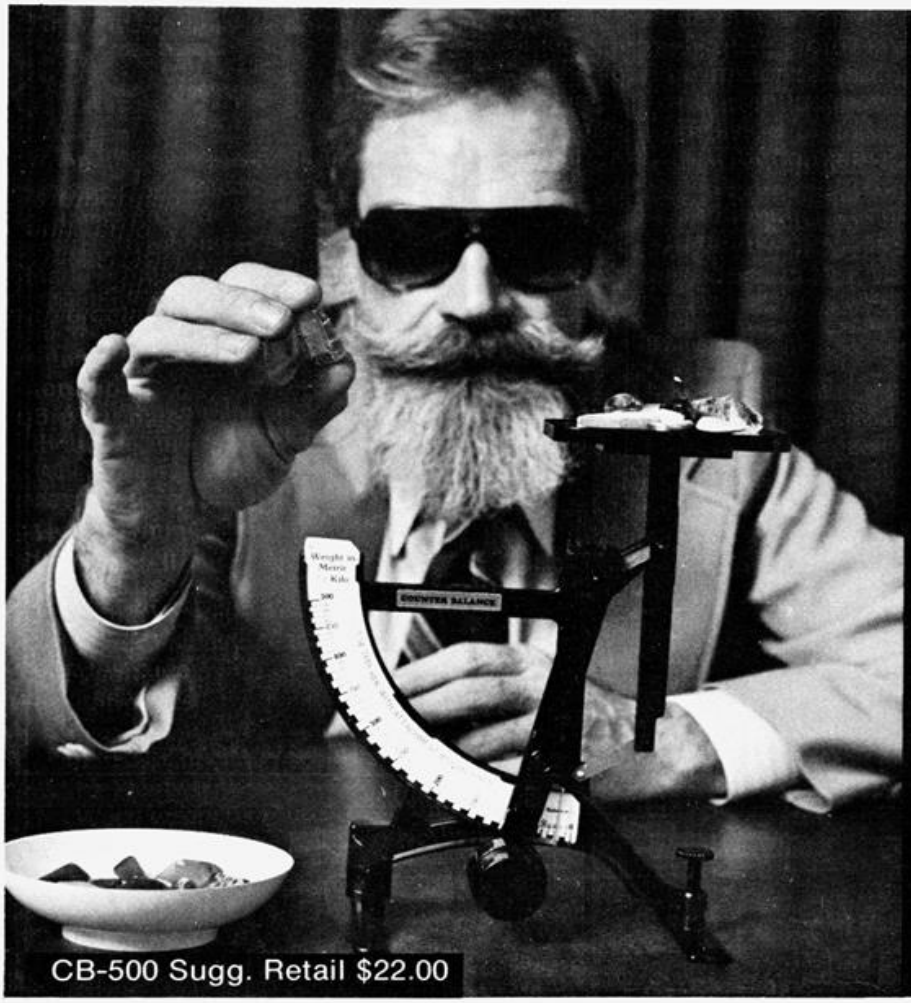
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Health

Sneaking Aspirin Past the Stomach

No drug is superior to aspirin at reducing mild pain, fever and tissue swelling, although its corrosive effect on the stomach lining, which contributes to the development of peptic ulcers in some people, has given it an exceedingly bad name in recent years. "Synthetic aspirins" like acetaminophen, used in Tylenol and other pain preparations, have accordingly become quite popular, though reports are accumulating that these "nonaspirin substitutes" have hazards of their own, such as liver damage in sustained high doses. So what's a person with a headache to do?

Well, you might try mixing aspirin with a triglyceride compound containing two fatty acids, as technicians at Abbot Laboratories in Montreal, Canada, are currently doing. Aspirin binds so deeply into these noncorrosive substances that it literally "sneaks" through the stomach and is only released in the bloodstream, where the higher pH balance harmlessly neutralizes its acids. You may have trouble scoring triglycerides on the street, however, so you may as well go on using Tylenol, or whatever, until Abbot brings out its new preparation as a patent medication.

Mom's Diet May Determine Baby's Sex

A would-be mother can dependably determine the sex of her prospective child by selective nutrition, Dr. Jacques Lorraine of Sacre Coeur Hospital in Montreal, Canada, is convinced. If the woman gorges herself with lots of salty food for at least six weeks before conception, the consequent abundance of potassium and sodium in her system will dispose her toward conceiving a male child. If she stocks up on dairy foods, high in calcium and magnesium, the infant should turn out to be a girl. In a program at Sacre Coeur, of 216 women trying out this theory—which is rooted in ages-old agricultural tradition—175 succeeded in conceiving babies of the sex they'd wanted.

New Herpes Treatment Gains Muted Approval

ICN Pharmaceuticals in Los Angeles has applied to the Food and Drug Administration for a new-drug application, to test out a possible treatment for genital herpes, shingles and other diseases caused by the same general class of viruses. The drug, called ribavirin, "could be a breakthrough in fighting a wide range of viral diseases, from influenza and hepatitis to Lassa fever," says ICN. The only other company known to be testing a treatment for herpes is Burroughs-Wellcome in Research Triangle Park, Maryland. The Burroughs-Wellcome drug, a vaccine, may not be approved for at least three years. Ribavirin, meanwhile, says the FDA, is not "an important therapeutic advance," and it ranks low on the agency's priorities for development.

At this time the only known preventive against the spread of genital herpes —the country's most swiftly growing venereal disease—is the use of condoms by men.

Mini-Shock Therapy Knits Old Fractures

Small electrical shocks can greatly aid in the knitting of broken bones, the annual meeting of the American College of Surgeons was told last year in San Francisco. In a process developed by Dr. Carol Brighton, a Pennsylvania surgeon, a thin copper wire is inserted into the crack in the bone, conducting a low-current negative charge; another wire with a positive charge is taped onto the skin surface to complete the circuit. Dr. Bruce Heppenstall told the college that he had used the treatment on 130 patients with long-term unhealed fractures, people whom nothing else had helped, and had achieved an 80 percent rate of total healing within two to four months. The process also appears to work with soft-tissue wounds as well.

Over 180,000 people sustain knit-resistant fractures in the U.S. alone every year, Dr. Heppenstall pointed out. In speeding up healing by at least 50 percent, the Brighton buzz therapy could be unimaginably beneficial, "resulting in the saving of billions of dollars around the world." ◘



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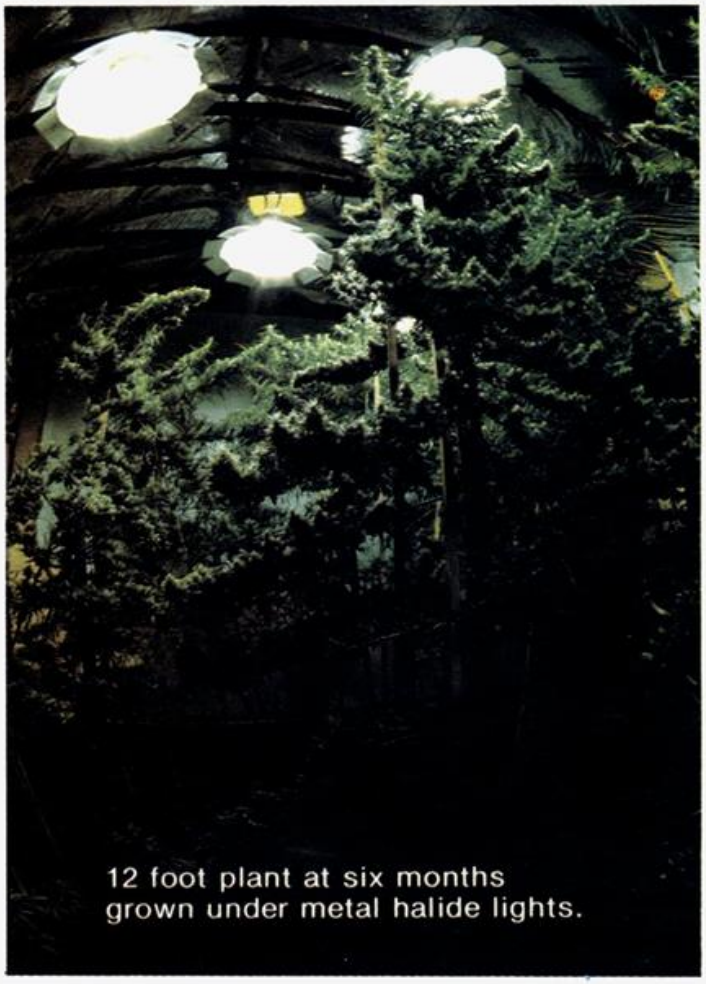
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Copter Snooping Is Illegal Search

A 31-year-old man got off an 881-plant marijuana cultivation bust in superior court in San Luis Obispo, California, on the grounds of illegal search—from a helicopter. Judge William Freeman reluctantly quashed the cop-harvested dope as exhibit A, on the grounds that the grass patch, growing deep in the woods, had been inaccessible from any public area, camouflaged by trees with NO TRESPASSING signs on them, and ringed with a six-foot debris fence and barbed wire. Thus, Freeman ruled, the patch had only been visible from high in the air, and the accused grower had had "reasonable expectations of privacy" against airborne snoops under the Fourth Amendment.

The snoop in question, County Deputy Jerry Gore, had spotted the seedling crop early last summer while riding in the vicinity of Lake Nasciamento in a helicopter belonging to a real-estate broker. The San Luis Obispo cops waited three weeks before raiding the patch—evidently so as to get a more impressive weigh out for the evidence bin—a tactic Judge Freeman termed as illegal as the growing of the dope in the first place.

Once again, complained Freeman in his opinion, "The criminal is free because the constable has blundered." In reluctantly dismissing the case, Judge Freeman particularly cited the NO TRESPASSING signs around the property and emphasized that the barbed wire was carrying "in each prong of the barbs an unwritten statement of an expectation of privacy."

Crime Victims Can Sue Thugs

Victims of violent crimes are generally unaware that they're entitled to sue the criminals responsible, says the National Legal Foundation. Every year, thousands of people who are robbed and injured wind up testifying in court against their assailants; most assume that after the criminal trial is over, that is all that can be done.

But in the event of a conviction, plaintiffs are perfectly entitled to sue their assailants for property damages, restitution of the value of stolen property, medical costs and so on. Too many people automatically believe that violent criminals are invariably poor or insolvent, says the foundation. In most cases, they own property, earn wages or hold bank accounts that can be claimed by victims through civil lawsuits.

Mental Patients Gain Basic Rights

The civil rights of all hospital patients, and especially mental patients, were considerably broadened in New Jersey and New York courts recently. First, Judge Stanley Brotman of the federal district court in Trenton, New Jersey, ruled that mental patients have the right to refuse mind-altering medications in all but emergency situations. "The right of privacy is broad enough to include the right to protect one's mental processes from governmental interference," said the judge. Even a patient involuntarily committed to an institution is entitled to refuse mind drugs until he or she has consulted a lawyer and an independent psychiatrist of his or her own choice, ruled Brotman. When necessary, moreover, these officials must be supplied by the court.

At the same time, it was decreed in Manhattan Supreme Court that any patient who voluntarily commits himself or herself to a mental hospital can leave it within 72 hours of officially expressing a desire to do so. Authorities at the institution may, within that time, apply for a court order to keep the patient confined or, after his or her release, apply for involuntary reconfinement. But to be granted, all such orders must be approved by two examining psychologists.

Traffic-Tix Busts Struck Down

When a reliable dope snitch in Duluth, Minnesota, tipped local cops to a shipment of grass that was being driven to Iowa in a pickup truck, the cops pulled out every back-due traffic ticket ever incurred by the pickup's driver and then went after him in a patrol car. They pulled him over, busted him for the tickets, and towed the truck to the police impoundment lot. There, cops testified, they noticed a brown paper bag, open, full of Minnesota green reefer "in plain view."

In dismissing charges against the driver, the Minnesota Supreme Court noted that the police had no real probable cause to search the truck for dope after busting the driver on the pretext of traffic violations. "Pretext arrests by the police," declared the court, "cannot be used to justify and legitimize otherwise illegal searches and seizures." ◘

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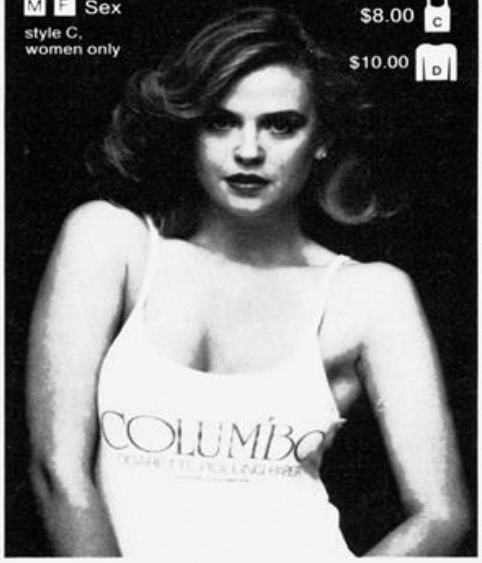
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Parker's Sparks


Raoul Gatchalian

Graham Parker: rumor has it, not just another Elvis Costello.

Graham Parker and the Rumour, generally regarded as one of the best new-wave bands, are back after more than a year spent on the recording sidelines. *Squeezing Out Sparks* (Arista AB4223), the band's first effort on its new label, is a strong collection of nine rockers and one ballad that showcases the gritty vocals and lyrics of Parker and the musical wizardry of the five-piece Rumour. Graham Parker and the Rumour have had their share of tough luck since they first appeared on the American scene with the Nick Lowe – produced *Howlin' Wind* for Mercury Records in 1976. That album, and the band's follow-up, *Heat Treatment*, both received rave reviews. The big time seemed just around the corner for the six British rockers.

But Mercury Records, in a mind-boggling display of stupidity, did nothing to promote the band, while similar British sounds—Elvis Costello, for one—went on to become huge successes. In fact, when Mercury sent the band on tour it didn't even give Parker top billing, reserving that honor for the label's "big" band, Thin Lizzy. Fed up with Mercury (Parker lays it all out in an as-yet-unreleased song called "Mercury Poisoning"), the band bolted to Clive Davis's Arista label, where one hopes they'll get the attention they deserve.

Highlights of *Sparks*, which was recorded in London, are: "Discovering Japan," Parker's rollicking reflection on touring the Orient; "Passion Is No Ordinary Word," a typical Parker guitar-heavy saga of doubt and rage; and "You Can't Be Too Strong," a beautiful ballad with a soulful vocal. Also strong are "Local Girls" and "Love Gets You Twisted," two stories of loving versus leaving.

The band remains intact from its last LP, *Stick To Me*, with Brinsley Schwarz and Martin Belmont on guitars, Bob Andrews on keyboards, Steve Goulding on drums and Andrew Bodnar on bass. The move to Arista has resulted in a new producer, Jack Nitzsche, who has worked with Neil Young and the Stones.

For Parker fans it has been a long time between disks, but *Squeezing Out Sparks* rewards the faithful and proves that in the interim Parker and the Rumour haven't lost any of their spark and are once again headed for the fame, acclaim and rarefied air at the top of the rock pile. —*Seth Flagsberg*

Gimme Some Wood

If one judges a musician by the company he keeps, one must respect Rolling Stones guitarist Ron Wood. Before joining—some say resurrecting—the Stones, Ron first made a name for himself during an early '70s stint with Rod Stewart and the Small Faces, one of the most raucous and entertaining bands ever to play American concert halls.

And though he may look like Keith Richards and sound like Bob Dylan, Ron Wood has always been intent on showing that he's also his own man. Which brings us to his new album, *Gimme Some Neck* (Columbia JC35702), his third solo effort in the last five years.

On the plus side, *Gimme Some Neck* is a laid-back, bluesy record featuring some fine guitar playing by Wood and back-up performances by some of his good buddies, including Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, Charlie Watts, Dave Mason and Mick Fleetwood.

Wood wrote 8 of the disk's 11 tunes; his best numbers are: "Buried Alive," a rocker carried by some great drumming that must be Charlie Watts and by Wood's exuberant chorus refrain, "You shoulda been buried alive, 'cause you're much too pretty to die"; "Infekshun," a love song with a boozy, wailing guitar break; "We All Get Old," a Dylan sound alike featuring some exquisite *Highway 61* – era organ playing; and "F.U.C. Her," a rocker that has prompted a warning to radio-station personnel from Columbia Records because its lyrical content is "of an explicit sexual nature that may be offensive to some members of the public." The Columbia censors must have good ears, because this reviewer couldn't make out most of the lyrics.

The album's best cut is Wood's version of Dylan's "Seven Days." The playing seems more inspired than on any other cut, and Wood sounds so much like Dire Straits that I almost thought he was Dylan.

Gimme Some Neck should be of interest to Stones fans and Faces fanatics. The problem with the album is that Wood, while a great guitar player, couldn't sing his way out of the shower, much less a studio. —*Doug Phoenix*



Woodshedding with the stars: (left to right) Ron Wo



Charlie Frick

Eddie Money swings his sax at a Toys for Tots benefit concert at New York's Felt Forum.

Take the Money and Run

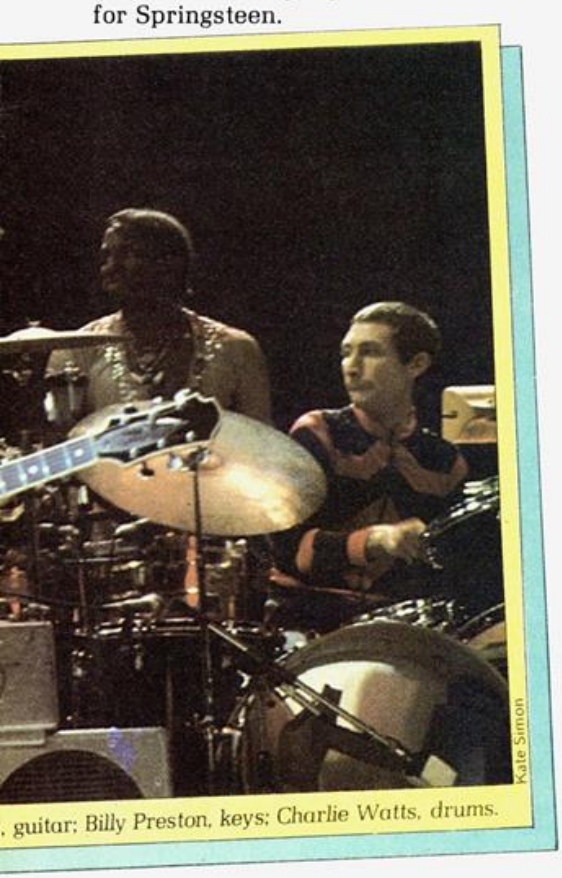
If there is one word to describe Eddie Money's career thus far, it is progression—progression in both talent and popularity. *Life for the Taking* (CBS 3C35598), Money's second album, I would hesitate to compare with Springsteen's second (*The Wild, the Innocent, and the E Street Shuffle*), simply because Bruce is a writer with a much more unique voice; but *Life* reveals as much progress as did *E Street* for Springsteen.

Money chose veteran Andy Johns to oversee the production, and the result is a turntable full of songs that move with a rare combination of old blue-eyed soul and new disco bottom. They make you want to get up and dance.

Horn man Tom Scott lent a hand with the brass, opting for the low-key, background arrangements that are found in the best Motown classics. David Lindley and Nicky Hopkins sat in on a few cuts. Jimmy Lyon, Money's closest friend and lead guitarist, has filled the album with break after break of stinging ax work.

"Maybe I'm a Fool" is destined for extensive airplay, as is "Can't Keep a Good Man Down." Should you wonder whether or not Money can still rock with the best of them, "Rock and Roll the Place" will put your mind at ease: this is a straight-on, albeit simple, rock-your-socks-off cut. Personal favorites are "Love the Way You Love Me," and "Maureen," one of the few songs around today that contains the sparkle and strength of the old Magnificent Men and Righteous Brothers songs.

What has always been particularly pleasing about Money is his unpretentiousness. "I've always wanted to be a rock 'n' roll star," he admits with ease and no guilt. "You know, have a big mansion, money to burn." And there's nothing wrong with that, as long as he keeps turning out rock 'n' roll like the stuff on *Life for the Taking*.—*Jay Saporita*



Kate Simon

, guitar; Billy Preston, keys; Charlie Watts, drums.



Columbia Records

Dublin's Boomtown Rats thumb their noses at Washington's rat trap.

These self-proclaimed harbingers of death to disco say that if their records don't sell, they can return to their hobbies: finding new uses for flammable sleepwear and chewing chicken bones.

Rats for the Troops

They call themselves the Boomtown Rats, but they're not from Houston or Phoenix as the name might suggest. No, these six boys are from Ireland, Dublin to be precise, and the boom they mean is boom as in bomb, a frequent sound in the streets of that strife-ridden city.

The Rats finally scurried out of Dublin's crumbling clubs and established themselves as a big success in Europe. But that conquest was not enough for these self-proclaimed "mangy harbingers of death to disco." They wanted America too, and the Rats may get it with their first American album, *A Tonic for the Troops* (Columbia JC35750).

Tonic owes most of its musical vision to king rat and lead singer "Modest" Bob Geldoff. Geldoff, who says he got into rock

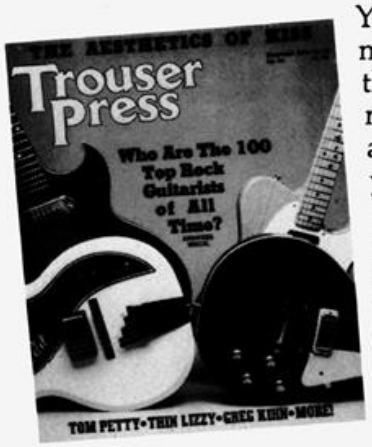
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because "I want to get rich and get laid a lot," penned eight of the album's tunes. Geldoff's lyrics cover the usual rock backlot of women, betrayal, loneliness and freedom. While not the most original lyricist in the world, he does bring a certain amount of wit to his work, as in "Mary of the Fourth Form," a guitar-guided boogie ode to sexy Mary who drove all the schoolboys crazy just by "sitting in the front row, hitching up her short skirt and pulling up her long legs." Probably the best-known song on the album is "Rat Trap," a Springsteen-like rocker about Billy, a local lad caught in society's rat trap. Billy is not so dumb that he can't sense it, but he's not so smart that he sees a way out.

Other standout cuts are "Blind Date," a thumper about loneliness featuring some snazzy guitar and harp work; "Don't Believe What You Read," no doubt a response to the British press's coverage of Irish political affairs; "She's So Modern," the Rats' homage to the Doors' "20th Century Fox"; "Joey's on the Street Again," another lamenting rocker about street people, featuring some growling saxophone riffs; and the album's weird cut, "(I Never Loved) Eva Braun," which isn't as funny as the Rats obviously thought it was.

The album was produced for the Rats by Robert John Lange (Graham Parker's *Heat Treatment*), and he has created a sound that is both semiraw and semislick—in other words, something for everyone. If the album has a flaw, it is that the vocals are mixed down too much and get lost easily in the background.

The Rats hope to reach epidemic proportion in the USA, but they're not afraid of failure, claiming that if their records don't sell, they can always return to their hobbies: "chewing chicken bones behind Burger Kings, finding new uses for flammable sleepwear, and collecting girl rattails."

—Johnny Guitar

Franks, whose musical career has spanned rock, folk and bluegrass, treats the listener to mellow, cerebral jazz that comes on like a dose of Valium.

Jazz-Rock Gypsy

If you're one of those people who have been listening to the Clash so much that you're getting the shakes, you really ought to pick up on Michael Franks's new LP, *Tiger in the Rain* (Warner BSK3294). Franks, whose musical career has spanned rock, folk and bluegrass,



Warner Brothers

Franks: living on the inside.

treats the listener, in this LP, to mellow, cerebral jazz that comes on like a dose of Valium. His vocals are soft and subtle, and his lyrics are coyly humorous.

In "Sanpaku," Franks finds a woman to lead him out of the jungle of poison. Ironically, this antidrug samba features background vocals by Flora Purim, the Brazilian singer who took a fall for alleged possession of cocaine. There are several potential singles here, including the silken soul polemic "When It's Over," highlighted by the sinuous organ of Bob Leinbach. All the musicians on this album are excellent, and each song contains a different solo that heightens the meaning of the lyrics.

"Living on the Inside" has a string quartet backing up Franks as he sings about love and Perrier. The Brazilian rhythms and harmonies of "Jardin Botanico" create the mood of a lush tropical garden in which Franks croons joyously, backed up by flutes and congas.

"Underneath the Apple Tree" is Franks's first attempt at swing music, and the horn section led by George Young really goes wild. There are a few choice lines, such as: "If the radiation's strong/We can turn the sprinklers on." The title cut features Mike Mainieri on vibes. Here again a lush tropical musical setting provides the perfect accompaniment for Franks's soft vocals.

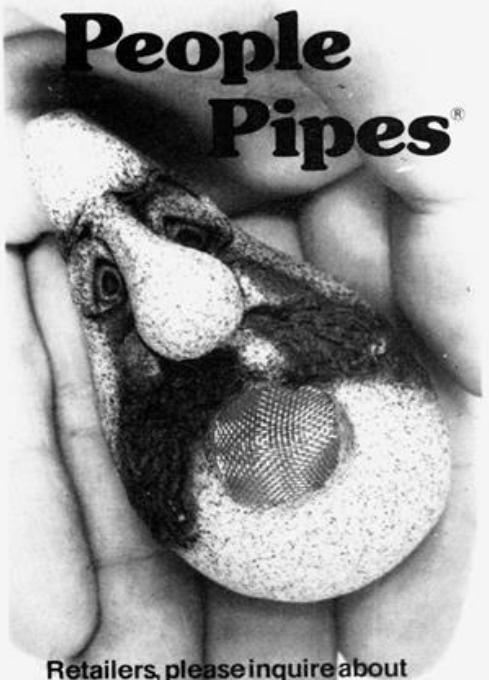
In "Satisfaction Guaranteed," Franks cuts loose on some funk. The horns muse sensually as he hustles a young lady out of her Danskin. All in all, *Tiger in the Rain* is a good, easygoing vacation from punk rock which doesn't leave you hung over.

—Mike McHugh

Corrupted Beat Poets

Included in the double album *Totally Corrupt* by the Dial-a-Poem Poets (Giorno Poetry Systems Records GPS 008-009) are some of the best minds (though not always in their best verse) of this and other generations. It is also something of a gobble relic (thank you Ed Sanders) for impressionable young wordsmiths. Students of literary politics will love it too.

The tradition of spoken poetry is thriving in San Francisco, Bolinas and New York City. Here are visions, wordplays, bad jokes, camp and a heavy hit of the history of modern poetry. Much of the material included was taped at that mecca of modern verse, St. Mark's Church, between 1972 and 1976; the remainder came



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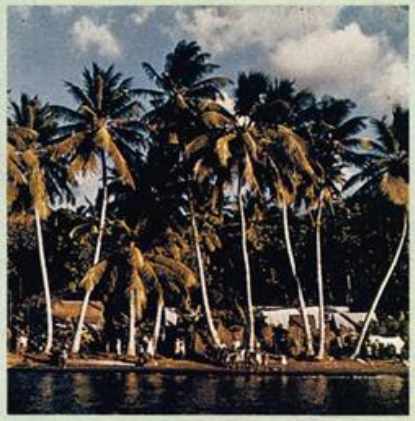
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from television and the BBC.

Everyone will have favorites, but these are mine: Sylvia Plath's frightening reading of "Daddy," a classic work from 1962; Ed Sanders's "This Is the Age of Investigation Poetry and Every Citizen Must Investigate"; W.S. Merwin's "Fear"; Imamu Amiri Baraka (Leroi Jones) reading from *Hard Facts*, a vision called "Rockefeller's Your Vice President and Your Mama



Charlye Frick

A sardonic Burroughs meets Dial-a-Poem creator John Giorno.

Don't Wear No Drawers, a New Reality is Better than a New Movie." William Burroughs makes a sardonic appearance with a letter/poem he sent to Harper's magazine called "When Did I Stop Wanting to Be President." Actually I'd have bought this record just to hear Charles Bukowski, the Quasimodo of American letters, reading "I Live in a Neighborhood of Murderers," "Christ, You'll Never Know," and "The Closing of the Topless and Bottomless Bars."

Other heavyweights include Jack Spicer, Ed Dorn, Michael McClure, Frank O'Hara (the real poetry saint), William Carlos Williams, Rochelle Owens, Anne Waldman, Ted Berrigan, Allen Ginsberg and more.

As for the title of this venture, it's probably an in joke from the heights of Parnassus, but then again it takes a poet to rank a poet. —*David G. Walley*

Maqam: Arabian Riffing

Thanks in part to hashish trade routes, jet travel and lightweight recording equipment, a huge selection of Middle Eastern music has become available on records. Besides the more familiar tribal and ritual music of the Middle East there is an ancient classical Arabic music called maqam—dazzling improvisations sung and played on various instruments.

Maqam is, with the exception of Persian and Chinese, the oldest classical music in the world, predating European Medieval music by some four centuries. Through the Moorish invasion of Spain in the ninth century, it became the basis for

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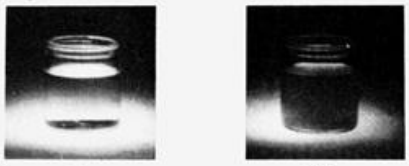
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most Western music, which probably explains why this is the most accessible and easiest to get into of all Middle Eastern music.

The first side of the UNESCO album *Arabian Music: Maqam* (Philips 6586006) is played on solo instruments: busoq (long-necked lute), oud (lute), nay (a vertical flute with open ends) and kamandja (similar to a violin). The Mississippi ain't the



Jacques Cloarec

Slowhand Eric of Arabia wails on the oud.

Nile, but the effect and style is remarkably similar to that of virtuoso blues guitarists. The instrumentalists take a theme, in much the same way that B.B. King or Eric Clapton take a riff and run with it; their solos are sensual, ferocious explorations of chords and rhythm (in loose rhythmic form). Like blues, maqam is based on simple elements given astonishing complexity and emotion by the players. This mesmerizing music dances around a central note, with increasing agitation, moving in and away, like sonic bees around the queen. The soloist moves from lower to higher registers, becoming more and more frenzied, until a climax is reached, the same way B.B. squeezes long mordant wails from the neck of his apple-red Lucille.

The irresistible qualities of maqam derive both from its erotic impulsiveness and its almost mathematical purity; it is like listening to intricate Arabic mosaics transposed to sound. —*David Dalton*

Surrealistic Symphony

Olivier Messiaen is a hard nut for the avant-garde to crack. His music is unquestionably "out there"—thunderous and intricate. But he has never subjugated his sounds to Cage's chance operations, Schoenberg's laws of atonality or the serialists' mathematical laws of structure. Nor has he ever crossed the Third Stream bridge from classical to popular. Even more confusing to some is the man's unabashed claim that his traditionalist Catholic faith is the force behind his inspiration. Isn't his music too religious to be serious, too accessible to be contemporary, too beautiful to be relevant?

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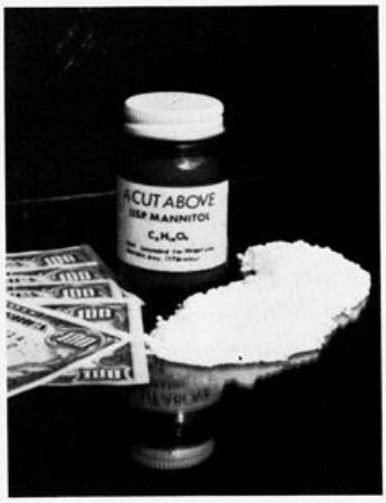
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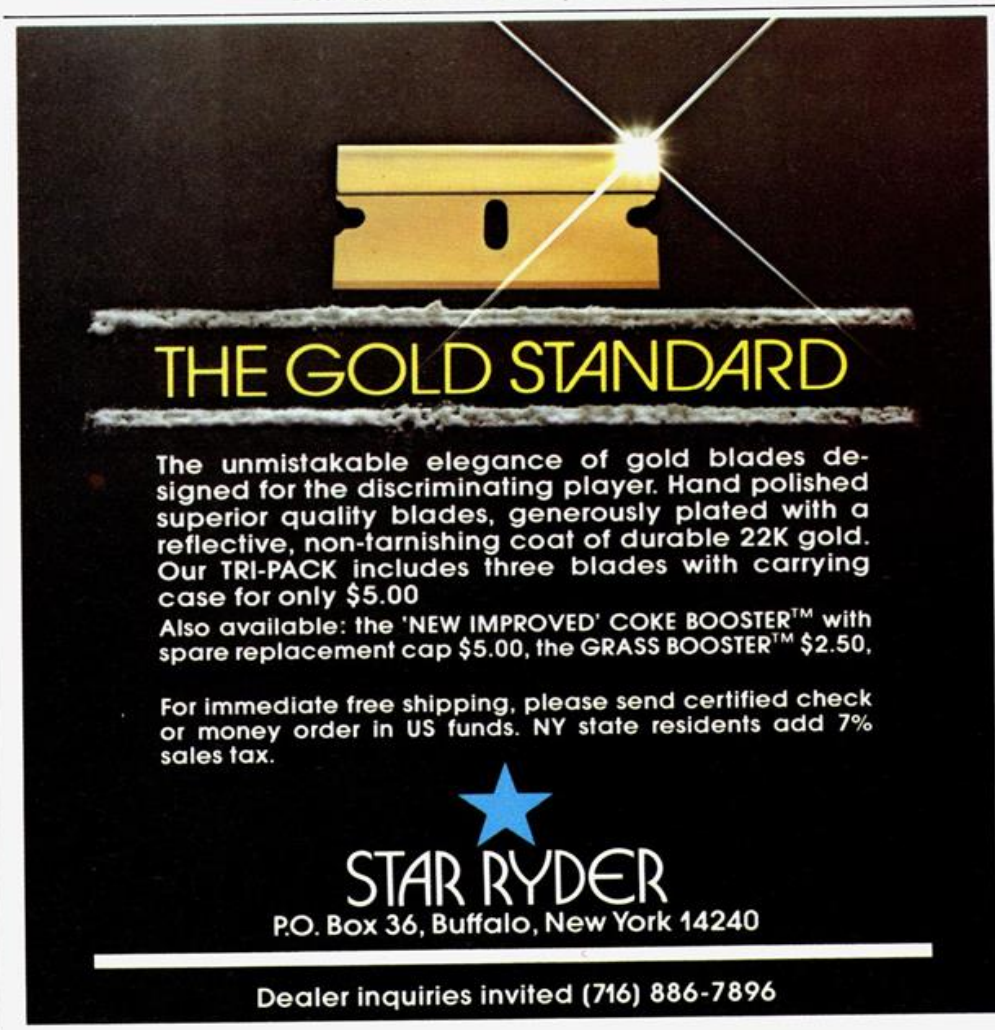
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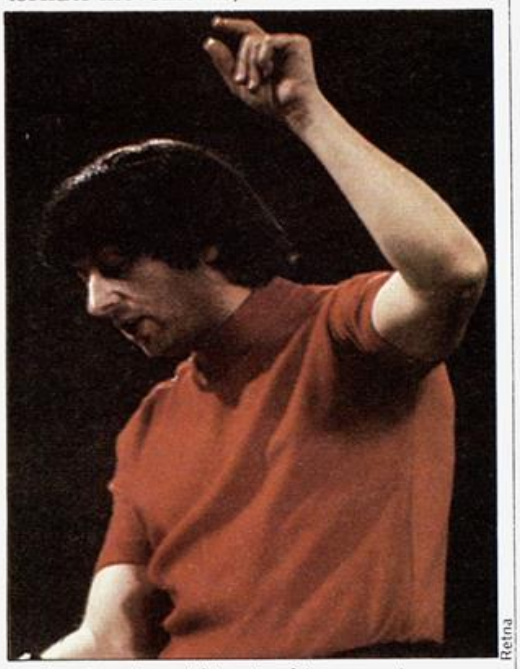
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recorded by Andre Previn and the London Symphony Orchestra (Angel SB-3853). At a time (1946 – 48) when most composers were writing tiny abstract experiments or bleak postwar laments, Messiaen produced this enormous, ten-movement, hour-and-a-half-long, surrealistic orchestral canvas. Turangalila is a compound of two Sanskrit words: *turanga* ("flowing time") and *lila* ("divine love/play" or "dance of life and death"). To pantomime the universe in sound, the composer uses only two themes. The first, heard on the trombones, evokes the destructive force of a brutal "Aztec god"; the other is a sweet, light "flower" theme of new life, played by the clarinets.

As leisurely as evolution itself, these two themes come to full expression in alternate movements, one to write new life,



Retna

Andre Previn: acid-inspired impresario.

the other to erase it. By movement five, "Joy of the Blood of Stars," it is time for a scherzo. Playful? You bet, but on almighty terms, the kind of ecstatic play that tore Dionysus to pieces. In "Garden of Love's Sleep" this extravagant love-play turns into flowered perfume so strong it absorbs the deadly trombones, only to be killed by another twist of fate, this one inspired by the swing of the pendulum in Edgar Allen Poe's "Pit." Then, in movement eight, the "flower" blooms to its fullest. Of course, another war ends this peace, only to halt abruptly at its height like the Beatles' "She's So Heavy" refrain on *Abbey Road*. And in the end, the love taken is equal to the love made, as the two opposites annihilate and refuel each other in an apocalyptic apotheosis.

As I say, take the Turangalila Symphony. Take its brass and percussion explosions, its Balinese *gamelan*-inspired glockenspiel-celesta-vibraphone combo, its piano cadenzas, its Onde Martenon (a sort of musical air-raid siren), and then decide whether it's too mystical to be real, or vice versa. —*Gary Selden*

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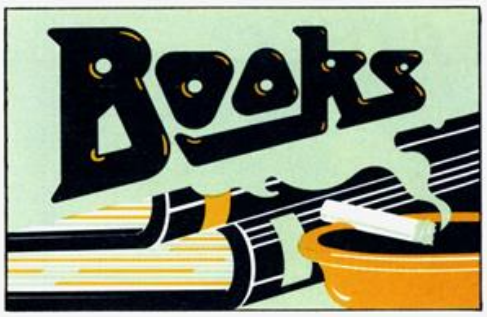
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Brazilian Bacchanalia

CARNIVAL IN RIO, photographs by Douglas and Lena Villiers, text by Albert Goldman (New York: Hawthorn Books, $19.95).

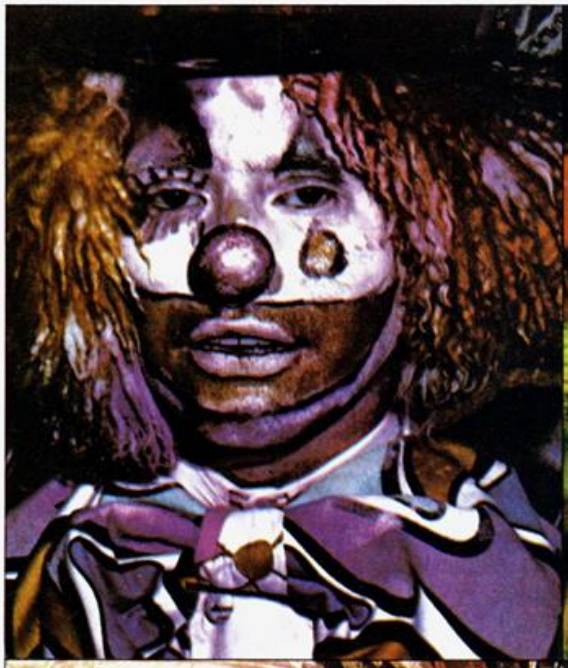
For most of us, carnival time in Rio conjures up the most delicious and colorful visions: exhilarated crowds bursting with dance, drink, song and sex in a bacchanal of passions, in an orgy of life . . . the ultimate high time. *Carnival in Rio*, lavishly photographed by Douglas and Lena Villiers, with an accompanying text by Albert Goldman, gives us both the photographers' and the writer's view of this spectacle.

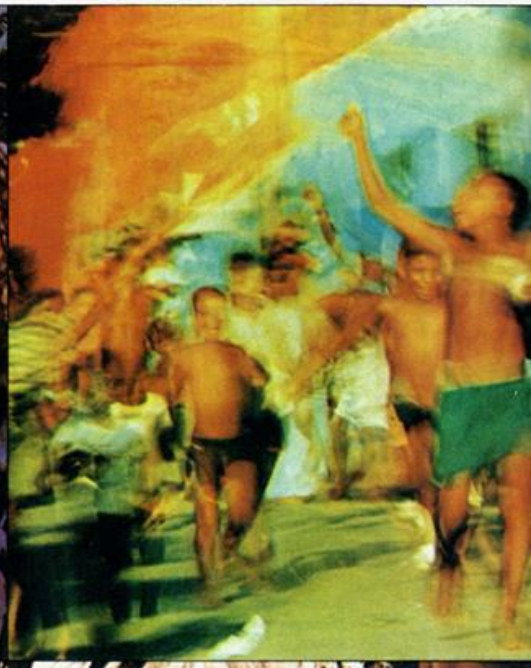
Goldman, known for his interest in the more exciting manifestations of modern culture, gives us an in-depth social analysis of this urban psychodrama, going further than the touristy travel-brochure descriptions with which we are so familiar.

His approach is to understand the carnival, to see through the masquerade, not merely describe it. In this flashy and fleshy competition to be a superstar he sees the underlying social, cultural, racial and economic violence of Brazilian society.

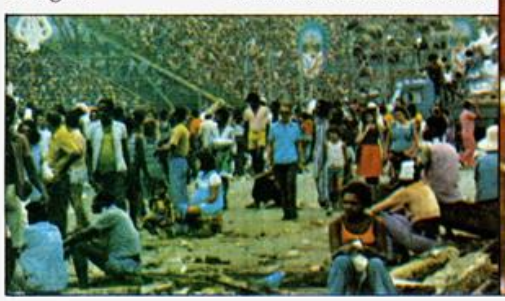
The photographs are spectacular, though it seems that one couldn't miss at such a colorful debacle. They capture the excitement, movement and intensity of the event. They focus on wherever the action is, but action means people: the street dancers, the show-offs, the transvestites, the children and the many beauties, masked and unmasked.

The Villierses have also captured the off moments of the celebration: revelers resting, spaced out, catching their breath; an old couple dancing by themselves on the cobblestones. These are the strongest images. —*Mireille Vandenheuvel*











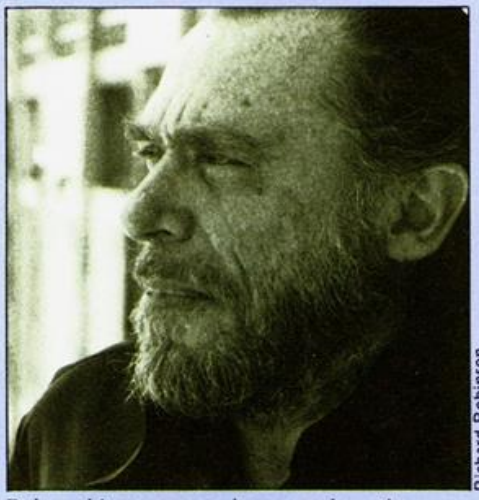


Photos by Douglas and Lena Villiers

Dirty Old Manhood

WOMEN, by Charles Bukowski (Santa Barbara: Black Sparrow Press, $5).

Charles Bukowski, first published as a legitimate poet (as opposed to porno-rag "letters-to-the-editor" hack) in 1960, has for the last 20 years been working toward a unique achievement: he has become the Grand Dirty Old Man of American letters. The "literary establishment" may not know it, and Bukowski probably doesn't know or give a shit as long as he can make rent, booze and the races, but the increasing popularity of his sleazed-out fictionalizations and poetic interpretations of his own life attest to it: he is a literary star whose books sell well across the country (even better in Europe) and whose readings draw larger and more enthusiastic crowds than just about any other poet on the scene—whatever the scene for poets may be.



Richard Robinson

Bukowski on women, booze, puke—the usual business.

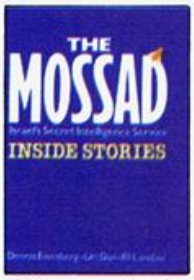
Bukowski has continued to pour out volume after volume of disgusting yet lyrical accounts of the edge-of-the-gutter life he leads. His latest volume, *Women*, purports to be a novel concerned with the sexual adventures of one Henry Chinaski, an aging minor poet, alcoholic, racetrack gambler and dope smoker, a dirty, ugly old man who succeeds time after time in seducing beautiful women of all ages and styles through a combination of drunken charm, ruthless honesty and poetic perversity. Chinaski drinks incredible amounts of beer, wine, gin, whiskey, vodka and everything else alcoholic. He smokes dope, pops pills and fucks with great passion, lusting, loving, hating; past 50, he learns to give women head, and rapidly becomes an adept.

"I was 50 years old . . . I was attempting my first novel. I drank a pint of whiskey and two six-packs of beer each night while writing . . . I set a goal of ten pages a night but I never knew until the next day how many pages I had written. I'd get up, vomit, then . . . see how many pages were there." Chinaski/Bukowski scales great heights of sexual, poetic, drunken glory. After 30 years in the gutter, he makes it to the sidewalk, and there, bottle in hand, he dances.

—Justin Henderson

Bukowski's hero smokes dope, pops pills and fucks with great passion, lusting, loving, hating; past 50, he learns to give women head and rapidly becomes an adept.

THE MOSSAD: INSIDE STORIES, by Dennis Eisenberg, Uri Dan and Eli Landau (New York: Paddington Press, Ltd., $9.95).



Spies in the cabinet, counterspies stuffed into false-bottomed trunks, sexy ladies arranging to steal Migs—all this and lots more spooky stuff happens in *The Mossad: Inside Stories.*

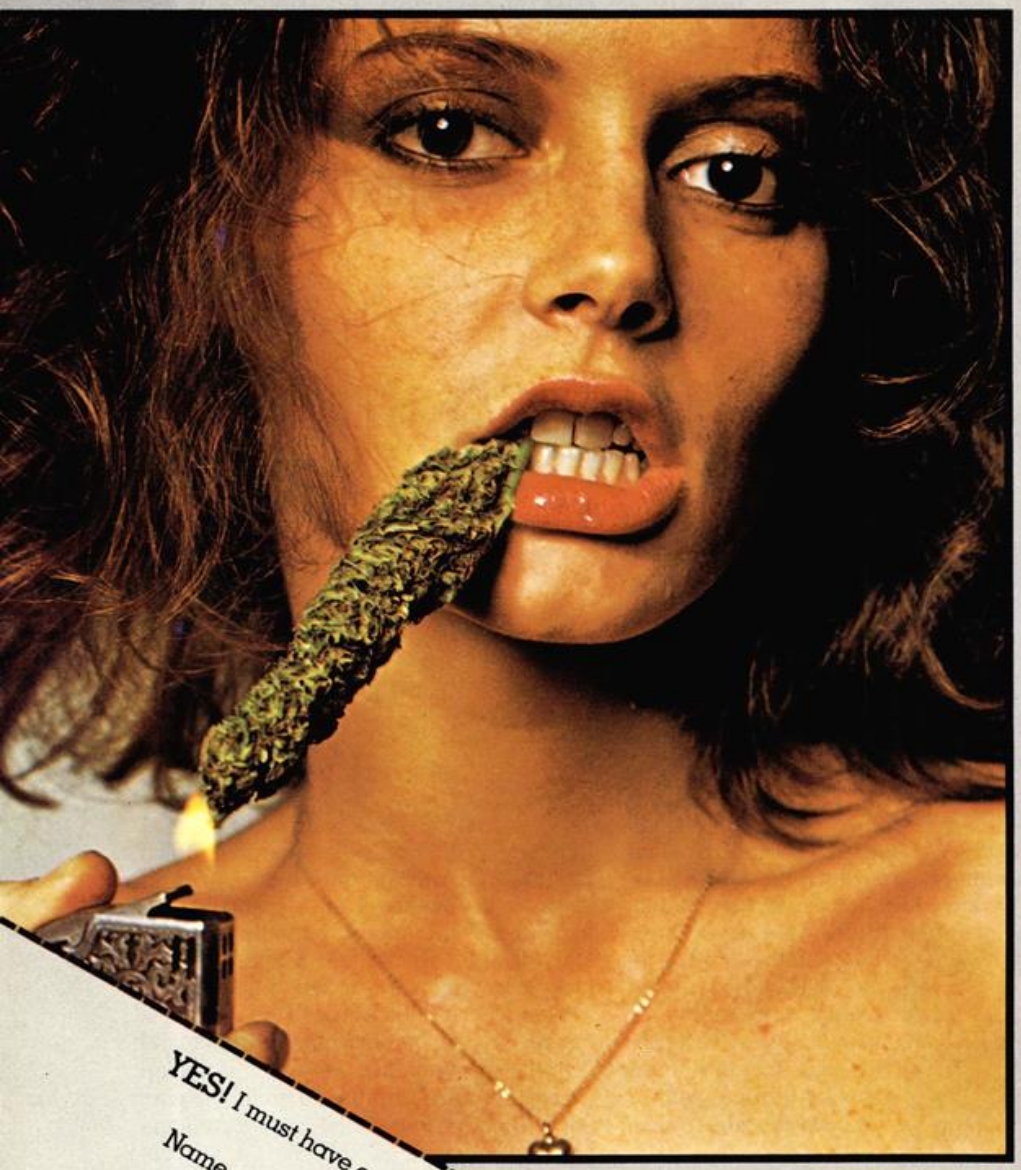
Everyone in the intelligence business respects the formidable clout of Israel's small but mighty spy force. Some rank it behind the CIA and KGB in efficiency. The major coups, dashing spooks and dedicated personnel of Israel's secret intelligence agency are now authoritatively profiled in lean, matter-of-fact style by three top Israeli military-affairs reporters.

First we're introduced to Isser Harrel, Mossad's incorruptible and puritanical founder. With him we stalk the fabled Eichmann, Hitler's dull technocrat of death, to his Buenos Aires lair and participate in his kidnapping back to Israel to stand trial for war crimes. Harrel's meticulous planning is a Mossad trait.

Then there's the story of Eli Cohen, a master linguist, skilled photographer and deep-cover specialist. Set up as a Syrian expatriate in Argentina, he made his way back "home," where he penetrated the highest echelons of the Syrian government. When finally unmasked, Cohen was being considered for a cabinet post. The Syrians were so mortified, they executed him despite the world's clamor for clemency.

Wolfgang Lotz, a German Jew, was set up as a playboy horse breeder in Egypt. A companion of fugitive Nazis in the Egyptian government, he captivated his Egyptian officer friends to the point where they gave him stable space inside a top-security air-force base. From there he relayed

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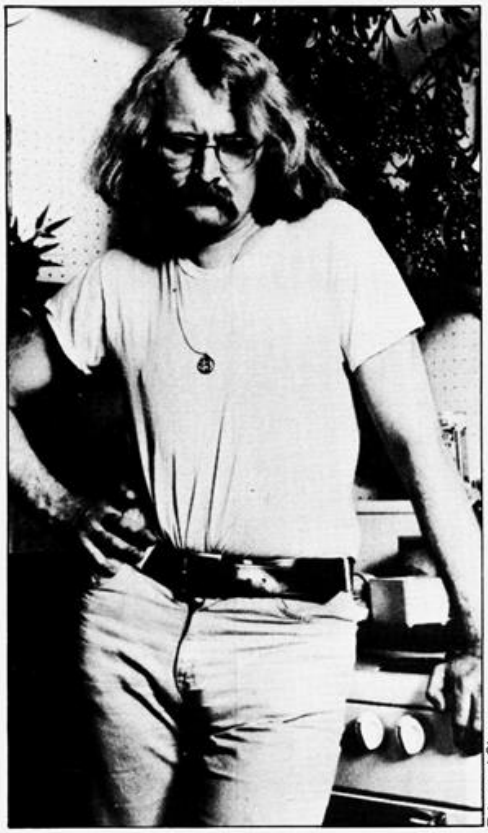
information crucial to Israel's success during the Six Day War. He was exchanged for 2,000 soldiers at the war's conclusion.

It's no wonder the big-guy spies admire the moxie of the Mossad. After reading *Inside Stories* you too will know why their rep isn't just another load of chopped liver. —*David G. Walley*

JUNE 30th, JUNE 30th, by Richard Brautigan (New York: Delacorte Press/ Seymour Lawrence, $6.95). This is



Richard Brautigan's 18th book, a volume of poetry concentrating on a year (1976) he spent in Japan. In his introduction, Brautigan explains why he felt compelled to visit Japan. He writes that his California friends are so into Japanese culture and spiritualism that he found himself becoming obsessed with finding out exactly what the



Edmund Shea

Brautigan: stalking Zen to its source.

Japanese people are really like; he felt *drawn* to Japan.

Brautigan has always had better control of his craft when working in prose, but, as this new book demonstrates, his poetic voice is a strong one. He follows one of the primary rules of occidental poetry throughout this book: make each word *mean* and cut away all the fat. An example:

"Japanese Woman"

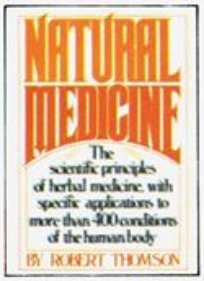
If there are any unattractive Japanese
women
they must drown them at birth.

Brautigan's year in Japan (each poem is dated, by the way) ran the gamut from extreme joy to depression and melancholy. By publishing the poems journal style, the reader feels what it must be like to spend an entire year in a strange land. It has its ups and its downs.

June 30th, June 30th is an easy read; it is certainly not the 43-year-old author's best work, but for fans and newcomers alike it will provide for an interesting evening of reading.

Brautigan's book is a pleasant foray into the world of the Japanese. In many ways, it is one long love letter to the people and their country. As he writes at the end of the final poem ("Land of the Rising Sun"): "June 30 again above the Pacific across the international dateline heading home to America with part of my heart in Japan." —*Jay Saporita*

NATURAL MEDICINE, by Robert Thomson (New York: McGraw-Hill, $10.95). In the last century, and especially the last 25



years, many books have come out advancing the notion that good nutrition and correct eating are basic to health. Indeed, of late, natural-foods consumers have created a huge industry. The bad news about sugar, processed grains, packaged foods and hormone-injected cattle has worked its way into the mainstream of our culture. And a booming interest in herbal remedies for illness has followed right behind. What is perhaps not as well known is that the roots of many of today's theories go back to ancient Persia and are the basis for much of the medicine practiced even today in non-Western parts of the world.

The book that is the bible of medicine for practitioners in India and throughout the Near and Middle East is the *Qanun-i Tebb* (Canon of Medicine), and it is based on the teachings of Abu Ali Al-Husayn ibn Sina, known in the West as Avicenna, a physician born in 980 A.D. in present-day Afghanistan. The system delineated in the *Qanun* is classical Persian medicine, based on the body's four humors and an elaborate classification of foods, herbs and diseases into categories of hot, cold, moist, and dry.

Although large medical schools in non-Western countries are devoted to teaching Avicenna's methods, and huge warehouse complexes are strategically located to supply the remedies from the *Qanun*, translations of this great book remain incomplete and inadequate. The first volume has been translated into English by a British doctor who was introduced to Avicenna's work by a Sufi mystic. The remaining 17 are available only in Persian and Arabic. The author

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of *Natural Medicine* has attempted to provide an introduction to Avicenna's medical thought and practice.

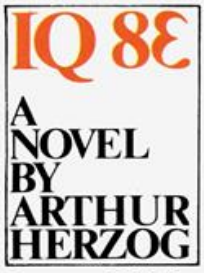
The first 80 pages are devoted to the theory and history of natural medicine, aspects of healing and the basic principles of the humoral diet. The author concludes this section with a detoxification program—a specific modified fasting program, including a recommendation of at least one enema per day, using, believe it or not, coffee or chickory root.

The remainder of the book consists of a chapter for each part of the body, discussing the organ or system as a whole, then pinpointing particular ailments with specific recommendations, according to the principles of natural medicine.

It is impossible to do justice to the ideas in this book in this brief space when to become a healer in this 1,400-year-old rational system of medicine usually requires a 30-year apprenticeship. Although this system is the basis of medical treatment for over one-half the world's population today, there is no place in the United States to attend a formal curriculum of study. Every person who desires to learn this tradition of natural medicine will have to seek out knowledge in many places. This book would seem an excellent place to start.

—*Bonnie Gordon*

IQ 83, by Arthur Herzog (New York: Simon and Schuster, $8.95). He's the master of disaster, the duke of destruction, the prince of plague, able to destroy San Francisco with one tidal wave . . . look out. He brought you *Heat*, *Orca*, *Earthsound* and that awesome attack of the killer bees, *The Swarm*. Call the police, the fire department, the marines; get on the red phone. It's Arthur Herzog's new novel, *IQ 83*.



This time Herzog latches onto another popular theme—mind control—but with a twist. See, these good scientists who are really evil but don't know it discover that they can play with genetics to increase IQ. But the experiment explodes and, gadzooks, it's epidemic time. Brains begin to go on extended Quaalude vacations, gray matter begins to turn blue, and nobody can do anything to turn the tide.

IQ 83 is a grim look into the future of genetic research that reminds me of the old tale about the Russian with an IQ of 250 who after drinking a pint of Guiness had his brain gain shrink down to a mere 34. So pour out a couple of pints of the brown stuff, crawl into a corner, turn on the light, wrap yourself in a blanket and read about the mutilation of the Western mind.

—*Craig Copetas*

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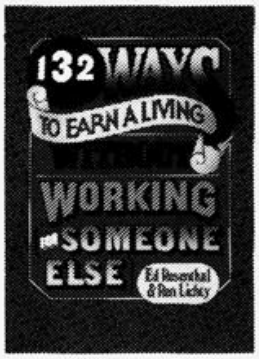
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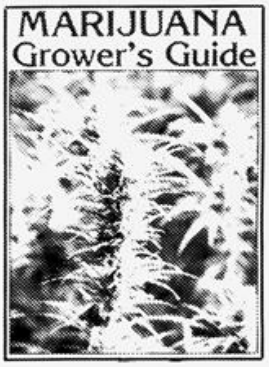
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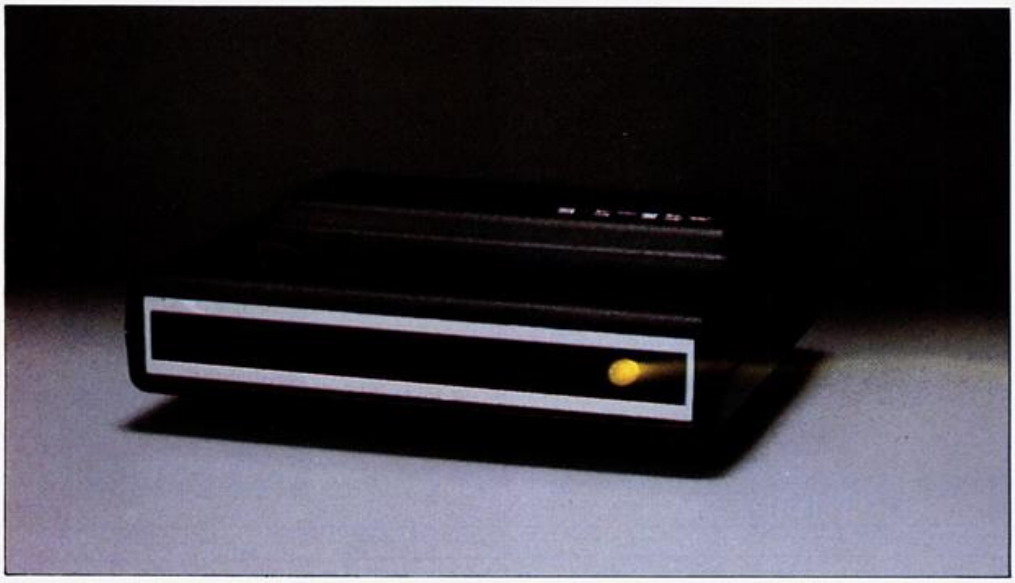


Flash

High and Dry



The Water Wallet is a new invention that has hit it big with the surfers and Maui heads in Hawaii. It's a wallet-style stash made out of plastic suede with two specially designed zip-lock plastic compartments that keep the water off your money, credit cards, keys, loose joints, coke or collection of 'ludes. It's useful for runners, swimmers, boaters and others who don't want to carry their unmentionables loose in their pockets. Two holes between the compartments let you tie the wallet to your belt or pin it to your bathing suit. At $3.98, with a two-week money-back guarantee, it has to be the best stash value for the money that we've seen in a long time. Order from Beach Co., P.O. Box 3833, Honolulu, Hawaii 96801.

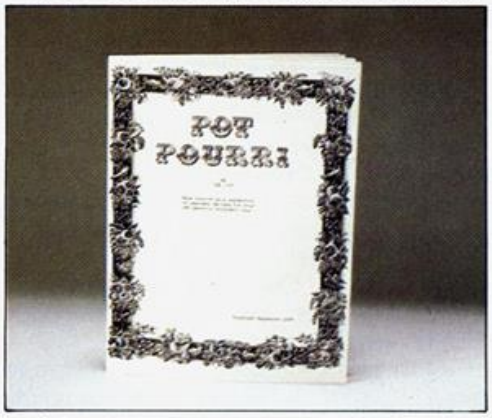


Ionize Your Car

It's the dead of night and you're running a load of weed up the coast in a rented van. You've got white-line fever, 30 hours nonstop at the wheel, but you've got to keep driving. Road burn is no longer a problem for the smuggler, runner or long-distance hauler who has an Ionaire 300 Automotive Ionizer plugged into the dashboard next to his Fuzzbuster radar warning device. As featured in the June '77 issue of *High Times*, ionizers blast the atmosphere inside your van, Mercedes or cab-over-engine 18-wheeler with a steady stream of charged particles that help keep you alert at the wheel and lessen tension and fatigue. This handy device helps keep your reactions sharp as it removes stale and telltale odors and exhaust fumes from inside the car. It installs in moments with only two wires and can be removed and transferred from vehicle to vehicle as the need demands. The Ionaire 300 Automotive Ionizer sells for $99.50 and can be ordered from Alternative Energies Unlimited, 8143 Big Bend Boulevard, Webster Groves, Missouri 63119.

Copping in the Kitchen

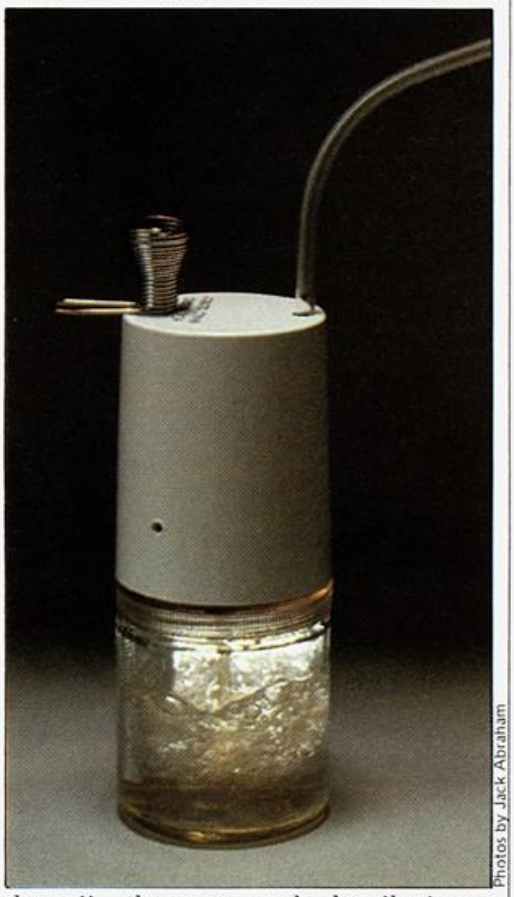
Now you can get high while cooking at home on the range. Just send away for the new Pot Pourri dope cookbook. This collection of stoned recipes has easy instructions for the novice dope chef to follow to make taste-tempting, mouth-watering treats like Home Grown Clam Chowder, Spaghetti Sauce Strung Out, Chicken Pot Pie, Stone Mushroom Soup, Pot Luck Stew



and Don't Let Your Meat Loaf. There's a great T-shirt that goes along with the cookbook—a picture of the stoned chef, with the legend "Pot Pourri—Cooking for High Society." Both available for $5.99 plus $.50 postage, from B&B Mailing, P.O. Box 1030, Jackson, Mississippi 49201.

Hydraulic Hookah

If you've seen Dr. Robert DuPont on "Good Morning America" lately—you remember Dr. DuPont: he was pitched out of NIDA last year for being "soft on



Photos by Jack Abraham

drugs"—then you undoubtedly know that marijuana is considerably more lethal than strontium 90 and that deep-lung hits of it are only a little less harmful than pulling your lungs out of your chest and slamming them in a car door. But if you score this Healthbong hydro-purification gimmick, which selectively percolates all the nonhigh particles out of the smoke and marvelously cools it, you can help keep Dr. DuPont on the breadline. Just be careful *not* to deep lung off *this* mother just by habit, because it will drop-kick your gourd straight into next month. The Healthbong couldn't give you even a scratchy throat in a million years, but just two joints worth of boo through it will *murder* you. DOA, man. Rest in tatters. The Healthbong Smoke Hydrolyzer sells for $34.95 and can be ordered from Healthguard Corp., P.O. Box 60113, Chicago, Illinois 60626.

"Flash" spotlights the latest accouterments of the high life, including playthings, paraphernalia, instruments of pleasure, gadgets for your work and for your home—anything that adds zest and style to your day. If you know of any item that should be reviewed in this department, please send it to the Flash editor.

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Sideshow

Stay High!





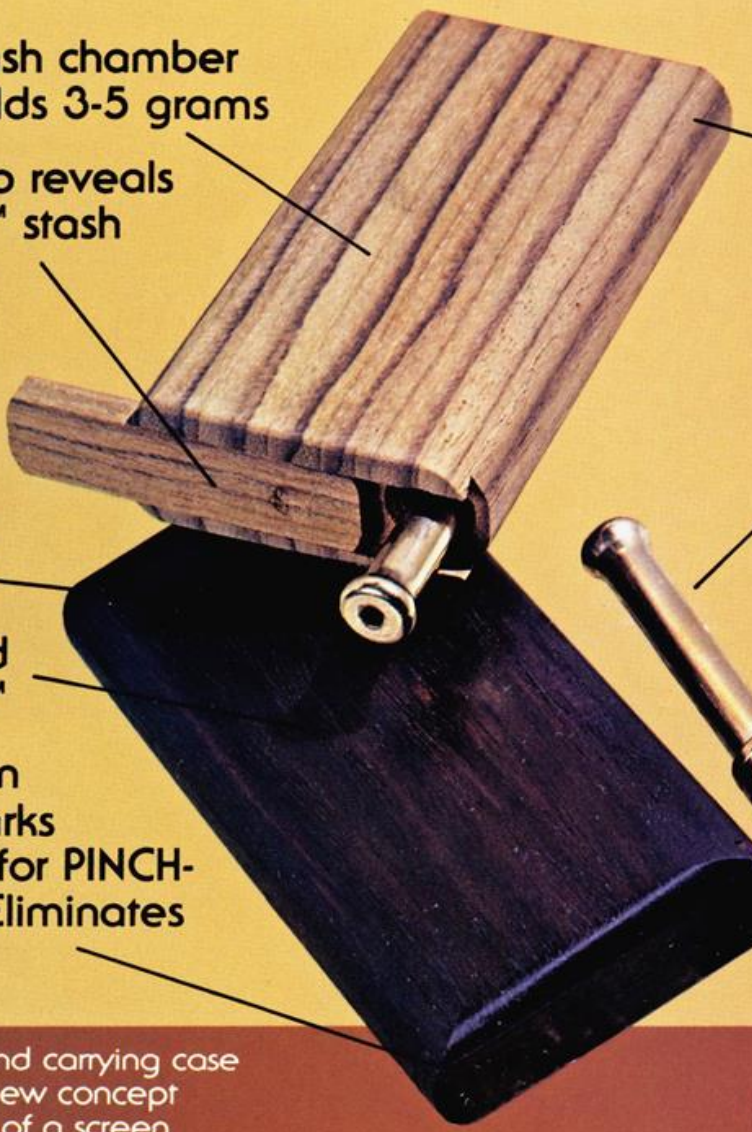


Thanks to our high-flying friends; photos by Bill Sutton

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with Dugout™



Stash chamber holds 3-5 grams

Sliding top reveals DUGOUT™ stash chamber

Spring loaded PINCH-HITTER™ chamber

Solid rosewood DUGOUT™

Impression in top marks chamber for PINCH-HITTER™. Eliminates spillage.

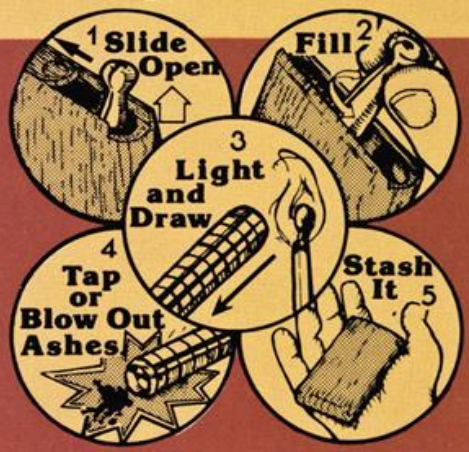
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Small pinch-hit bowl is economical

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- revolutionary new concept eliminates use of a screen
- economical – doesn't waste your blend
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- push pipe into DUGOUT™ stash chamber; turning slowly to get full use of the sharp PINCH-HITTER™ edge which cuts off excess and prepares the pinch-hit; light; drawing slowly until the substance turns to cinder; tap or blow the residue out; refill and you're ready again



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